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THE TWO ATTITUDES

By CYRIL SCOTT

IN contemplating the psychology of peoples' musical admirations, one observes that they may be placed into two distinct classes: those who are wholly or partially discontented with the Past and pleased solely with the Present, and those who are wholly discontented with the Present and pleased solely with the Past. And each of these classes has, or thinks it has, its justification for its discontent: for on the one hand, there are those who commit the fault of looking upon the whole of modernity, like Nordau, as a kind of moral disease; a kind of temptation of St. Anthony to allure them away from the path of old musical righteousness; or, on the other hand, there are those who go to the opposite extreme, as certain young "futurist" composers are said to have done, and look upon modern music as the only music, condemning its forerunning creators as "good for noughts" or antiquated idlers, meaning nothing to us now in our far greater stage of artistic evolution. Without wishing, as Walter Pater puts it, to offer "uncomplimentary assistance to the readers' wit", I am constrained for the sake of form to state that both these attitudes are wrong, but that the latter, however horrifying to all the Mrs. Grundys, is a healthier and more progressive one than the former. And were these said old ladies to burrow a little below the surface of things, they might forgive their brother Futurists, instead of condemning them wholesale as they do.

There is, in fact,—to deal first with these arch blasphemers—a certain species of artistic discontent which does not go hand in hand with that sour mien and pouting lip concomitant with ordinary work-a-day discontentment. However objectionable this former species might, on the surface, appear to be—yet it

is just sufficient to prevent its possessor from sinking forever into that vegetating contented lassitude associated with a habituary after-dinner glass of port, a widow's cruse of tobacco, a soporific fireside and a very domesticated wife. For in spite of the pleasant picture this conglomeration of delightful circumstances presents to the eye, the principal figure therein—the man himself—sits there endlessly meditating on how pleasant it all is (if he does even that) and beyond this state of dreamy contemplation, he does absolutely nothing. Now, there is an antiquated saying about "buying the child a frock" which is a very opportune one at this moment. Contentment, resulting in blissful stagnation will certainly not fulfill the requirements embodied in the phrase, nor will that equivalent, musical contentment, in which state of mind the musician looking upon his predecessors as absolutely perfect, reflects that, this being the case, there is nothing more to be done; or, if there *is* that he will, on account of its already existent perfection, do it in exactly the same way. In short, he goes on to reflect, one cannot improve upon Beethoven or Brahms (not to mention the fact that it would be sacrilege to do so); therefore as a true disciple of such great men, one must tender them the sincerest form of flattery and imitate them to the letter. It is, in truth, self-evident that the being, who in his content soliloquizes thus with himself, has his organ of veneration more perfectly developed than his organ of intelligence, since it goes without saying that one can certainly not improve upon Brahms or Beethoven. Hence the next best thing to do is to leave them both severely alone, and either invent something new or shut up one's creative shop for evermore.

It is further self-evident that contentedness inspiring a desire to imitate results by no means always in the most gratifying flattery, since, without wishing to insult any composers who happen to adopt this course, imitation and caricature are not very distant relations. A man whose personality is composed of many little adorable peculiarities may call forth from his friends great esteem and admiration, whereas, if another attempt to mimic those little characteristics, the whole thing becomes a matter for hilarity and divertissement. The imitator, in other words, has, at once, something of the clown about him: the very unsuitability of one man's idiosyncrasies being handed over to another causing this buffoonish element to exist. Now, although the musical imitator likewise undoubtedly caricatures the music he imitates, yet, alas, the caricature he delivers himself of, is either vulgar without being funny, or merely excessively tedious. It has

in short, not a feature to redeem it; for if as in all other forms of caricature it really amused us, much could be forgiven, perhaps we would even condone everything. But just herein music differs from the other arts; the Thomas Hoods, the Calverleys, the Hogarths and so forth do not exist in the musical art—to be funny requires a great man, almost a Shakespeare. In the “Meistersinger” Wagner is distinctly funny; Beethoven is often amusing, and Richard Strauss, we all know, entertains some of us considerably. But these musicians are not to be placed on the same level of valuation as the young man who gets up and gives us an imitation of Mr. Tree, or the parodists who disorganize the sense of beautiful things and turn the sublime into the ridiculous. Not that these men are devoid of cleverness, far from it, but cleverness and genius are two different things, and the musician who can make us laugh, is well-nigh bordering on the latter, while in ordinary life one would find it difficult to discover a single person who has not caused us to guffaw at some time or other of our existence, even if merely on account of his stupidity.

But to revert to Mrs. Grundy *versus* certain Futurists, as disinterested onlookers in the matter, we may have come to see that this artistic discontentedness is after all not such a bad thing since its antithesis leads to such utter stagnation: or, if not so far as that, to a highly unamusing mimicry of the worst and dullest kind. Veneration, the quality which leads sometimes to this condition of things, and which moreover these said Futurists lack, is all very meritorious, provided it be kept within those boundsw wherein it remains a virtue; but should it exceed a certain limit, it then becomes a weakness, like many so-called virtues. It then drowns beyond all resuscitation the individuality of the adoring worshippers; it causes an entire moral collapse and an utter prostration of the sublime independence; it becomes as dangerous as a woman's love whose only and entire happiness is wrapt up in “his will” (as Zarathustra proclaims) regardless of how selfish “his will” may be. In short, veneration, unless it be handled with great care, results in individual suicide; and in the world of artistic creation, this is the most poisonous of all things: for suicide it becomes in every sense of the word.

We need not enter into a long dissertation on what is good veneration and what is bad; we can dispose of the whole matter in a few words if we apply to it a phrase of Nietzsche, which runs “What is good? All that increases the feeling of power. . . . power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness”: and one may add “produces weakness.” For that

species of veneration which spurs one on to new efforts is the good kind, while that which causes one to sink into a condition of stagnating contentedness (as aforesaid) is the bad kind; the kind which is weakness. Furthermore one must know *what* to venerate, as well as *how*; there must be discrimination on the part of the venerator, lest he fall into that error connected with the sovereign and the napkin. To love a man's works, that is good, but when it comes to veneration, it is the courage, the revolutionist in him, which is truly worthy of veneration: all else is dangerous.

We have now to deal with the other class of musical appreciators, or better said, "old-fashionedism" appreciators; those tentative conservatives who prelude everything in this world, even the choice of their likes and dislikes (as if one really could choose these things) with a great deal of apprehensive humming and hahing; a confirmed stuttering, in fact, at the end of which perhaps the wrong word—or, in this case the wrong "like"—comes out all askew after all is stammered. We have to deal with those mortals who regard modernism as a disease, as Nietzsche regarded Wagner; as Nordau and Tolstoi regarded almost all works of genius belonging to this age. Not that I am going to enter into the old argument about "decadence"—as if it were not self-evident that this fanciful word is merely a high-sounding buzz to drown the limitations, as already said, of these latter writers: "we belong to an older age, we have no sense for modernism but we must justify this non-appreciation by some argument, therefore let us call it decadence," for that is what these writers are really saying, although, like a kind of aphasia they pronounce something different. We are not going to wage war against decadence then, but for the sake of argument we may cast our mental gaze for the moment upon the attitude of Nietzsche, and call modernism (impersonified by Wagner) with him a malady. For in this matter, he says, "my most important experience was a convalescence. Wagner belongs only to my maladies." In another passage he contends "I hate Wagner, but I no longer stand any other music." And here Nietzsche puts into the mouth of his supposed speaker the very sense one hears so frequently in connection with all the moderns; namely, that they spoil one for the ancient; they stimulate our musical senses to such an extent as to bring the inevitable reaction—nearly everything else sounds jejune and childish afterwards. That is the trouble. Our new loves have killed our old ones—so we think—but did we really have any old ones? ah! that is the question. The man who

has loved once knows that he has never loved before, and the man who has contracted the sublime malady of modernism knows that he has been ever vulgarly healthy hitherto.

There are some people too selfish ever to fall in love: it is too much trouble, too exciting; it makes one yearn; it upsets the digestion and so forth. And with our life-loves, so with our musical ones: we do not wish to be made to feel sublimely sad; we do not like to feel shivers down the spinal nerve-channels; we do not wish to be excited—we think it better to be merely amused, interested, phlegmatically entertained. For in the latter case there is no reaction; there is nothing to tell us that all our hundred flirtations were but flirtations and nothing more—a rancorous fact, since those flirtations were attached to such great names. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said “musicians were to be heard extolling Donizetti in the same breath with which they vehemently decried Wagner. They would make wry faces at every chord in *Tristan and Isolde*, and never suspected that their old faith was shaken until they went back to ‘*La Favorite*,’ and found that it had become obsolete as the rhymed tragedies of *Lee* and *Otway*.” They had learned to love, and they hated the thing called loving; it hurt them; it was really a disease: for a great thing, with certain people, often becomes a kind of monomania, but it depends on the type of people whether they regard it as good or bad in consequence. In the so very instructive case of Nietzsche, in this respect, we see the philosopher, whose business it is never to feel, struggling against his own emotions; he has become entangled in Wagnerianism, and, in his own words “to be fond of ought afterwards was a triumph.” With these words he paid Wagner the highest tribute that man can pay to man.

Nevertheless, the mistake that Nietzsche made was to overlook the fact that all intrinsically great modernism was a monomania or a disease, as he called it, and not only that of Wagner. And this he infers though not admits in his dissection of Brahms and his attempts to explain away the position of a little god on a pedestal, to which that composer had attained. In short, the sympathy which Brahms undeniably inspired apart from all party-interest, was for a long time an enigma to Nietzsche, until he came to perceive that the “antagonist” needed to Wagner “operated on a certain type of persons.” His most striking peculiarity, when one had deducted all his borrowings from the great ancient or the exotic forms of style (he was a master in the art of copying), consisted in the longing mood. He was furthermore especially the musician of a class of “unsatisfied ladies.”

These were Nietzsche's partial explanations of Brahms' German fame. He was, in other words, not great enough to become a monomania without an explanation; he was not the wonderful musical elixir which intoxicates of itself, but merely does so because people perhaps imagine it is going to do so; it had other reasons, secondary causes, and therein lay the difference. Far be it however from my desire to criticize Brahms—Heaven knows there are critics enough already—but it is my object to show that it takes a very great master to create a monomania—a really genuine one—and above all, it takes a very great master to be inherently modern: that is, to be so new that he produces a new sensation. "Brahms is affecting as long as he is modern"—to quote our German philosopher once more—"he becomes cold, he is of no more interest to us, immediately he becomes the heir of the classics. . . ."

Let us not forget that these words were uttered by a very deep thinker; a thinker from whom, it is true, many of us may draw our virtuous skirts in affected or real disgust; but thereby, far from ignoring him, we pay him the highest compliment, since in that we hate truth, we admit it to be such in a manner the most emphatic of all.

For an artistic creator to engender a disease, a disease which requires no "why" to explain it, there must be a greater and more novel genius in his soul than for him merely to create a work of art. And I make here a large distinction between calling forth an intense admiration, and engendering that monomania which not only Nietzsche feared and called a disease, but which many lesser lights fear equally.

A disease it is, if one will; but then, what is health? If we develop our muscles to an abnormal extent, we call it rude health, and we only see how we are mistaken in applying the term, when a day comes in which we cease to develop them. Health, so-called, if considerably augmented becomes disease: the scales go down on the other side, that is all. But the appearance is different: great and ugly muscle excrescences protruding all over a man's body have come to be regarded almost as a thing of beauty on account of that which they are supposed to represent, while the normal man of nervous temperament, mildly healthy, with his sensibilities more developed than his muscles, is looked upon as a somewhat poor specimen, in spite of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and its very ascetic types. Art and health, why must they always be associated? Is it not safer to keep things within their respective dove-holes, lest we be sucked under by

the morasses of spurious valuation, and fall into the danger of gauging everything by its adaptability to our own *idée fixe* or personal idiosyncrasy? Good art is not to be gauged by the standard of good football-playing any more than the clemency or beauty of the weather is to be judged by its suitability for breeding pheasants; a standpoint I have met with more than once in my life. Nor is the value of a work of art to be gauged by the healthiness of the people who admire it. The very arguments which Nietzsche advanced against Wagner, and the critics against Ibsen, (and I refer to their censure upon the unhealthy type of mortals who were the first to exhale their admiration towards these geniuses) these very arguments condemned themselves. In other words, the sickly youths and the sexless molly-coddles—no epithets were strong enough—whose hygienic unworthiness was advanced as a feather in the condemnatory cap against Ibsenism and Wagnerianism, were almost the very types to prove the greatness of these Celebrities—in that their artistic sensibilities were developed instead of their muscular ones: and hence they were more likely to “know” and to sympathize than any other type. To bring a prize fighter, or a living advertisement of an institution for robust health-culture, and to say “Now then! if your work of art appeals to this man, then we can admit that it is good”—well, such an argument may satisfy horse-breeders and the like, but outside the sphere of this class it can hardly be regarded as a very convincing one.

To call a thing of art diseased, therefore, may be very useful as a deprecatory epithet when one is fidgeting beyond all control to condemn it, but apart from that it has no value or sense. The medical aspect of things is no longer convincing now-a-days, and such a noted psychologist as William James has, I can safely say, exploded it for the truly honest thinkers. The visions of the religionist, the visions of the poet and artist cannot be waved aside any longer by merely calling them mental maladies or diseased imaginations, for although there may be seers who are far from the finest specimens of robust health, yet on the other hand, there are men—take Swedenborg as an example—who enjoyed both longevity and a sound constitution. True it is that lunatics at times live for a very long time in spite of the alteration of their brains, but then the “tout ensemble” of such people assuredly indicates disease, while with a man like Swedenborg this was by no means the case. Nor can disease even in the worst sense be regarded as a thing so to be deprecated. To treat of disease as an artistic subject is not to make the work of art

itself diseased, since even the healthiest poets have treated the "lingering illness" as a fancy for their poetical creations; much less its oftentimes fatal outcome—death—from which all bards obtain an incessant and never ending fountain of inspiration.

There is in fact no such thing as a poetical or diseased idea in itself—most poets will agree on that point,—and when Oscar Wilde in his "Intentions" brought to our notice the fact that so apparently a non-poetic nuisance as a London fog became a thing of beauty in the hands of a really great painter, he said something truer than his somewhat facetious way of saying it might lead one to suppose. The genius of Dickens, likewise, had a faculty of transforming the most sordid environments into something indefinably homely, and I might almost say peaceful. The unmentionable ugliness of the wax flowers and horse-hair sofas, so much associated with the early Victorian era, in his hands became a source of poetical "Gemüthlichkeit." Sordid and diseased as many of his figures were, his art itself was intrinsically healthy, even from the athletic point of view which I am contending against as a supposed criterion of the value of art.

Many of the most renowned ancient painters chose anything but "healthy specimens" for portrayal: the emaciated and dying Christ; the pallid bony and ascetic monk or visionary, again and again selected as pictorial subjects. Nearly the entire Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, furthermore, instead of portraying prize fighters and the like as poetical types, presented us with pale Dantes and paler Beatrices; knights "alone and palely wandering on the cold hill-side" and nuns whose vanity was ascetic severity. For that was *their* idea of beauty. If their pictures do not live across the centuries, it will not be because they were unhealthy, but because they were not sufficiently new: their novelty was not intense enough to prevent many of us from preferring the real pattern on which they were built. Or, let us contemplate the genius of Shakespeare for a moment; let us regard his types, in order to see how many of them would be fit candidates for a Life-Insurance company. If they were not all diseased, certainly not a few were on the verge of being murdered or dispatched to another plane through participation in some street brawl or combat. After all, what could be more unhealthy than death (that being the very pinnacle of unhealthiness) and what could be more disgusting than murder? Indeed, from battle, murder, and from sudden death, it is that the Church service puts a prayer for deliverance in the mouths of its votaries: but disease is not included in the category, since, in life, disease

is looked upon as the lesser evil, while, through some strange perversion of reasons, in art it is looked upon as the greater—or to be more accurate, in *modern* art it is looked upon as such; the older tragedians, however full of diseased types they may have been, being left in peace with regard to this point. Nay, had Nordau or the anti-Ibsenites and so forth really wished to be consistent, they undoubtedly ought to have included Shakespeare, not to mention Dante, in their system for the suppression of decadence. Caliban was a far worse moral and physical deformity, when all is said, than the young man, suffering from a congenital disease in Ibsen's "Ghosts." Hamlet, with all his intellect, would be pronounced today more than distinctly "touched"; Ophelia unblushingly went mad, while Cæsar, as the climax of unhealthiness (as far as he himself was concerned) was manifoldly murdered; Desdemona was smothered by her lover, and to all these slaughterous instances one could add well-nigh countless others to show how very unhealthy, morbid, and immoral Shakespeare was. In truth, Ibsen, with his occasional sexual neurasthenic, about whom more fuss was made than about all the entire murderous paraphernalia of Shakespeare, would be quite left behind in the blood and thunder race, wherein Dante with his spirits writhing amid pestilent serpents and other dire things would take the palm for ghastly victory.

But enough of this theory of diseased art, of this so very relative a thing: for Shakespeare withal is regarded as intrinsically healthy, although from the Nordau standpoint he ought not to be, and still less ought Dante; and if Ibsen lives, people will not ask themselves the question as to whether his works can pass muster for life-insurance. The dust of time will have disposed of that question, as it has done in the case of his predecessors.

And let us not forget one fact which belongs to every-day life; namely, that things are not always what they appear. The frugal and pallid monk is oftentimes a far healthier being than the well-liver with all his blossoming semblance of health; with all his roses—the roses of wine and indigestion perhaps—or the sublime complexions (to be found mostly on vain women) of arsenic—complexions which are the outcome of poisoning. No, verily in this matter we require a new method of criticism. The habit we have in the Occident of substituting one word for another, and then calling that an explanation, is a very pernicious one and only results in a vicious circle. Once more I say, art is one thing and health is another; matters to be kept in their separate

pigeon-holes. And when it comes to music: to speak of diseased music is almost as foolish as to speak of musical disease.

The psychologist, then, must of necessity condemn the loose manner in which phrases are attached to music, which when analyzed prove to be incapable of really holding water. And although I admit that the tendency to talk of decadence is on the wane, and I daresay one day will have gone quite out of fashion, yet the label "futurism" is likely to take its place and be run to death, and thus be attached to a species of music where it can hardly apply at all. The fact is that all great and original music, being of necessity new, must in one sense be futuristic, in that greatness is usually a thing of the future: though I cannot hold with Keats that a thing of beauty is *always* a joy forever. It is often a joy for some considerable time, and in so far it is of the future; but a great deal of what is called "futurism" especially in sculpture and painting, ought more fitly to be called "monsterism." For to see the statue of a woman, with one breast hanging halfway down her body, and the other in its proper place, and also one eye halfway down her cheek, to see and to call such a work either "futurist" or "motionist" is to search very far for a name, when the proper name, *viz.* "monsterist" is so close at hand. And what is the result of this grandiloquent labelling of things with high-sounding names? Simply to allure a number of ignoramuses into the field of so-called creativeness, who possess no technique and who do not take the trouble to acquire it, since to create a monster requires none. If this tendency obtains in sculpture and painting, it certainly obtains in music, and publishers are now beginning to be flooded by manuscripts from composers who are as ignorant as they are ugly. Hypnotized by the word Futurism, they say to themselves, "what is the use of learning any rules when the Past is to be entirely disregarded?" They overlook the fact that musical rules are on a par with the drill of the soldier; not that he may perform gymnastics when actually at war, but that he may gain the necessary strength and discipline to wield his weapon. However, I am not intending to draw Schönberg into this category of ignoramuses, as it is evident from his early works that so-called Futurism is with him development and not merely an admiration. And it is this fact which inclines one to put faith in his Muse, and watch his career with interest. But the many others who out-Schönberg Schönberg, these one is compelled to regard with distrust, for they are, as it were, swindlers, who will take in the public perhaps for a time, though the musicians are likely to see them in their true light.

In conclusion—the philosophical musician takes the middle course, and avoids too much veneration and also too much discontent. He possesses enough of the latter to urge him on to invent, instead of merely composing. On the other hand, his inventions are not so far removed from all traditions as to verge upon "monsterism": both his intellect and his subconscious mind recognize that to be too far removed from tradition is as foolish almost as to be too near to it. Nor is a monster anything essentially new—history is full of monsters—the desire to see them is not a very elevated longing and the visitation of side-shows is not a very spiritual way of passing an afternoon or evening. The old truism "there is nothing new under the sun" generally means to excuse an incapacity to invent something new. The phrase speaks truth and yet it gives rise to an untruth at the same time: for genius, although he does not create something out of nothing, nor outside the domain of Nature, brings a different phase of Nature into manifestation for us on our own plane. So far he is new, and no further.

BALZAC, THE MUSICIAN

By D. C. PARKER

THE date 1814 is for ever memorable in the annals of fiction. In that year Honoré Balzac of Tours went to reside permanently in Paris—Paris, the queen of cities, the manners, customs and intrigues of which he was destined to portray with a never tiring pen. As was to be expected in a world which has little clairvoyant sense of artistic potentialities, no trumpeting and drummings announced his entry. Had, however, some on-looker, graced beyond his fellows with a power of prophecy and a gift of discernment, learnt the future author's name, he would rightly have called the moment historical and marked it upon his tablets.

Balzac means much to many. Who would be the creator of a Human Comedy, the historian of manners, must keep his eyes open; he must have at once a large vision and a deep gaze; he must touch life at many points. Balzac did certainly touch life at many points, but only one of them calls for mention here. Few writers have treated music so thoroughly, fewer still referred to it so constantly. Balzac's love of music showed itself at an early age. As a boy he was never tired of extracting weird sounds from a small, red violin and his performances were not at all appreciated by those within earshot. This simple fact is important. The child gave promise of the man and his affection for his instrument seems natural in one who was to write of the art of music with such evident sympathy.

Like most young men who set out to make a name by plying a busy pen, Balzac had a thorny path to travel, and it is when reviewing the tale of his successes and failures that we first encounter one who had some direct connection with music. When all others, save his sister Laure, had abandoned him, he found a willing confidante in Madame de Berny. This lady, it will be remembered, was the daughter of a harpist, Henner, who could boast of being a *persona grata* with Marie Antoinette at the court of Louis XVI. Balzac saw in one of her daughters a thorough musician and it is impossible to believe that music was not often discussed in the de Berny household. This little glimpse is one of many which might be culled from the story of the novelist's life. At one time he is instrumental in obtaining for Count

Hanski an autograph from Rossini—the laughing, insouciant Rossini, a brother *gourmet*, who once condoled with him about his drudgery; at another he presides at a dinner graced by the presence of Rossini, Nodier, Sandeau and other celebrities. Despite a sorely diminished exchequer, he orders a piano only to find that his garret is too small to hold one. Rather than do without it he will have the wall knocked down. One of the “lions” of the Opera, he fancies himself in gay and up-to-date society. Work, however, interfered with his visits and we find him deploring the fact that he could visit the theatre only once in a fortnight. His gratitude to Dr. Knothe, a musical adviser, was great. The doctor loved the violin and Balzac expressed his determination to obtain a Stradivarius for him.

However crude and uncertain the knowledge of music which Balzac possessed when he began to move in Parisian circles, however thrown into the background by other matters his delight in it, it is unquestionable that his interest was quickened by many people whom he met. The period heard endless high talk on the arts. The spirit of restlessness hovered abroad. Art was seen to be an adventure as well as an endorsement. The discussions to which Balzac listened, the performances which he witnessed could not but have acted as a potent stimulus to his genius. He appears, inconspicuously it is true, upon the stage what time the Chopin drama was being played. At one juncture periodical visits were made to the little flat in the Rue Pigalle, where George Sand and Chopin were to be found. Whether he was on close terms of friendship with the Polish composer has not, I think, been recorded, but one surmises that he would be attracted to the poetical figure of the musician, if only because, like Madame Hanska, he hailed from the land of Mickiewicz. In “A Man of Business,” which appeared a year or two after the visits mentioned, reference is made to Chopin’s gift of mimicry—a talent exhibited only before those who were entitled to claim a degree of intimacy. The two magicians, thrown into juxtaposition, might well have captured the attention of the artist—the one elegant and aristocratic, cultivating a small province and dealing with the subtleties; the other untidy and loquacious, still bearing some of the marks of the provincial, roaming over the cosmos and nursing a hundred Quixotic schemes in his head. With George Sand herself there was much conversation on the function of the novel and other topics. We mark the fact because this masterful woman has given us examples of musical portraiture. In one place she pictured Liszt playing a strange *Dies Irae* upon the organ. She praised

Meyerbeer with reservations; and it is unnecessary to single out the Prince Karol of "Lucrezia Floriani," the hero of "La dernière Aldini" or the characters who introduce themselves to us in "Consuelo." In other circles, we may be sure, Balzac was treated to great arguments. Between the date of his arrival in Paris and that of his death, 1850, many notable people walked the streets of the French capital and not a few important *premières* took place. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Berlioz and Liszt came in the twenties. Auber's "Le Maçon" was given in 1825, "Guillaume Tell" in 1829, "Robert le Diable" in 1831. It is only by keeping such facts in mind that the allusions to music which occur in Balzac's works can be fully appreciated.

Having spoken of the impresario, it is now necessary to enter the Vanity Fair which he provided for us. A point to observe is that in the works which appeared up to 1836, or thereabouts, the musical references are slight and relatively few; after that they are numerous and copious. Let us begin by glancing at some of the former. In "The Sceaux Ball," published the year after "Guillaume Tell" was mounted, a passing reflection of the Rossini fever shows itself in the description of a young lady who enters a room with light step, "humming an air from *Il Barbiere*." "The Elixir of Life," published in the same year, speaks of the great allegorical figures "to which Mozart's harmonies, perhaps, do no more justice than Rossini's lyre"—a significant remark, surely, considering the time and place of its deliverance. Among the works of 1831 is "The Unknown Masterpiece," wherein a painter is presented working feverishly, "making the circuit of the palette several times more quickly than the organist of a cathedral sweeps the octaves on the keyboard of his clavier for the *O Filii* at Easter." "Colonel Chabert" belongs to 1832 and the true Balzacian touch is in the words with which the Countess, bent on the social ruin of her husband, is portrayed. In her own room she discarded her mask, "like an actress who, returning to her dressing-room after a fatiguing fifth act, drops half dead, leaving with the audience an image of herself which she no longer resembles." By reason of its dedication to Liszt, "The Duchess of Langeais" (1833) must not remain unnoticed. The historical "O Richard, ô mon roi" is introduced with effect in "Old Goriot," in the course of which that most villainous of villains, Vautrin, sings it with variations. To exquisite music the pure joy of the loving heart is likened in "A Seaside Tragedy" (1835)—to music like the "*Andiamo mio ben*" of Mozart. The fascination of "Facino Cane" (1836) arises from the circumstance that the simple tale

was suggested to Balzac by his meeting with an old, blind violinist. Had Balzac any particular virtuoso in mind when he penned this sentence in "The Atheist's Mass" (1836)? "Actors and surgeons, like great singers, too, like the executants who by their performance increase the power of music tenfold, are all heroes of a moment." Passing to "The Commission in Lunacy," we note a good stroke. "Descamps had in his brush what Paganini had in his bow—a magnetically communicative power." Here, again, is some echo of recent events, for Paganini created a *furor* in Paris in 1831. The foregoing are some of the chief links with and references to music to be discovered in the early works, and it must be confessed that they are not promising.

With the more famous volumes, however, we encounter a man to whom music evidently meant a great deal. Like not a few French young ladies, the daughter of César Birotteau had cost her father much, but the recompense was adequate when he heard Césarine "play a sonata by Steibelt or sing a ballad." "César Birotteau" was published in 1837. If we enquire why the novelist fastened upon the name of the now obscure Steibelt, the answer will be given that in 1790 the composer settled in Paris, where he was received with much favour, and it is possible that Césarine tinkled away at some of the pieces which elegant society had found to its taste. The book contains also a panegyric on the finale of Beethoven's C minor symphony, from which we perceive that its creator was not ignorant of the "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire," which Habeneck founded in 1828 and directed for some twenty years.

There is in one of Beethoven's eight symphonies a fantasia like a great poem; it is the culminating point of the finale of the Symphony in C minor. When, after the slow preparation of the mighty magician, so well understood by Habeneck, the rich curtain rises on the scene; when the bow of the enthusiastic leader of the orchestra calls forth the dazzling *motif*, through which the whole gathered force of the music flows, the poet, as his heart beats fast, will understand that this ball was in Birotteau's life like this moment when his own imagination feels the quickening power of the music, of this *motif*, which in itself raises the Symphony in C minor above its glorious sisters.

The reader will not fail to observe that Balzac speaks of Beethoven's *eight* symphonies, though it is tolerably certain that "César Birotteau" was written after the second production in Paris of the ninth. On a later occasion Césarine calmed her parent's troubled spirit with a performance of "Rousseau's Dream," a piece which the worthy old Schmucke, as we shall see,

introduced to Ursule Mirouët. In both cases the music is commended and attributed to Hérold with a confidence which many musicians would hesitate to endorse. On the last page of César's history there is another reference to "the *finale* of Beethoven's great symphony."

Arriving at "Gambara," which was published in the same year as "César Birotteau," we are thrown into a thoroughly musical atmosphere. The story is inscribed to the Count de Belloy, a well-known figure of the time, who, for a period, acted as the novelist's secretary. Balzac's Italy is the Italy of the theatre and of romance; a land peopled with picturesque aristocrats and even more picturesque adventurers; a country populated by haughty *prime donne* and ravishingly beautiful heroines, sonneteers and opera-composers. "Gambara" gives a well painted picture of this half-real, half-imaginative Italy," *ou sont nés le macaroni et la musique*," as de Musset has it. In a short article it is impossible to convey a proper idea of the musical interest of the tale. The musician must read the study for himself. Nevertheless, it may be well to say that it is concerned with Count Andrea Macrosini, who makes the acquaintance of a composer of Cremona, Paolo Gambara by name. The latter tells the nobleman—an *émigré* in Paris—of his hard struggles in the small Italian theatres, of the fiasco of his opera, "Martiri"—"set Beethoven before the Italians and they are out of their depth," he says—of his wanderings among the Tedeschi, and of the abject poverty which awaited him in Paris. The story as such must be left alone; it will suffice to point out that it is remarkable for four features. It introduces us to a lively discussion on the relative merits of Italian and German music. There is much conversation on Palestrina, Pergolesi and Mozart.

"The new school has left Beethoven far behind," said the ballad-writer, scornfully.

"Beethoven is not yet understood," said the Count. "How can he be excelled?" The Count is all for Beethoven.

"Compare," said he, "that sublime composer's works with what by common consent is called Italian music. What feebleness of ideas, what limpness of style! That monotony of form, those commonplace cadenzas, those endless bravura passages introduced at haphazard irrespective of the dramatic situation, that recurrent *crescendo* that Rossini brought into vogue, are now an integral part of every composition: those vocal fireworks result in a sort of babbling, chattering, vaporous music, of which the sole merit depends on the greater or less fluency of the singer and his rapidity of vocalisation. . . . In short, the compositions of Rossini, in whom this music is personified, with those of the writers who are more or less of his school, to me seem worthy at

best to collect a crowd in the street round a grinding organ, as an accompaniment to the capers of a puppet show."

The vivacity and brilliance of the French mind have often been remarked. We remember Grétry's historical observation that the most skilful musician was the one who could properly "metamorphose declamation into melody"; we remember also that his ideal theatre was to have an invisible orchestra. The droll "*premier intermède*" of Molière's "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," with its interrupted serenade and "*coups de bâtons*," might almost have suggested some details for the scene of Beckmesser's disastrous music-making. In "*Gambara*" there is something of this same anticipatory instinct. *Gambara* contemplated a scheme of three operas, "*The Martyrs*," "*Mahomet*" and "*Jerusalem's Deliverance*." Here, then, we have Balzac thinking of a trilogy long before Europe spent itself in critical strife over "*The Ring*." Wagner took up his abode in Paris in 1839 and remained till 1842. Whether he and Balzac ever met I do not know, but it is a thousand pities that fate prevented some Boswell from recording an argument between two such gargantuan talkers, for the visit to "*la cour du roi Pétaud*" would have been infinitely amusing. While Wagner's brain was busy with many things during the time of his residence in France, the idea of treating the story of Siegfried did not simmer in his mind till some eleven years or so after "*Gambara*" was published. The credit for the conception of the chain of operas must, therefore, rest with Balzac.

Gambara explains his opera, "*Mahomet*," in great detail to the Count. (In the course of it he refers to Beethoven's *E* minor symphony. Is this one of the novelist's "howlers"?) We turn over the pages to see what Macrosini thought of the music.

There was no hint even of a poetical or musical idea in the hideous cacophony with which he had deluged their ears; the first principles of harmony, the most elementary rules of composition, were absolutely alien to this chaotic structure. Instead of the scientifically compacted music which *Gambara* described, his fingers produced sequences of fifths, sevenths, and octaves, of major thirds, profusions of fourths with no supporting bass. . . .

A mechanical instrument, the Panharmonicon, which reproduced the voices of the orchestra is one of *Gambara's* chief delights. What is said about its capabilities will be read with interest by those who set great store on the pianola and the gramophone.

Last, but not least, is the analysis of "*Robert le Diable*;" from the ordeal the writer emerges less damaged than most of his

literary brethren would have done. One or two remarks demand quotation. "Science is a defect when it evicts inspiration." "The *finale* to Don Giovanni is one of those classic forms that are invented once for all." "Robert le Diable" was written by Meyerbeer "without troubling himself with theories, while those musicians who pen grammars of harmony may, like literary critics, be atrocious composers."

Two years later, in 1839, "Massimilla Doni" was printed. A not very savoury story, it hardly counts among the best of Balzac's pieces, yet it has much musical attraction. A dedication to the music critic, Jacques Strunz calls to mind Balzac's indebtedness to him. In the present instance we are ushered into the Italy of the singing age, the age when the voice was everything, when Venice laughed and capered to the mild cadences of the Adriatic. There is a portrait of the prima donna, La Tinti, and an excellent description of a night at the Fenice. Some of the lines show that the French writer was alive to the trend of his time. "Are you not bound," says the heroine, "to find all our dancers detestable and our singers atrocious? Paris and London rob us of all our leading stars." The Italian point of view of the day is voiced by the crazy Capraja. "The clear cadenza is the highest achievement of art." And again; "the cadenza is the only thing left to the lovers of pure music, the devotees of unfettered art." A long explanation of Rossini's "Moses" occupies a considerable portion of the tale, though Massimilla asks whether an Italian opera needs a guide to it. The Rossini fever rages unabated in the course of the description. Listen to the following and say if the singer of Pesaro lacked worshippers!

None but an Italian could have written this pregnant and inexhaustible theme—truly Dantesque. Do you think that it is nothing to have such a dream of vengeance, even for a moment? Handel, Sebastian Bach, all you old German masters, nay, even you, great Beethoven, on your knees! Here is the queen of arts, Italy triumphant!

"*Mi manca la voce*" is "the grandest of all quartets" and Balzac puts into Massimilla's mouth some of the works to which, perhaps, the useful Strunz directed his notice. "Mozart holds his own by the famous *finale* to Don Giovanni; Marcello, by his psalm *Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei*; Cimarosa, by the air *Pria che spunti*; Beethoven, by his C minor symphony; Pergolesi, by his *Stabat Mater*; Rossini will live by *Mi manca la voce*."

"Ursule Mirouët" was given to the public in 1841. If not ull of meat for the musician it is not empty. The old doctor entrusts Ursule to the care of Schmucke, "a learned professor of

music." The performances at which we are privileged to be present are those when the youthful virtuoso plays "*La dernière Pensée musicale* of Weber" to her godfather, when she regales a typically provincial group with Beethoven's Sonata in A, and when she attacks "*Rousseau's Dream*" with entire success. One or two scattered remarks fall to be recorded. "At the end of the eighteenth century science was as deeply rent by the apparition of Mesmer as art was by that of Gluck." "The finer the music, the less the ignorant enjoy it." "In all music there lies, besides the idea of the composer, the soul of the performer, who, by a privilege peculiar to this art alone, can lend purpose and poetry to phrases of no great intrinsic value. Chopin, in our day, proves the truth of this fact on the piano, a thankless instrument, as Paganini had already done on the violin."

"*Béatrix*" (1844) next claims attention. A long and prolix work it reveals little of Balzac's better self. When writing it the Parisian Homer was most assuredly nodding very badly. It is widely assumed that Liszt was the prototype of Conti and Madame d'Agoult that of Madame de Rochfide. The picture of Conti certainly harmonizes tolerably with Balzac's well-known estimate of the Abbé, whom he thought theatrical and ridiculous as an individual, but great as an artist. The assumption, however, may be too hasty. It is probably true that Conti could not have existed without Liszt. But have not the novelists a way of painting composite pictures? Balzac's own view of the question is expressed in a communication to Madame Hanska of the date 1843. "I never portrayed any one whomsoever that I had known, except G. Planche in Claude Vignon, and that was with his consent, and G. Sand in Camille Maupin, also with her consent." This, of course, does not include "*Béatrix*." Whether an exception was made in the case of that novel the reader must settle for himself. The public, which derives a certain satisfaction from establishing relationships between celebrities and characters in fiction, has no scruples on the subject and Conti will continue to be Liszt to the musical reader. The truth would appear to be that, though Balzac, like many another, did not indulge in very exact portraiture, he introduced a sufficient number of personal foibles and mannerisms for the original to be detected. Some support, I think, may be claimed for this view by reason of the fact that Lamartine and one or two more have been mentioned as providing him with material for his character studies.

"*Cousin Pons*" (1847) might not inaptly be termed a child of the greater Balzac. Originally called "*The two Musicians*"—

the title was altered at the suggestion of Madame Hanska—the book is concerned with Sylvain Pons, “whose name appears on the covers of well-known sentimental songs trilled by our mothers, to say nothing of a couple of operas, played in 1815 and 1816, and diverse unpublished scores.” A simple, timid man, his “notes were drowned before long in floods of German harmony and the music of Rossini.” Headway with the great world of Paris he never made. Though a cantata had been crowned by the Institute at the time of the re-establishment of the Académie de Rome, he was in 1844 of no more value than “an antediluvian semiquaver.” Of his harmony he could not boast and counterpoint was hardly his forte. In the complexity of orchestration he found a source of worry. Yet there was a time when some saw in him a rival to Nicolo, Paër and Berton. Still, if neglected by the great folk of the *haute monde*, Pons got solace in the companionship of his *alter ego*, Schmucke. Schmucke would have been a great composer had he not lacked the audacity which is necessary for the creator. Hence he was condemned to eke out his living as an obscure teacher. The artistic partnership of these two simple souls is well brought out by Balzac. Few more vivid pictures came from his pen than that of Schmucke playing the piano to Pons when he was ill and in bed.

On one sublime theme after another he executed variations, putting into them sometimes Chopin's sorrow, Chopin's Rafael-like perfection; sometimes the stormy Dante's grandeur of Liszt—the two musicians who most nearly approach Paganini's temperament. When execution reaches this supreme degree, the executant stands beside the poet, as it were; he is to the composer as the actor to the writer of plays, a divinely inspired interpreter of things divine.

Perhaps enough has been said to prove that Balzac was not deaf to the voice of Saint Cecilia. Something has just been remarked about his view of Liszt. It remains to add that he applauded Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache and that Nourrit in “Robert le Diable” gave him a thrill. He has himself provided more than one musician with a theme. Music by Auber was at one time associated with “Modeste Mignon.” The opera, “Le Shérif,” by Scribe and Halévy, mounted at the Opéra Comique in 1839, is drawn from “Master Cornélius.” Leoncavallo has an orchestral piece based on “Séraphita” and Waltershausen's “Oberst Chabert” is a version of that story.

THE TWO TRENDS OF MODERN MUSIC IN STRAVINSKY'S WORKS

By RUDHYAR D. CHENNEVIÈRE

A PERPETUAL recreation of itself is an attribute of genius. Once a height attained, the eternal ascension toward summits yet unscaled again begins. Hence nothing is more disconcerting to the crowd than genius. Those who after much effort have gained an understanding of the work of a certain year, find themselves replunged the year following, into lack of comprehension by its new work. An instance in point was when after the tardy triumph of the *Sacre du Printemps*, his *le Rossignol* baffled Stravinsky's most ardent partisans.

And, in truth, the abyss stretching between these two works is a profound one: the pieces for string quartet which succeeded even accentuated the new path which Stravinsky was following. One feels that for him the *Sacre* represents a point of arrival, the perfect expression of one kind of music. Yet this music does not satisfy him: he seeks to go beyond it, to penetrate into domains unknown. And of these researches his latest works have been born, works no doubt as yet incomplete; yet which surely will end in some typical score such as the *Sacre du Printemps* was of its kind.

The *Sacre*, in fact, is a formidable, a magnificent work. One knows what an impression of intoxicating stupor (this is the correct term) it produced in Paris, when given by Pierre Monteux at his concerts, separated from its plastic presentation, which the public did not understand and which, nevertheless, was so fine in its ritual animalism.

Here music, carrying along beyond the borders of romanticism the tragic thought of Beethoven, is essentially "elementary" or "cosmic." In the mad hammering out of themes of primordial simplicity, born of the people, in some sort out of man's purely animal spontaneity; in the prodigious orchestral inflations whose notes burgeon forth like seed beneath the germinating urge of Spring; in the violent super-position of a hundred incongruous voices, cosmic voices of the winds, the forests, the birds, of all these living forces exalted by the nuptial hour; in the delirium of the final dance of terror, in which the woman, hunted like a beast,

dances the spasmodic dance of agonizing flesh; everywhere there leaps forth a primordial vitality, *cynical*, tragic; life not anti-human, but an-human.

And as in *Pétrouchka* the great passion drama of humanity had already been cynically staged as a tragic farce where marionettes hysterically disport themselves manipulated by the finger of ironic fate, in the *Sacre* man is no more than some sort of animal, tossed about and crushed by indifferent cosmic forces.

These two works, incidentally, are strictly limited. *Pétrouchka* is the music of the human crowd: the *Sacre* is the elemental music of the crowds of a universe. In both cases it is "mass" music, denying the individual, music extraordinarily "vital," music of instinct. In a word, in the broad sense of the phrase, it is *physical music*.

Of course Stravinsky could have continued to follow this path. He might have doubled his orchestra, already large; invented new instruments using, for instance, the formidable music of steam, visioned by A. Sax, which the steamer siren has made vocal; let loose an outburst of sonority, or, if one prefers, ten times more noise; superimposing, instead of two or three tonalities double the number. He could have done this. Yet he did not, and without doubt will not do so; since it must have become clear to him that, once a certain balance is overpast, the greater augmentation as regards *quantity* the less the factor of *quality* makes itself felt.

Hence it is that abandoning a tremendous instrumental fracas, he has turned to the miniature orchestra, to the "string quartet," in order to reveal to the world the secrets of a music more earnest and profound; no longer glorying in the cosmic whirlwind; but concentrating in order to succeed in expressing the human soul in its essential tragedy and serenity.

And thus it is that after having, if not created, at least brought to its highest pitch of realization and actual power this *cosmic* or *elemental* music, Stravinsky has entered upon the occult and unknown pathway of *psychic music*.

Here Stravinsky found he had an immediate predecessor in Debussy—I will not speak of Beethoven, the initiator of all modern music, who in his last quartets recreates the genuine soul-music which died with Palestrina. It has already been said that Schoenberg and those who follow him more or less closely tend toward what is known as "pure sonal music." This is very true; yet, possibly, the whole value and meaning of the term "pure sonal music" has not been grasped altogether.

In order to define it, it becomes necessary to take a bird's-eye view of the evolution of music at its beginning. The musical "note," as well as the "scale" or ladder of tones established with regard to fixed intervals, is a something which has not always existed in music. During thousands of years before the abstract theory of music came into being, men had a music without "notes" and without "scales." We too often forget this, owing to the mania which musicologists have of ignoring all music anteceding Pythagoras, and including the greater part of the music of the Orient, which nevertheless had in India, some centuries ago, attained a degree of perfection which we are far from realizing to-day.

Man has invented nothing. He has merely examined himself and the universe. All there is in Nature expresses itself in music. And the prodigious cosmic symphonies of the winds, the oceans, the forests, the sounds of many waters and the song of birds, every song of multiple life made man new-born aware that he was alive, that music was. Blinded by a ridiculous vanity, we have denied the genuine musical value of this infinitely rich and multiple music of nature. We are so accustomed to our scales, to our mathematical sounds accorded to the diapason, so habituated to this intellectual, scientific music of ours, that it is difficult for us to understand that it is not *all* music, that in reality it is only a small portion of universal music, just as man himself is only part of the universe. We are habituated to such a degree to this *discontinued* music of ours, to our melodies "in scale", leaping from step to step, from note to note, that the *continuous* music of the elements, the melodies of Nature herself, flowing without breaks, without leaps, with a great sustained impetus, rising by insensible crescendos and dying away in glissandos which never stop at points conventionally determined (such as notes); that this music not of the intellect seems to us to be mere incoherent *noise*. This is a lamentable error due to a sterile anthropomorphism.

This continuous music was the first music of humanity; its primitive *melopoeia*, its magic incantation which—as Jules Combarieu has so well demonstrated—was the original source and synthesis of human music. This musical *stadium* is reproduced in all its purity by the Eskimos. Phonographic records have been made of magic ceremonies, at which the priest-sorcerer imitates with his voice the voices of the elements, the cries of animals, in order to lure their souls and lay a spell on them, to conjure the spirits of nature. This music is a torrent of sustained sound, which ignores notes and scales. And it would be silly to

deny the artistic value of such ritual ceremonies wherein are expressed a complete synthesis of life. The magic incantation, the well-spring of sacred music—the only music which is really enduring—vibrates with so intense a vitality because the priest in his will for empire over the soul of things, insists on identifying himself with the life of earth; not only does he penetrate to the musical soul of living beings; but he commands them to live according to his law, he binds them with their own lives whose secret he has surprised. *He creates life by making himself at one with life:* and that is the supreme goal of all art.

True, the religion of the primitive magician is largely external, largely formal, and the means of expression employed by him are uncouth. Yet his art is comprehensive and complete in its essence. And the magic chant, the *carmen*, is yet, though on an inferior plane, a perfect creation.

Man, who has a horror of continuity in which his dearly cherished individuality is dissolved, found in the stylization of animal cries points projected from the great current of continuous music, flowing from high to low pitch like some magnificent stream. These cries, approximately reproduced by the aid of instruments, became fixed points of departure for their subsequent union, which formed a kind of primitive scale. Thus the Chinese scale came into being: the "Annals" inform us that it was based upon reeds of varying length, forming a sort of archaic flute. In the case of the other races it may have been the bow which was the origin of instrumental music. And at once "discontinued" music presents itself and sound acquires an independent and individual value. And from this source there comes that "pure sonal music" which is born of the juxtaposition of individual sonorities more or less complex.

Nevertheless, for centuries and even, in the Orient, at the present day, the fixed sounds established, which in their entirety make up the scale, were no more than guiding-points among which the melody moved freely and continuously without fixed intervals. Hence we have all these vocal glissandos, all these infinite melodic palpitations of Hindoo music, which represent what remains of "continuous" music, which are the direct melodic expression of life itself, in its infinite variety, its subtle and many-hued spontaneity, and not, as they are so ridiculously termed "musical ornaments."

Without any doubt at all, a struggle between "continuous" and "broken" music, the constant progress of individualism, intelligence and scientific reasoning, all inter-related factors, little

by little destroyed "continuous" music or, rather, this type of music subsisted as an appanage of priest and temple; while the people in their individual gladness created the primitive folk-song, using for it no more than a few very simple sounds, the expression of a no less simple mentality. A similar development took place during the Middle Ages, when the artless folk and popular song distorted and killed the plain chant, that marvellous Byzantine creation, amalgamate of all the sacred song of the Orient and of Palestine, and whose anatomical outline alone has come down to us, deprived of the inner musical continuity which was its living flesh.

"Broken" or "discontinued" music triumphs in counterpoint and scientific classic music until Beethoven who is the first, in his "infinite melodies," to aspire to genuine continuity. Wagner seeks continuity in dramatic action (the linking together of leading motives); Debussy in his evocation of harmonic atmospheres; Stravinsky, finally, in the *Sacre du Printemps* piles up, one upon the other, the most contradictory tonalities to break them down by ceaseless friction, creating the illusion of a perpetual and unbroken generation of sound. And hence it is that this work of his is the apex of a great musical effort of the XIX century, an effort toward the realization of a cosmic music, that of elemental voices.

Schoenberg opposes this trend. It is the "pure sonal music," discontinued music, which he exalts. Yet this opposition is unquestionably no more than a desperate quest for a means of outflanking an insurmountable obstacle, the obstacle which our scale (that is to say the entire musical system actually in use, maintained by the very conformation of the majority of instruments, especially the keyboard instruments) opposes to "continued" music. Schoenberg, in fact, ignores rather than struggles against tonality. He has his being in an atmosphere of absolute chromaticism, tending to enharmonism (insisted upon by Italian musical futurists), and he forges sounds unknown, mysterious "cries." He makes the impression of stuttering in a language which he himself hardly knows, one whose resources he is continually busy discovering. He ignores all lines of sonority. He is preoccupied, one might say, with musical soundings. He casts out his plummet into the depths of the soul and draws up with it strange shapes, fantastic gleams. Yet these shapes have no vitality. He is unable to grasp the secret of their existence. Not that this disturbs him: he worships them because of their inexplicable radiance. And he depicts them; for before all else, Schoenberg is an

analyst. Before him there existed a concept of the musical line, of melody. He feels that this conception ends in a blind alley (this blind alley being the polytonality of the *Sacre du Printemps*). Then, daringly, he abandons all, and goes on at random ranging the whole domain of known music. Scapel in hand, he dissects the soul of man. And he discovers prodigious psychic outcries, exclamations which he notes with fidelity; yet almost without connection, for their vital bond of union escapes him. It is thus that he records these unknown sounds, whence come no one knows. One might term them onomatopoeia of the soul. And, no doubt, as at the dawn of humanity, the Word leaped forth in these inarticulate cries, in which are expressed the reflex emotions of man confronted with life, a music will be born of all these strange, scattered tones, to form the incomparable melody whose song will be that of the all-embracing life of the soul.

It is toward this goal that Stravinsky's purpose is directed. For the *Sacre du Printemps* is the perfect expression of elemental music, of instinctive psychic music. Yet it is not the great sacred music of humanity's mysteries which the future insists upon in order to sing the cult of Conscience and of Man Divine. In lieu of physical continuity, there must be born psychic continuity, the continuity of the soul. And in place of the fragmentary, analytical notation of Schoenberg, there must rise up a *vital synthesis of the soul*.

This is the task reserved for the music of the future. And in anticipating it we should invoke the name of that great musician who has vanished, Scriabine. In the dawning of this animastic synthesis which music will express, he stands forth as the great mystic, visioning the tremendous emprise. Dying, perhaps, because of its actual impossibility of realization, he towers in extatic serenity on the threshold of the music of to-morrow. More than any other, with his far-flung gaze which penetrated the soul of the universe, he could foresee that which was to be. His last *Preludes* are incomparable tentatives, surpassing in perfection all that Schoenberg has written, the beginnings of a new day, in which Man, weary of the battles of materialism, turning to introspection, will meditate on the Infinite, won over to that vast, illimitable Wisdom so long forgotten by him.

Yet who is he who will arise to accomplish the great work which Scriabine did not realize?

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

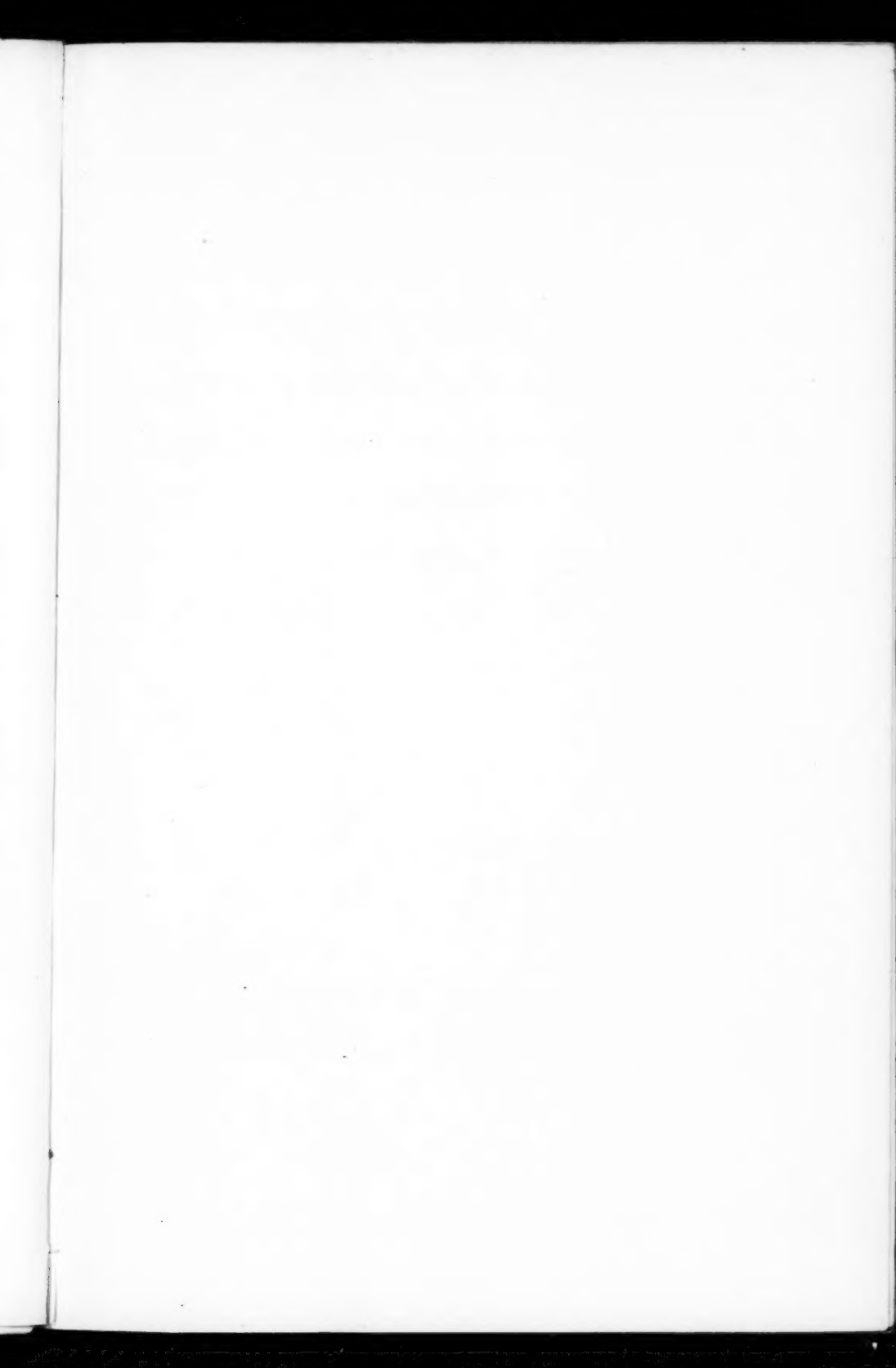
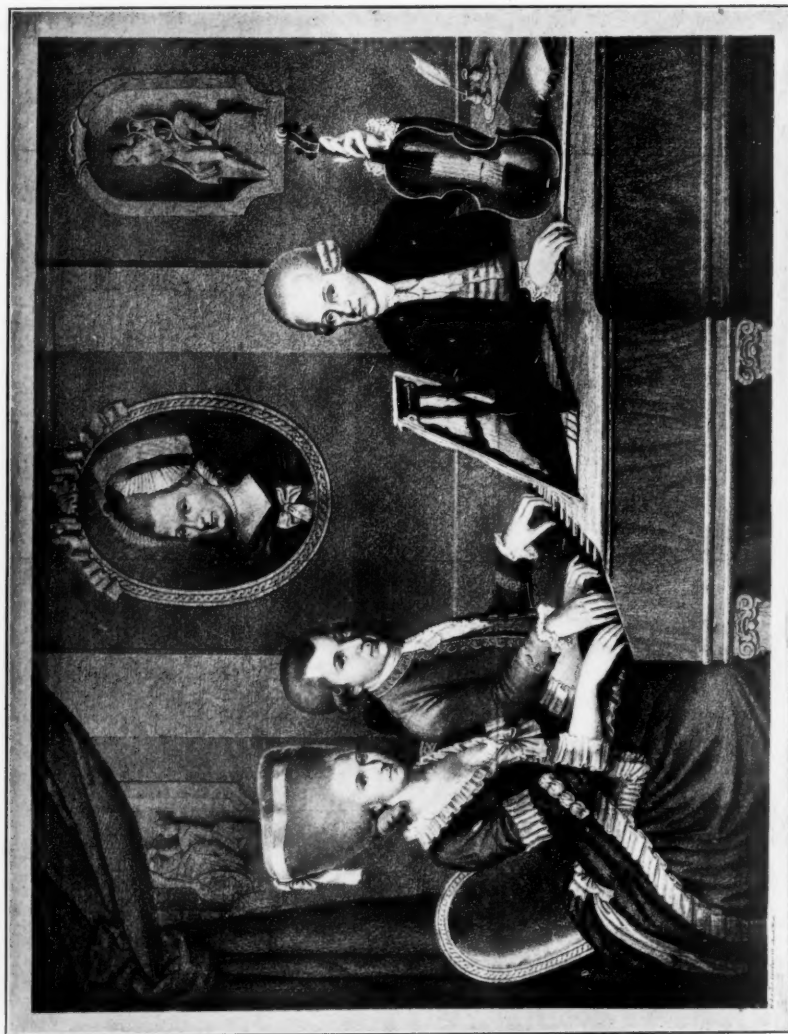


Plate I



Mozart, aged 24, with Marianne, his sister, and Leopold, their Father

By J. N. De La Croce, 1780

(From Nissen's *Mozart Biography*)

NOTES ON THE ICONOGRAPHY OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

By EDWARD SPEYER

SINCE the appearance of my article "Mozart at the National Gallery" in the *Burlington Magazine* (No. 156 vol. XXVIII, March 1916) my attention has been drawn to an extensive notice of Mr. Dent's admirable book "Mozart's Operas"¹ in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Feb. 3rd, 1913, from the pen of the late M. Teodor de Wyzewa, himself the author in co-operation with M. G. de Saint-Foix, of a new work on Mozart² of which so far two volumes only, covering the period 1760-1777, have appeared. In these volumes the writers profess to treat their subject by a scientific and critical method of their own, on lines different from those adopted by Jahn, and by Köchel, in those monumental publications of theirs which have hitherto been recognized as the standard works on Mozart's life and creations.

M. de Wyzewa begins his otherwise appreciative article by taking exception to the date assigned by Mr. Dent to the portrait of Mozart [Plate 5] which figures as the frontispiece of his book and proceeds as follows.

Translation of M. Teodor de Wyzewa's Article in the Revue des Deux Mondes, of Feb. 3rd, 1913.

Mr. Dent's very interesting new work unfortunately opens with an error which is anything but new—a mistake characteristic of what I am tempted to call the incorrigible professional credulity of writers on music For Mr. Dent has used as the frontispiece of a large volume a reproduction of a portrait of the master which was left by Mozart's widow to the Mozarteum in Salzburg: Mr. Dent puts a note under this portrait stating that it was painted by the actor Joseph Lange 'in 1791', the very year of Mozart's death.

Clearly only the interest attaching to the date of this portrait which would thus give us a clue to Mozart's appearance at the time the "Magic Flute" was written, can have justified Mr. Dent in his own eyes in giving the place of honor to such mediocre painting, the work of an amateur, ranking far beneath many other portraits equally authentic.

¹"Mozart's Operas," a critical study by Edward J. Dent, London: Chatto & Windus, 1913.

²W. A. Mozart, sa vie musicale et son œuvre de l'enfance à la pleine maturité (1756-1777). Essai de biographie critique. Paris: Perrin, 1912.

It is true that the catalogue of the Mozarteum, on the strength of some ancient testimony, gives this date to Lange's portrait; but it is surprising that with all his intimate knowledge of Mozart and his work during the last year of his life, the English writer should not have perceived at once the impossibility of taking such an affirmation seriously. In the first place Mr. Dent shows us, with good reason, that in 1791 Mozart was utterly tired out and exhausted: and in point of fact, it was probably of old age that this man of 36 died How then can we admit this to be a portrait of Mozart done two years after Tischbein's admirable portrait, which shows him in all the sombre splendour of his maturity? How could Mozart have recovered in 1791 the fresh and delicate juvenile beauty, which the Salzburg sketch reveals?

To this first objection, more or less theoretical, perhaps, may be added a second—a positive one. And it is incomprehensible how this could have escaped Mr. Dent's fine critical observation. Not only does the portrait which he has placed at the opening of his book represent a Mozart far too young to permit us to recognise in him the prematurely aged author of the "Magic Flute," but in addition we know most certainly that this portrait was painted by Joseph Lange, not in 1791, but in 1782, on the morrow of Mozart's marriage, that he painted a portrait of Mozart's wife at the same time, and that Mozart sent the two sketches to his father together with other peace offerings in his attempts to obtain his severe parent's pardon for the unpardonable folly he had just committed. We know this through Mozart's widow, who had the two portraits lithographed in 1828 and published them in the large volume which her second husband, the chevalier de Nissen, dedicated to the memory of his illustrious predecessor.

Like all those before him who have accepted without control the Mozarteum catalogue's fabulous assertion in that question, Mr. Dent must have noticed opposite p. 464 of Nissen's Biography of Mozart, the faithful reproduction of the upper part of this portrait (the only portion properly finished) alleged to have been done in 1791, placed there among the letters in which Constance Weber's young husband was trying every ingenious means of appeasing the paternal wrath.

In an introduction to his own two volumes on Mozart's musical life M. de Wyzewa states that they are the fruit of ten years' patient and conscientious study of every source and document relating to such of Mozart's compositions as are dealt with therein; and after a perusal of the work I see no reason why his assurance on that point should not find willing acceptance. It is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that the late author apparently did not see fit to adopt the same method in regard to the *Iconography* of Mozart. Had he done so he would assuredly have refrained from making the statements above quoted which, I am sorry to say, will not survive the test of accurate research.

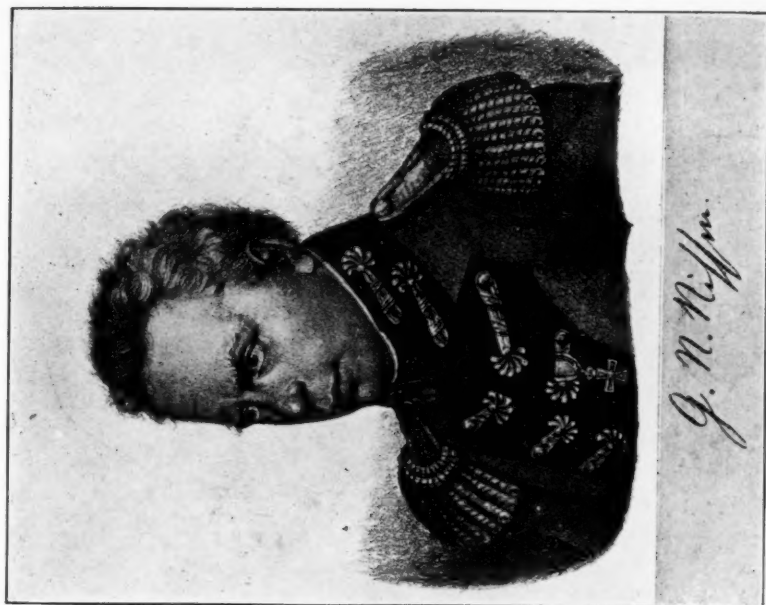
In order to prevent erroneous theories thus put forward by so well-known and brilliant a writer from finding acceptance, and at the same time to discuss and to endeavour to throw new light on

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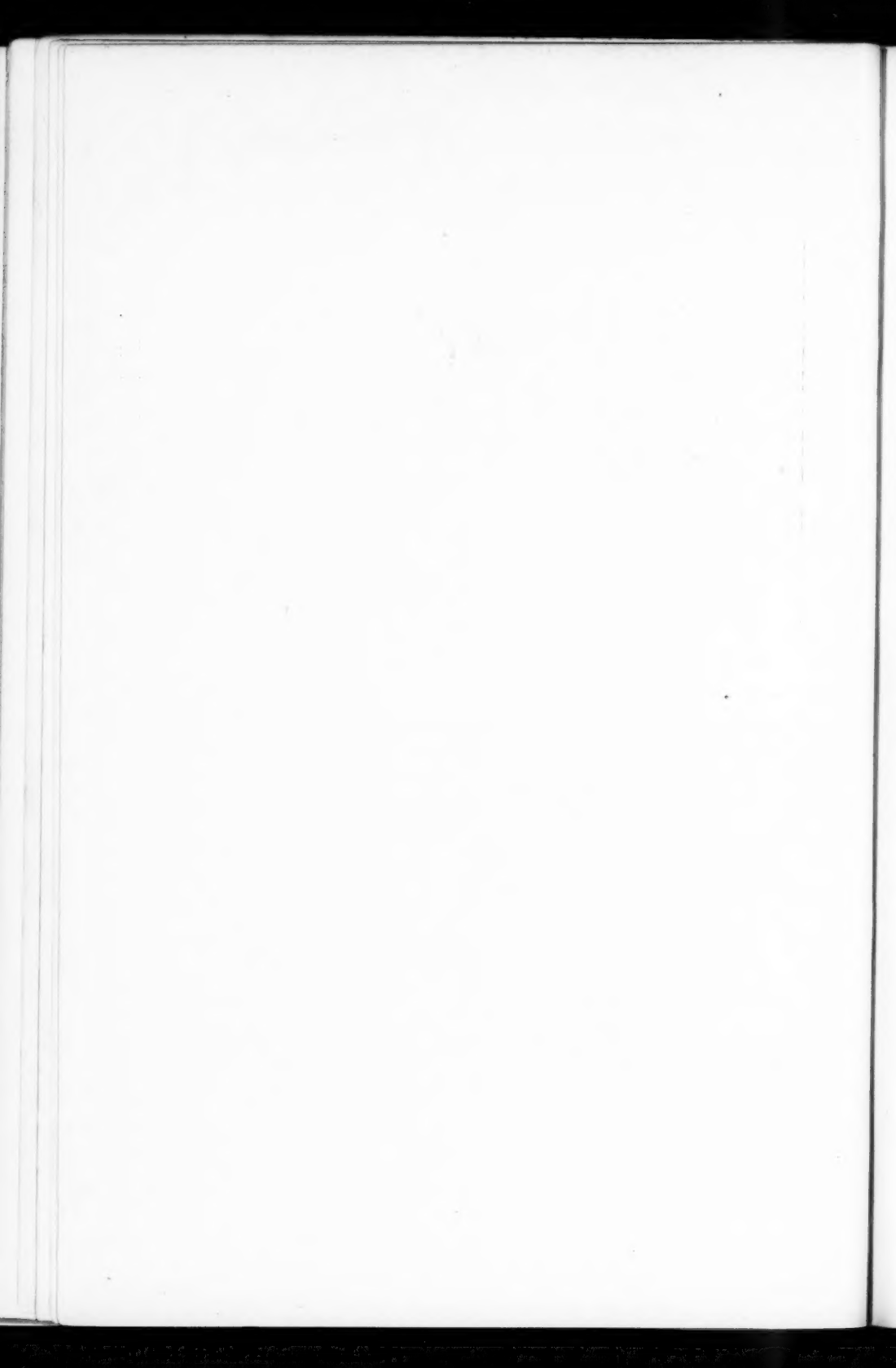


Constanza, Mozart's wife
(From Nissen's *Mozart Biography*)

B



Georg Nicolaus von Nissen
Second husband of Constanza, Mozart's widow
(From Nissen's *Mozart Biography*)



certain points which in my opinion have hitherto been either neglected or wrongly treated by other writers on the subject, I propose to make in the present article a study of the Iconography of Mozart, limited to the Master's adult age, which I think I may claim to be based strictly upon technical examination and historical and documentary evidence. For the sake of those not intimately acquainted with the subject it will be necessary, first to mention briefly some of the principle publications giving information of one kind or another on the Iconography of Mozart and in particular those, like Nissen's "Life," and the Catalogue of the Salzburg Mozarteum, that are specially referred to by M. de Wyzewa.

I. NISSEN'S LIFE OF MOZART:¹

George Nicolaus von Nissen (1761-1826), Danish Councillor of State, came to Vienna in 1797, six years after Mozart's death. He there represented his country as Chargé d'Affaires, and made the acquaintance of Mozart's widow (1763-1842) in whom he henceforth took a great interest, assisting her in her precarious situation, and eventually marrying her in 1809. Retiring from the State service in 1820, he settled at Salzburg and devoted the remaining years of his life to writing a Life of Mozart for which the mass of authentic material his wife was able to put at his disposal, proved of great importance. He died, however, in 1826, and before the completion of his work which was eventually published by his widow in 1828. Nissen, as the book shows, was an honest, wellmeaning, painstaking, and industrious writer, but altogether deficient in scholarly and scientific training. The "Life" contains the following lithographic illustrations:

1. *Portrait of Nissen*, characteristically doing duty as frontispiece in accordance with the widow's "Directions to the Bookbinder" to be found at the end of the book. [Plate II B].
2. *Portrait Group* [Plate I], after the oil painting, 55 by 65 in., by J. N. de la Croce (1736-1819), painted at Salzburg in 1780, representing Wolfgang Mozart at the age of 24, together with Marianne, his sister, and Leopold, his father, the portrait of the mother, who was dead by that time, being shown hanging on the wall. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg).
3. *Portrait of Mozart "as a boy of 7"* [Plate III C], in the gala dress presented to him by the Empress Maria Theresa in Oct. 1762, in Vienna. After an oil painting, 81 x 61 c.m., by an unknown artist. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg).
4. *Portrait of Mozart "in his manhood"* [Plate IV]. Author unknown.
5. *Portrait of Constanze, Mozart's wife*. [Plate II A]. Author unknown.

¹Biographie W. A. Mozarts, von Georg Nicolaus von Nissen, nach dessen Tode herausgegeben von Constanze, Wittve von Nissen, früher Wittve Mozart. Leipzig: G. Senf, 1828.

6. *Portrait of Mozart's two Sons: Carl (1784-1858) and Wolfgang (1791-1844)* Plate III D]. After an oil painting, 70 x 56 c.m., by Hans Hansen. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg).

7. *Illustration of Mozart's ear.*

8. *View of the house in which Mozart was born.*

A list is also given, drawn up in somewhat haphazard fashion, of representations of Mozart then existing: monuments, medals, busts, and engraved portraits almost exclusively posthumous productions; followed by the statement that "the widow possesses several portraits of his painted in oils at different periods of his life."

II. JAHN'S LIFE OF MOZART.¹

In the original editions of this great biography, which will doubtless always rank as the standard work on Mozart's life and works, and as a model of musical and artistic biography, the Iconography does not receive special treatment, but valuable information is given on a few points which I shall mention later. The later editions, published after Jahn's death (1869) and edited by Prof. Deiters, contain, indeed, a chapter on the Iconography but this is based on well-known sources, and contains hardly any illustrations, and, therefore, requires no special reference here.

III. THE CATALOGUE OF THE MOZART MUSEUM (MOZARTEUM) AT SALZBURG.²

This, though unillustrated, and hardly commendable for scholarly writing, yet gives some valuable information in reference to local traditions concerning the Mozart family and to certain portraits of Mozart, left by his widow his sons and others to the Museum which was founded in 1842 and installed in the house of Mozart's birth, and contains a vast assemblage of portraits, autographs, and relics of all kinds of Mozart and his family.

IV. MOZART PORTRAITS BY E. VOGEL.³

This essay by the late Dr. Emil Vogel, Director of the "Peters Musical Library" at Leipzig, is the first attempt at an exhaustive study of Mozart Iconography. Adequately illustrated, it gives evidence of patient, scholarly work, and a competent scientific method which make it a valuable guide.

V. LETTERS OF MOZART AND HIS FAMILY BY DR. SCHIEDERMAIR.⁴

A very important work, as far as the first 4 vols. are concerned, which for the first time gives a complete collection of the letters of Mozart

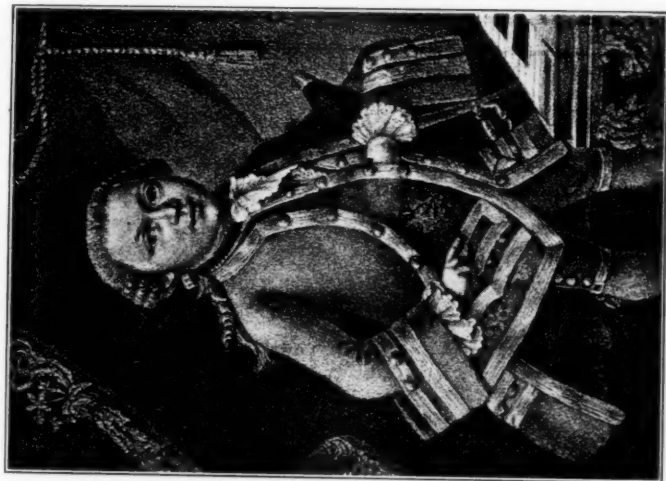
¹Otto Jahn: W. A. Mozart, 1st Ed., 4 vols., 1856-1859. 4th Ed., 2 vols. 1905. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Haertel. English Translation, by Miss Pauline Townsend, 2 vols. London: Novello.

²J. E. Engl. Katalog des Mozart-Museums, 4th ed., Salzburg 1906.

³Mozart-Portraits von Emil Vogel, Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters für 1899. Leipzig: Peters 1900.

⁴Die Briefe W. A. Mozarts und seiner Familie. Erste kritische Gesamtausgabe, von Ludwig Schiedermaier. München: Georg Müller 1914.

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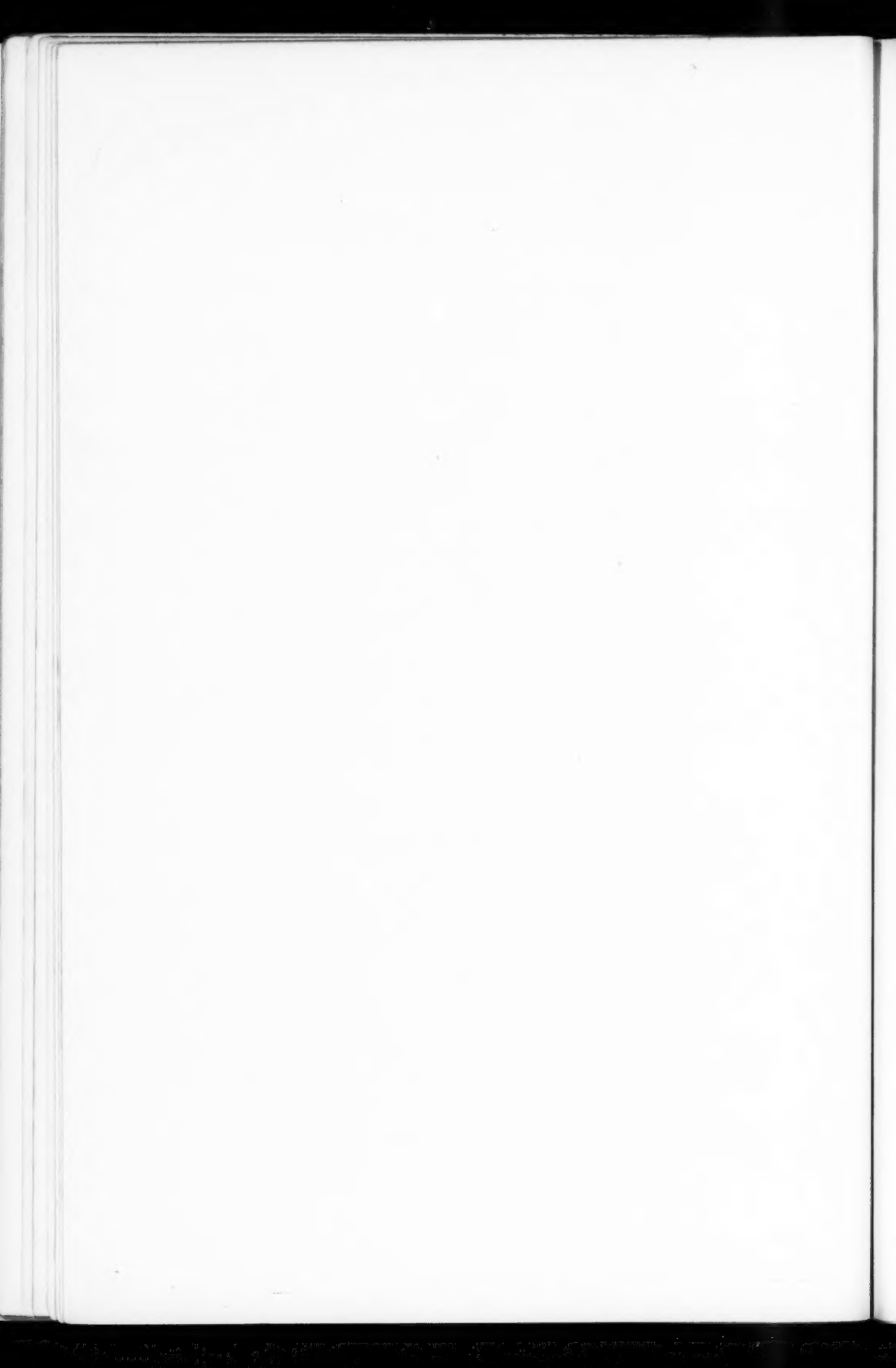


Mozart "as a boy of 7"
(From Nissen's *Mozart Biography*)

D



Mozart's Sons, Carl and Wolfgang
(From Nissen's *Mozart Biography*)



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and his family, edited from the originals on strictly critical lines. This work contains much sound scholarship, and altogether surpasses Nohl's,¹ and all other prior publications of the kind. I would like to say the same of the 5th vol. which is entirely devoted to "Iconography," and contains a large number of illustrations of the portraits of Mozart and his family and contemporaries, and of autographs, documents, and objects and localities connected with Mozart. But here, at any rate as far as portraiture is concerned the author does not seem to have attained sufficient technical mastery of his subject to enable him to form an independent opinion. To the unfortunate results of this I shall presently have to draw attention.

I can now return to the subject of these notes, *The Portraits of Mozart in his manhood*. Of these the following four portraits claim serious consideration, as we have documentary proof that they were done from the life:

(1) *Portrait Group in oils*: [Plate I] by J. N. de la Croce, representing Wolfgang Mozart at the age of 24, already described above (see page 177).

(2) *Silverpoint Drawing*: [Plate VI] 3 x 2 in., at the age of 33, done during Mozart's stay in Dresden in April 1879, by Dora Stock, (Peters Musical Library, Leipzig).

I consider this portrait to be by far the most authentic and life-like representation of Mozart, both on account of its known history and also because of its artistic excellence. It has every mark of a true and characteristic portrait and is of outstanding importance in the whole of Mozart's iconography. For in April 1789, on a journey from Vienna to Berlin, Mozart made a stay of six days at Dresden, where he was a frequent guest in the house of Gottfried Körner, father of Theodor Körner, the poet. It was here that he sat to Körner's sister-in-law, Dora Stock (1760-1832), a distinguished artist much appreciated at the time, who drew his portrait in silverpoint on ivory cardboard. At the back of the portrait are inscriptions showing that it was left by Körner's wife to the author and poet F. Förster, and by him to his adopted son, Karl Eckert (1820-1879), the well-known musician and conductor, after whose death it finally passed to the "Peters' Musical Library" at Leipzig. It seems to have been published for the first time as late as 1858 in an engraving by E. Mandel.²

(3) *Boxwood Relief*: [Plate VII E] 3½ x 2 in., at the age of 33, by Posch, a well-known Austrian medallist of the time, said to have been

¹Ludwig Nohl: *Mozarts Briefe*: 1st ed. 1856, 2nd ed. 1878. English Translation by Lady Wallace, London, Longman, 1865.

²Vogel, Op. cit. p. 28 f.f.

carved during Mozart's stay in Berlin in May 1789. (Mozart Museum Salzburg).

This somewhat conventional, unconvincing, but decorative relief has served as the model for the majority of the numberless existing Mozart portraits, and was for many years popularly regarded as the most typical representation of the master until numbers 2 and 4 in this list became more generally known through reproductions.

(4) *Unfinished Portrait in oils*: [Plate V] 13 x 11½ in., at the age of 35, by Joseph Lange (1751-1831), Mozart's brother-in-law, in Vienna, painted early in 1791, the year of Mozart's death. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg.)

This ranks next in importance to No. 2 in this list and was always greatly valued by Mozart's family. It appears to be an individualistic and faithful rendering of Mozart's features. I will give further particulars about it later on. In addition to the above four portraits I shall have to refer to the following three as illustrating important points in this investigation.

(5) *Lithographic Portraits*, 3 x 2 in., unsigned, of *Mozart, at the age of 26?* [Plate VIII G], and of *Constanze, his wife, at the age of 19?* [Plate VIII H]. (Municipal Museum, Carolino-Augusteum, Salzburg).

(6) *Medallion-Relief*, [Plate VII F] 2 x 1½ in., at the age of ? Author unknown. Forming part of a steel belt-clasp. (Baroness von Grünhof).

(7) *Portrait in oils*, [Plate IX], unsigned and undated, attributed to A. W. Tischbein (1734-1804), said to represent Mozart, and to have been done during Mozart's stay at Mainz, in Oct. 1790, when he was 34. (Herr Johann André, Offenbach). The original, of which only the upper part is reproduced here, is a three quarter portrait measuring 27 x 21 in.

I will deal first with No. 4 *The unfinished Portrait in oils*, by Joseph Lange, the subject of M. de Wyzewa's strictures. This portrait [Plate V], is exhibited in the *Mozarteum*, at Salzburg, in the catalogue of which it is described as follows:

No. 36, W. A. Mozart (1756-1791). Oil painting, unfinished; three quarter facing to the left, 32 x 28 c.m., by Mozart's brother-in-law, the Court-actor Joseph Lange. Commenced about 5½ months before July 1791, the time when the composition of the *Zauberflöte* was begun. Mozart is sitting at the pianoforte; the head is fully executed, the dress and the pianoforte being only sketched in pencil. This original portrait was in the possession of Mozart's son Carl (1784-1858) who left it by will to the *Mozarteum*. It seems to show signs of the beginning of Mozart's illness.

M. de Wyzewa disputes the date 1791 (the year of Mozart's death) assigned to it by the Museum Catalogue on the ground as

he says of some ancient and unknown testimony. Seeing that the picture came to the Museum by direct inheritance from Mozart's son, it can surely be safely assumed that this date and the circumstantial account of the time of its painting can only have been given on the strength of some authentic record.

M. de Wyzewa also describes the portrait as the mediocre painting of an amateur. It seems hardly fair to characterise Joseph Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, in this fashion, for we learn from his autobiography¹ that he showed an early gift for drawing, and became a pupil of the historical painter Schleyer in Würzburg. In 1770 he went to Vienna, and was admitted to the Academy of Arts, then newly founded by the Empress Maria Theresa, as a pupil of its first director, Jacob Mathias Schmutzer (1733-1811), a distinguished artist whose name is still to be found in most of the Dictionaries of the present time, who seems to have taken a special interest in Lange, procuring him in 1773 a commission to paint an altar-piece for the Prince of Dietrichstein. It is true that at an early date Lange gave up painting for acting, a career in which he achieved considerable success during the remainder of his life, but he continued, as we shall presently see, to practise portrait painting occasionally for the benefit of his family and of others.

M. de Wyzewa continues:

It is well known that in 1791 Mozart was utterly tired out and exhausted. How then can we admit this to be a portrait of Mozart done in 1791, two years after Tischbein's admirable portrait of 1789 [Plate IX] which shows him in all the sombre splendour of his maturity? How could he have recovered in 1791 the fresh and delicate juvenile beauty revealed to us by the Lange portrait?

It is astounding both that M. de Wyzewa should thus describe the Lange portrait, [Plate V] which so evidently exhibits the signs of illness and exhaustion, and also that for purposes of comparison he should laud in glowing terms the so-called Tischbein portrait, [Plate IX] which, for reasons which I shall give presently, has long ceased to be recognised as a portrait of Mozart at all!

We know for certain M. de Wyzewa declares, that this portrait of Mozart was painted by Joseph Lange, not in 1791, but at the time of Mozart's marriage in 1782, together with that of his wife, and that Mozart sent these two *sketches* to his father. We know this from Mozart's widow, who in 1828 had these two portraits lithographed, [Plate IV and Plate II A] and published in Nissen's biography; and nobody

¹Die Biographie des Joseph Lange, K.K. Hofschauspieler, Wien, P. Behms Witwe, 1808.

can fail to perceive that the lithographic portrait in the biography [Plate IV] is the faithful reproduction of the upper part of the painting [Plate V] alleged to have been done in 1791.

The two portraits of Mozart and his wife here spoken of appear, indeed, in Nissen's biography, as will be seen from the list of illustrations contained in it given by me above [Plate IV and Plate II A], but no single reference, either by Mozart's widow or anyone else, as to their authorship, origin, or date of production, can be found in Nissen's biography! Nor is it permissible to describe the lithographic portrait of Mozart of the biography [Plate IV] as a faithful representation of the upper part of the oil painting [Plate V]. For, though the former is evidently based upon the latter, there is this marked difference between them: that the lithographic portrait shows a head erect and an aspect of good health, whilst in the oil painting the head is inclined and shows unmistakable signs of illness and exhaustion. M. de Wyzewa, by persisting in speaking of these two portraits as of one and the same thing has, in fact become involved in a labyrinth of confusion and error from which I shall now make it my task to extricate him.

In a letter dated Vienna, April 3rd, 1783, Mozart, who in August of the previous year, then aged 26, had married Constanze Weber¹ against the wish of his father writes to the latter in Salzburg:

Herewith also the two portraits [of himself and his wife]. I only hope they may satisfy you. Both appear to me to be good likenesses, and all who have seen them are of the same opinion.

Of these portraits, which may be assumed to have been done after Mozart's marriage in 1782, both Jahn² and Vogel³ speak as "Miniature Pictures" (*Miniaturbilder*), adding that after the death of Mozart's father, Leopold, they came into the possession of his sister, Marianne, who kept them till her death, in 1829, when they disappeared. Both authors omit to state the source from which this information is drawn. I find, however, that in a letter dated Salzburg, July 2nd, 1819, to Dr. L. von Sonnleithner, in Vienna⁴ who had asked her for information about the portraits of Mozart, Marianne⁵ writes:

¹Constanze Weber, born 1763, married Mozart 1782, widow 1791, married Nissen 1809, widow again 1826, died 1842.

²Jahn, 4th ed., II, p. 856.

³Vogel: Mozart Portraits, p. 28.

⁴Jahn, 1st ed., I, p. 227.

⁵Marianne Mozart, b. 1751 at Salzburg, m. 1874 Baron Berchtold zu Sonnenberg d. 1829 at Salzburg.

Plate IV

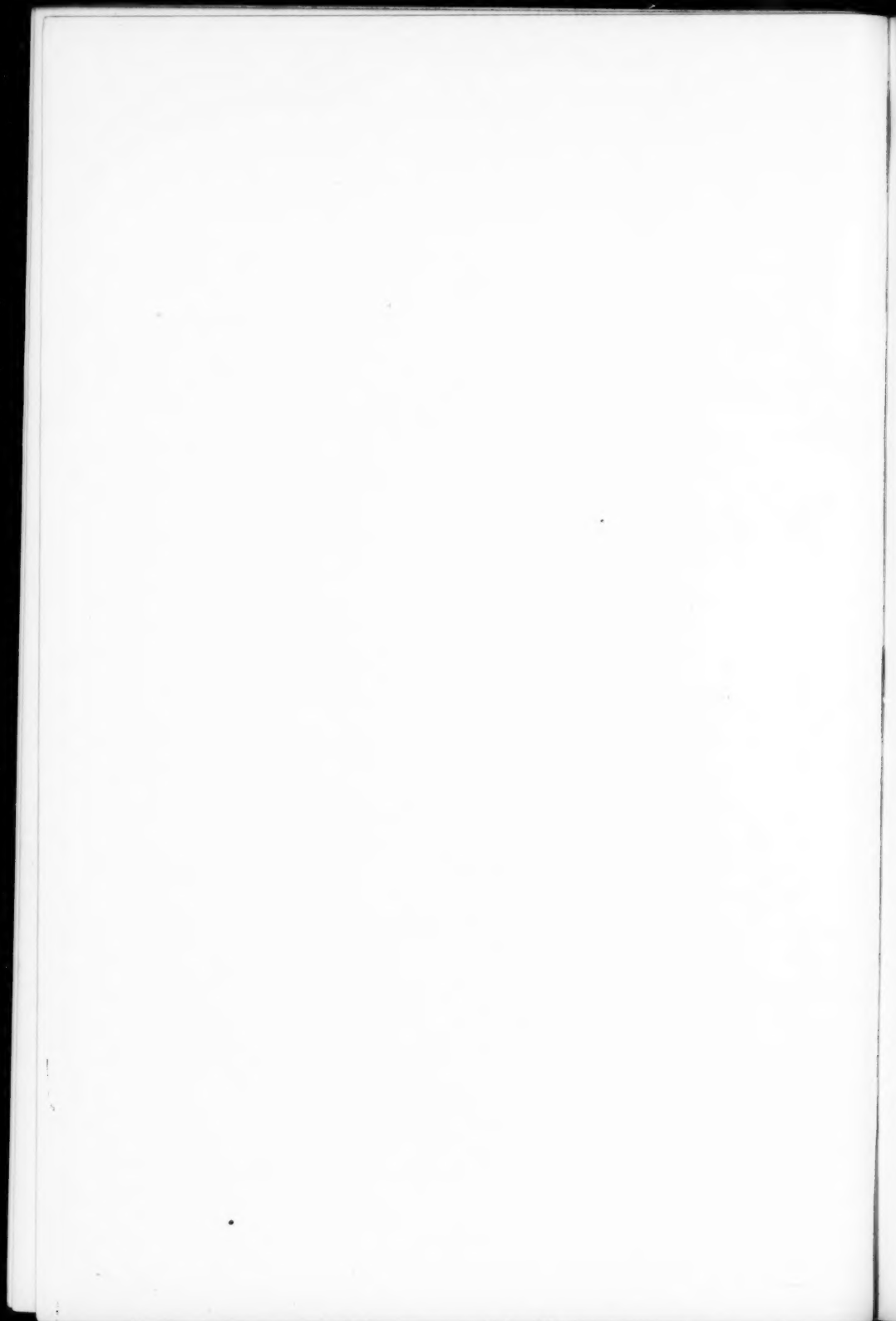


Mozart "in his manhood"
Lithograph
(From *Nissen's Mozart Biography*)

Plate V



Mozart, aged 35; by Joseph Lange, 1791
Oil; unfinished, 13 x 11½ in.
(*Mozart Museum, Salzburg*)



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The one painted when he returned from Italy is the oldest [in her possession]. He was then only 16, but as he was recovering from a serious illness, the face looks sickly and very fallow. His portrait in the family group [Plate I], when he was 22, is very good, and the *Miniature Picture*, when he was 26, is the latest of his which I possess.

Her statement that her *Miniature Picture* represents Mozart at the age of 26 indicates 1782 as the date, the year of Mozart's marriage, and there would thus appear to be a strong presumption in favour of its being one of the pair of portraits of Mozart and his wife referred to in the letter of Mozart to his father above quoted. This also seems to confirm that the two *Miniature Pictures* had been in her possession. What were they, and what became of them? That they are not likely to have come into the possession of Mozart's widow after Marianne's death seems established by our knowledge that after Mozart's death, in 1791, she and the widow remained entirely estranged. According to a letter of Marianne's of July 2nd, 1819, to L. von Sonnleithner.¹

she had received no letter from the widow since 1801, knew nothing of her two sons, and only heard from others of her second marriage with Nissen.

Vogel² assumes that the *Miniature Pictures* also were the work of Mozart's brother-in-law, Lange. This may have been so as it is on record that Lange was in the habit of putting his talent at the service of the members of the Mozart family generally. Thus Leopold Mozart writes from Vienna, to Marianne in Salzburg on March 27th, 1785:

The husband of Madame Lange is a painter and last night drew my portrait on red paper; this shows a perfect likeness and is beautifully done.³

Nohl also mentions and publishes a portrait sketch by Lange of the latter's wife, Aloysia Weber, Mozart's sister-in-law.

Jahn, as well as Vogel, maintains that both the *Miniature Pictures* are reproduced in Nissen's biography without, however, offering any proof which would warrant such a statement; he also fails to perceive that the one representing Mozart [Plate IV] is evidently based on the Lange oil portrait [Plate V] which both authors admit to have been painted in 1791.

On examining these two portraits, as reproduced by Nissen, [Plate IV and Plate II A], it becomes clear that they cannot originally have formed a pair as they both face to the left. The

¹Catalogue of Mozart Museum p. 5, f.f.

²Op. cit. p. 28.

³Nohl: Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen, Leipzig, 1880.

appearance of Constanze, indeed, well accords with the age of 19 which she would have reached when the two *Miniature Pictures* were done in 1782.

As already mentioned the portrait of Mozart, however, is unmistakably based on, or perhaps faked from the Lange portrait [Plate V]. M. de Wyzewa's contention that the original Lange portrait was painted in 1782, and was therefore one of the sketches, or *Miniature Pictures*, sent with Mozart's letter to his father, seems to be sufficiently disposed of by the fact that it is an unfinished oil painting of considerable size (13 x 11½ in.), that on comparing it with the well authenticated silverpoint portrait by Dora Stock of 1789 [Plate VI], representing Mozart at 33, it becomes impossible to assign to it a date which would make Mozart 26 when it was painted, and that the costume, mode of dressing the hair, and the record of the Salzburg Museum, all offer reasonable grounds for accepting 1791 as the date of its creation.

I have no hesitation, therefore, in declaring the Nissen portrait of Mozart [Plate IV] to be a *posthumous production*. To give my reasons for this it will be necessary to go into the history of the reproductions in Nissen's biography. In a letter dated Vienna, 17th Feb., 1802, Mozart's widow writes to Breitkopf & Haertel, in Leipzig, who at that time were in correspondence with her in regard to a Life of Mozart which they themselves intended to publish¹

I also mention for your information that Count Deym who some years ago, assuming the name of Müller, established an art gallery here, took a cast of Mozart's face immediately after death, and further, that the Court-actor, Lange, a very good painter, painted a portrait of Mozart in large size, but in profile, which painting he would probably be able to convert into a perfect full faced likeness with the help of the cast, the more so as he knew Mozart intimately.

We have here a direct reference to the Lange portrait, [Plate V]. The fact that the widow speaks of it in connection with the death mask, suggests the assumption that it was painted during the last period of Mozart's life, and was the latest portrait she possessed of him, and that it cannot, therefore, be one of the *Miniature Pictures* of 1782. But the passage also provides us with a clue to the intentions of the widow, entertained by her at that time already, to make it serve the purpose of posthumous reproduction.

Twenty six years later, when occupied with the final arrangements for the publication of the Nissen biography, the widow writes to Spontini, (1774-1851), at that time Royal Director

¹G. Nottebohm: "Mozartiana," p. 133, Leipzig, Breitkopf & Haertel, 1880.

Plate VI



Mozart, aged 33, by Dora Stock, 1789
Silver-Point, 3 x 2 in.
(*Peters' Musical Library, Leipzig*)

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General of Music in Berlin, who took a warm interest in her project, in a letter dated Munich, June 14th, 1828:¹

I have been here for the last four weeks, and through the kindness of the Chevalier von Cornelius shall have real works of art made of the lithographic reproductions of all the paintings in my possession which are to appear in the 'Mozart Biography'. This great man, who, out of veneration for Mozart, and also for yourself my friend, received me with the greatest joy, is now making every endeavour to help me to make the illustrations as fine as possible so as to make them worthy to appear in the 'Biography.' Indeed, he assists with his own hands.

The matter is also referred to in an entry of Dec. 22nd, 1828, in her "Diary," which has only quite lately come to light, and been published.²

With these lithographic reproductions of the Nissen biography before us [Plates IV and II A], it is difficult to decide whether they eventually fulfilled the widow's expectation of their turning out "real works of art," and it is not possible to ascertain whether the modification of the Lange portrait here reproduced [Plate IV] was the handiwork of Lange himself, or of Cornelius, or someone else. The participation of so great a master as Peter von Cornelius (1783-1867) may have been limited to good advice to the widow.³ Whatever the facts here, let us examine into the motives which decided the widow to choose this particular portrait to represent Mozart in the "Biography." In my opinion she must have refrained from using either the *portrait in the family group of 1780*, [Plate 1], or the *Posch Boxwood Relief* [Plate VII E], (these were the only two authentic portraits of Mozart as a man she had to choose between at that time) because for her neither of the two possessed those qualities of actuality and characteristic resemblance which, as her letter of 1802 to Breitkopf proves, she attributed to the unfinished Lange portrait. The latter moreover, being the latest of the portraits, would appeal more immediately to all those who had preserved personal recollections of the master. The strongest reason of all, however, appears to me to be that what is unquestionably the most lifelike of all the Mozart portraits, the *silverpoint drawing of 1789, by Dora Stock*, [Plate VI] was *unknown* to the widow! Ever since its completion it had remained in private possession, in Dresden, and became generally known

¹Catalogue of Mozart-Museum at Salzburg, 1906, p. 4, footnote.

²Dr. E. Brücken: "Tagebuch der Gattin Mozarts." Munich, J. Rosenthal, 1915.

³A lithographic reproduction from the Lange portrait, but fully completed, by E. Lehmann, which I have not seen, is mentioned by several writers as having been published by Hornemann & Erslev, in Copenhagen, a fact which suggests the assumption that it was produced by direction of the widow during her stay in Copenhagen, from 1810 to 1820, with Nissen, her second husband.

only as late as 1858, in which year an engraving of it was first published. On the other hand, the widow's objection to an exact reproduction of the Lange portrait can be easily explained on the ground that its pose, and the aged and morbid look on the face, would make it unfit for the purpose she had in view. Hence the changes made at her suggestion, the erect head, the attributes of youth, health and vigour, as we see them worked out in the modified portrait [Plate IV] which was now to do duty in the "Biography."

Resuming my account of the different portraits of Mozart's manhood, I now come to *Lithographic Portraits, 32 x 2 in., unsigned, of Mozart, and of Constanze, his wife* [Plate VIII G and Plate VIII H]. This pair of portraits, bearing no indication of authorship, is shown in the Municipal Museum, named the *Carolino-Augustum*, at Salzburg, (not to be confused with the *Mozartum* there). It will be seen that the one representing Constanze, Mozart's wife, is identical with her portrait published in Nissen's *Biography* [Plate II A], and already referred to. That of Mozart, on the other hand, as far as I have been able to ascertain has remained unknown hitherto and was reproduced for the first time in the lately published work of Dr. Schiedermair¹ above-mentioned. These two portraits show such evident signs of having been produced by one and the same hand, and as a pair, and the ages of 26 in the case of Mozart, and of 19 in that of his wife, seem to accord so well with the appearance of the persons represented, that I am inclined to conjecture that we may possibly see in them the reproductions of the lost originals of the *Miniature Pictures* of 1782. Mozart's widow must, I think, have possessed lithographic copies of them, and she probably made use of the one representing herself for the reproduction of her portrait in Nissen's "Biography," whilst she refrained from doing so in regard to the portrait of Mozart for the reasons given above already.

Dr. Schiedermair in his volume on Mozart Iconography, curiously enough, omits to reproduce these two portraits side by side, and has preferred to place them far apart in his book and to put the portrait of Constanze together with the Lange portrait of Mozart of 1791 [Plate V]. Without troubling himself further in the matter, and on the authority of M. de Wyzewa, he is content to accept the Lange portrait as dating from 1782 and as forming, with Constanze's portrait, the original pair of *Miniature Pictures*. Dr. Schiedermair also speaks of the *Carolino-Augustum* lithographic Portrait of Mozart [Plate VIII G] as a "free copy" after

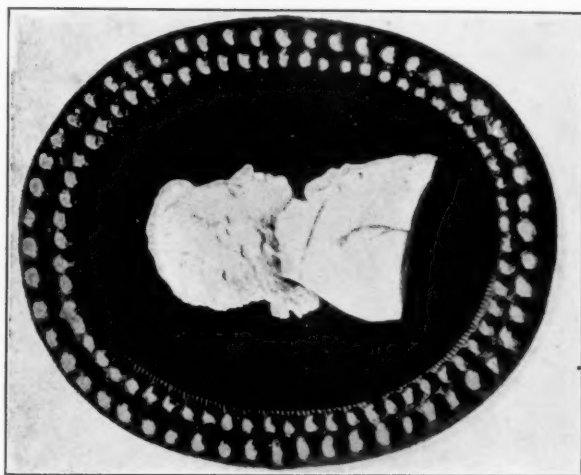
¹Op. cit., vol V, Iconography, p. 35.

E



Mozart, aged 33, by Posch, 1789
Boxwood Relief, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ in.
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

F



Mozart, aged 2 ? Author unknown
Medallion Relief, $2 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Forming part of a belt-clasp
(Baroness von Grünhof)

Notes on the Iconography of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart 187

the *Boxwood Relief*, by Posch, [Plate VII E]. I, myself, cannot see sufficient resemblance between the two to warrant such a statement. On the other hand, there seems to me to exist some affinity between this *Carolino-Augustum* Lithograph [Plate VIII G] and a *Medallion-Relief of Mozart*, 2 x 1½ in., [Plate VII F] which was first published in 1897.¹

The original was in the possession of Mozart's eldest son, Carl (1784-1858), in Milan, who, in 1856, made a present of it to the Baroness von Grünhof, well-known formerly as the Primadonna Frassini. Modelled by an unknown artist in a composition of gypsum and wax, it forms the ornament of a steel clasp which, according to his son, Mozart had made in Vienna for his wife, who used to wear it on a belt. Carl Mozart accompanied the gift with a certificate in which he declares the Medallion "to have been acknowledged by Mozart's family and friends to be without exception the most complete likeness of all the portraits of his in existence."

Mozart's widow also put this Medallion at the disposal of Schwanthaler, the sculptor of the statue of Mozart at Salzburg, declaring it to be the "most nearly resembling portrait of her husband."² Whatever value one may feel disposed to attach to such pronouncements as these, there remains the evident resemblance between this medallion and the *Carolino-Augustum* Lithograph [Plate VIII G] which in my opinion may justify the assumption that the medallion was originally based on the *Miniature Picture* of 1782.

Finally we come to the so-called *Mozart Portrait by Tischbein* [Plate IX]. This oil painting, three quarter, 27 x 21 in., *unsigned and undated*, was found and acquired in Mainz in 1849, by C. A. André, of the well-known music publishing firm of Offenbach. It was said to have been painted in October 1790, in Mainz, where Mozart seems to have stayed a few days on the occasion of his journey, from Vienna to Frankfurt, for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II, and its attribution to *Tischbein* was doubtless made merely in view of the fact that of the eight painters of that name, all of them contemporaries, *one*, Anton Wilhelm Tischbein (1734-1804), resided for the greater part of his life at Mainz. The assumption that the portrait represented Mozart was founded upon the declaration, which André had made before a notary by two contemporaries. Of these, one named Arentz of Mainz, a

¹Mittheilungen der Mozart-Gemeinde, in Berlin, Heft 4, Berlin 1897.

²Jahn, Op. cit., 4th ed., vol. II, p. 858.

former member of the orchestra there, declared in 1850, then in his 85th year,

that he had not only heard Mozart play *very often* at concerts in Mainz, given at the Prince Elector's palace, but had also known him personally.

That little credence can be given to this evidence is proved by the fact that Mozart, as we know from his letter to his wife, dated Mannheim, Oct. 23rd, 1790, played only *once* before the Prince Elector during his short stay at Mainz, "receiving miserable 15 carolins [about £14] from him."

The declaration of the second witness, one Schulz (a former court organist at Mannheim) made in 1851, is of even less value as it refers in the vaguest terms to a pretended recollection of Mozart during the latter's stay in Mannheim in 1777-78, 73 years before!

The "discovery" of this "new Mozart portrait," loudly and enthusiastically announced by André, created a considerable sensation at that time. This is not to be wondered at because, if genuine, the world would at last and unexpectedly have come into possession of a portrait of Mozart's manhood which in dignity, artistic quality, and size, by far surpassed any other known portrait of that period of his life.

Otto Jahn accepted it as genuine and had it published in his epoch making biography of Mozart which first appeared soon afterwards; it was also widely reproduced in engravings and other mediums, and a distinguished sculptor of that time, Schmidt von der Launitz, (1797-1869), whose model of the Acropolis is still shown in the Elgin Marbles room at the British Museum, made an attractive bust from it for the Frankfurt Opera House. I also well remember Rossini standing before a cast of this bust (now in my possession), at my father's house, in 1856, and with tears in his eyes beckoning to his wife to "come and look at our dear great Mozart who blessed us with his divine music and whom the world had left to starve!" About that time, however, Schnyder von Wartensee, the Swiss musician, who is known to have been acquainted with Beethoven in his youth sent a copy of the "Tischbein" portrait to Mozart's eldest son, Carl, with a request for his opinion as to its resemblance, and received from the latter the following reply, dated Salzburg, Sept. 17th, 1856:

Retaining, as I do, a lively memory of my father, I regret to say that of a truth I am unable to detect even the smallest trace of resemblance in the painting in question; so little indeed, that unless it could be positively proved that Tischbein's portrait was really intended to represent my father, I should presume that a mistake had been made and that

G



Mozart, aged 26?
Unsigned Lithograph, 3 x 2 in.
(Municipal Museum, Carolino-Augustum, Salzburg)

H



Constanza, Mozart's wife, aged 19?
Unsigned Lithograph, 3 x 2 in.
(Municipal Museum, Carolino-Augustum, Salzburg)

it is that of an entirely different person. Even in things of a secondary order, such as the dressing of the hair, there is a total divergence from the habits invariably followed by my father.¹

As Carl Mozart was in his eighth year when his father died, his statement deserves consideration. But apart from this, a comparison between the "Tischbein" portrait and the two best authenticated portraits of Mozart at that time of his life, i.e., the Dora Stock drawing of 1789 [Plate VI], and the Lange oil painting of 1791 [Plate V] will make it evident that the "Tischbein" portrait has absolutely nothing in common with the other two. It shows a broad, square, massive build of head against the elongated, oval shape in the others, and an entirely different formation of both nose and mouth, whilst such characteristic traits as the protruding eyes, the double chin, and the hair hiding the ears, displayed in the two authentic portraits, do not appear in it at all.

What with the damaging verdict of Carl Mozart, and the opportunities of gaining better knowledge of Mozart's features afforded by the reproduction and publication of the Dora Stock and Lange portraits, which only began to make their appearance about that time, i.e., towards the end of the fifties of the last century, the spectacular fame of the "Tischbein" portrait gradually waned. Its claim to be a portrait of Mozart has been denied for the last forty or fifty years by all competent judges and writers, with the solitary exception of the editor of the modern editions of Jahn's biography, published since Jahn's death, in 1869. No doubt a misplaced feeling of loyalty has prevented him from differing from the illustrious author of that great work, but it is really deplorable that so brilliant a writer as the late M. de Wyzewa should have attempted to galvanize into life again a fiction long since disposed of and buried.²

It will be remembered that Mozart's widow, in a letter of Feb. 17th, 1802, quoted above, speaks of a *Death mask of Mozart*, and an account of its history may therefore, perhaps, prove to be of some interest. There is in Nissen's biography³ a letter addressed to him by Mozart's sister-in-law, Sophie Haibl, née Weber,

¹Vogel, op. cit. p. 31, f.f., and Engl's Catalogue, op. cit. p. 22, f.f.

²What was evidently a copy, or rather a fake, of this "Tischbein" portrait, (with a view of Salzburg 'put in' in the background, no doubt in order to lend additional probability to the make believe that it really was Mozart that was represented) was discovered and acquired in Paris in 1900, and went to the United States where it was enthusiastically described shortly afterwards. Its fame, however, as in the case of the original, remained a short lived one.—This portrait is in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel.—Ed.

³Op. cit. p. 573, f.f.

in which, in describing the circumstances which occurred at Mozart's death, at which she was present, she writes:

After his death, Müller, the owner of the *Art Cabinet* (in reality Count Deym), came and took a plaster cast from his pale dead face.

Count Joseph Deym, an Austrian aristocrat, meeting with ill fortune in early life, had established in Mozart's time, in Vienna, a *Kunstkabinet*, with a collection of waxfigures and other curiosities. He was constrained in consequence to drop his title, and assumed the pseudonym of Müller. Mozart was acquainted with him, and composed some well-known and beautiful pieces for a "mechanical organ," one of the prominent attractions of the establishment. According to Nohl¹ an effigy of Mozart, modelled with the help of the death mask and wearing his own clothes, was shown in Müller's exhibition after Mozart's death, but nothing was known of what became of it.

Mozart's widow, as we have seen, possessed a cast of the death mask. Both Nohl² and the Catalogue of the Mozart Museum³ mention that in 1820, whilst she was dusting it, it fell down and got broken, and that she omitted to save the débris which might have been reconstituted. With this every trace of the death mask disappeared.

Of Mozart's outward appearance, Nemetschek, the author of the earliest biography we possess, published soon after Mozart's death, who had known him personally, writes as follows:⁴

The appearance of this extraordinary man was not at all remarkable; he was small, with an agreeable face which, however, with the exception of the large fiery eyes, did not impress one at first sight with the greatness of his genius. His look was unsteady, and vague, except when he sat at the pianoforte, when it changed into one of concentrated seriousness.

Whilst Nissen says:⁵

His eyes, rather dim and protuding, were large and well cut, with very fine brows and lashes. The head appeared too large for the body which itself, however, was well proportioned, as were his hands and feet. The nose was finely formed, and conspicuous for its length only whilst he was still thin, and during the first years after his marriage.

When we consider the large number of more or less improtant portraits existing of Mozart as a child, or youth, it may seem

¹Op. cit. p. 332.

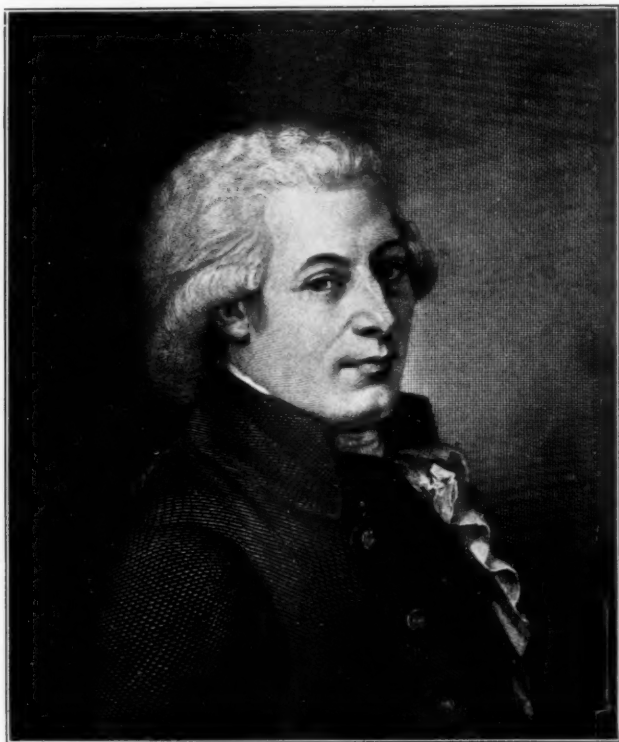
²Op. cit. p. 393 footnote.

³Op. cit. p. 34.

⁴F. X. Nemetschek: *Lebensbeschreibung des W. A. Mozart*, Prag, 1st ed. 1798, 2nd ed. 1808.

⁵Op. cit. p. 622.

Plate IX



Portrait, said to represent Mozart, aged 34; unsigned
and undated; attributed to A. W. Tischbein

Oil, 27 x 21 in.

(Johann André, Offenbach)

strange that we should possess so few authentic likenesses of him in his manhood, and that those which we have should be such comparatively inadequate productions as the unfinished oil painting by Lange, the silverpoint drawing by Dora Stock, and the box-wood medallion by Posch. It was only natural that many portraits should be made of the wonderful child who aroused such interest and curiosity in the course of his travels in his own country and through the greater part of Europe, and was hailed as the greatest musical prodigy the world had known. But by the time Mozart had grown into manhood and full mastership this interest in his person, the outcome of mere curiosity in something abnormal, had ceased to exist. Of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Gluck, and Beethoven, all of whom died past middle age, and not until their fame had been fully and widely established, we have numerous, adequate, and well authenticated representations, both in painting and in sculpture. Mozart, on the other hand, died young, and before his contemporaries had time to realize the greatness of his genius.

If to-day we are poor in the possession of images of his person, there is yet left to us the richer heritage of his glorious music of which it may be truly said that in course of time it has forfeited none of its pristine beauty, and we may add that in our own day the study of it has grown keener, the knowledge of it more intimate, and the appreciation of its supreme mastery higher than at any previous period during the one hundred and twenty-seven years since its immortal creator passed away.

BRITISH MUSIC THROUGH FRENCH EYES

By G. JEAN-AUBRY

THIS title in itself indicates clearly enough that one must not here expect to find a comprehensive account of the position of English music at the moment, but rather a French critic's opinions with regard to it, a critic who for some time past has made a careful study of this form of art in England and who here seeks to bring out some of its most salient features and to disengage what he considers its most important personalities and their works.

Doubtless I shall in many respects not be completely at one with a number of English critics, nor with the great majority of the British public. In my survey of English music of to-day I have naturally brought to bear many Continental ideas and sentiments. However, as I have had the privilege not only of taking my share in the French musical movement of the last twenty years, but also of being instrumental in the spreading of the work of the new Spanish and Italian schools in France, and as I am not ignorant either of Russian music, nor of the latest efforts of the young Hungarians, it is possible that I may introduce into my examination of English music other and wider points of view than such as could be reasonably expected from English critics or members of the musical public, who are perhaps less in a position to judge the art of their own country, on what one might call a European basis.

In a country where music of an original and personal order has for so long been strangled by foreign influences, as it has in England, the tendency has been to attach undue importance to works which made a sentimental or patriotic appeal rather than a purely æsthetic one.

I have for some considerable time been following the activities of young English musicians with a warm and living interest. It is my hope that this country may soon resume the magnificent place she formerly held in European music. No other country, I am convinced, has a greater future in store for her in this respect if she is willing to take the right path and rid herself of the asphyxiating influences which have suffocated her for so long a period.

About ten years ago when I first came to England I attempted to form an opinion of the musical resources of this country. I need hardly say that there is no possible comparison between what England was musically ten years ago and what she is to-day. There were some hesitating attempts at interesting work, but with few exceptions they lacked personality. Routine reigned supreme in all English institutions. In spite of the undoubted talent of certain individuals or rather because of it, musical England basked in an atmosphere of self-satisfaction and showed but a feeble interest for new forms of artistic expression.

The situation has improved considerably in ten years and still more since the war. But we must not attribute to the catastrophe of the war all the merit of the regeneration of English musical taste. Nothing would be more unjust. If the war has provided fresh opportunities, has dissipated a certain apathy, has admitted of the free development of several personalities, the reasons for the revival of music in England are to be sought in causes older, more complex and more profound. Beyond doubt the existence in England of music worthy of the name is one of those facts of which the entire continent of Europe had no suspicion. Up to quite recently, whenever I have asserted in France that there existed in England some musicians with a definite personality, I have met with almost universal incredulity. A similar incredulity is to be found, it must be admitted, even in England. How could it be otherwise? For more than a century and a half England has been devoid of genuinely national music. The slight interest shown in the riches of her old music, her remoteness from all that might seem to recall the days when life was a joy in itself, did not tend to convince other countries of its past existence.

Since the war all countries have been forced to reckon up as it were, all their resources, moral as well as intellectual and material. Patriotism in art has thus occasionally led to an intolerant and tiresome chauvinism which may, however, readily be pardoned if it proves to be the least aid towards valuable discoveries. The state of music in England has had the better chance of being revealed in the dazzling light of the war, in that it was the most simple, the most lamentably simple in any Western country. It is of no use to veil obvious situations with euphemism. Up to recently, and to a certain extent even to-day, it might be said without fear of exaggeration that England has been for at least a century and a half, as far as music is concerned, little else than a mere German colony.

There is nothing surprising in the fact that England since the middle of the eighteenth century has been without a genuine national music; the same thing happened to France. She, having enjoyed a great past in the days of Couperin and Rameau and even in those of the charming composers of "opéras comiques" from Dalayrac and Monsigny to Grétry and Boieldieu, saw all national characteristics disappear from her music under the repeated blows of Meyerbeer and Rossini, until the providential appearance of Berlioz, and of the movement better ordered and more easily accounted for, beginning with M. Saint-Saëns and M. Fauré and which is continued to-day with marvellous vitality.

In France, however, the German art of Meyerbeer was compelled to borrow much of the spirit of the French theatre—the innate taste for picturesque music of which Berlioz was to make such effective use, the successive and different influences of Chopin and Liszt, a critical sense which was on the alert, a fundamental love of contradiction, a burning desire to destroy "bastilles"—preserved under the surface, a spirit which re-awoke suddenly about the period of the war of 1870 and revived in France music which all too long had lain slumbering. In England it seems to me, this was not the case; the conquest was complete, absolute, the more so that it was based on political and moral grounds and that the advent of German influence in art coincided with that of the German influence in the conduct of affairs of the United Kingdom.

On examining from its earliest times, the history of English music, one cannot but consider the coming of Handel as one of the greatest calamities that have ever befallen the art of a country. However great the musical genius of the author of "The Messiah," and notwithstanding that his ashes were considered worthy of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, it is beyond doubt that he was the first to pervert the true traditions of English music. There is a certain piquancy in noting at this moment an opinion dating from 1733 in the writing of the author of "Manon Lescaut," Abbé Prévost:

Mr. Handel has lately introduced into London a new kind of composition which is performed under the name of oratorio. Though the subject is religious, it forms as great an attraction as the opera. He combines all the styles, the heroic, the tender, the vivacious, the graceful. Some critics accuse him of having merely borrowed as a foundation a number of beautiful things from Lully and especially from some French cantatas which, they say, he has skilfully disguised in the Italian manner.

In truth, Handel, though he came to London as the leader of an Italian opera company, implanted there a conception of music essentially German. I agree that the German music of this period was infinitely superior to any that was to be found in England, then at the close of the movement which from Byrd, Gibbons and Purcell, down to Eccles, Richard Jones and Babell had endowed her with a chamber music, emotional and delightful, at times even great, and usually profoundly national.

It is well known how dexterously Handel accommodated himself to the taste which then ruled and which the succession to the throne of England, first of the House of Orange, and then of the House of Hanover was destined to establish more and more firmly in the country. All the freedom, the charm, the joy of life, alternately rugged and dainty, vigorous and subtle, which had marked English art in the great period, vanished under the rod of German puritanism. In vain the Italianism of Clementi and the Irish reveries of Field attempted to shake off this tyranny. English sovereigns continued to look towards Germany whence they came. Just as English religious feeling was distorted *ad libitum* under the strong hand of Handel, so English sentimentality grew apace under the influence of Mendelssohn; then came the rule of Brahms, the worst of all.

It is startling to observe to how great an extent Handel, Mendelssohn and Brahms have become the household gods of English music during the course of the nineteenth century. It is not my purpose to dispute the undoubted genius of these three composers, but to lament the slavery to which England has been subjected by them and from which she is by no means completely set free. To suppose that this triple influence is at an end and that the war has thrown down the idols in the dust, would be a mistake. Particularly as regards Brahms, it would be well for England to commit a wilful injustice, and that public opinion should lay on one side for a considerable time, a composer whose influence appears pernicious to a degree to the free development of English music.

We have seen in France during the past fifteen years, composers and critics, including M. Claude Debussy, to mention only the one most deservedly famous, waging war against Richard Wagner, though well aware of his genius and the fertility of his imagination, simply because they saw that Wagner's influence threatened to be fatal to the rising musical generation. Even those who had learnt much from the teaching of Wagner were the first to advise turning away from him. The advice was good.

Because he was not sensible of the necessity of this course, Chabrier followed too closely in the footsteps of Wagner and failed to reveal the force of his personality in many a passage of "Gwendoline" and it is the same with Ernest Chausson in "Le Roi Arthus"; but for this anti-Wagnerism in a man who had studied deeply the work of Wagner, we should perhaps not have had "Pelléas et Mélisande."

When shall we see a campaign opened in England against Brahms? In art it is sometimes necessary to be ungrateful for the sake of one's own salvation. If Brahms were laid aside for a dozen years he would be none the worse and England would be the better. It would then be possible to re-approach Brahms in an independent spirit, and no longer as now, in an atmosphere of fetish-worship which welcomes alike the good and the bad in this composer and keeps music teachers under the influence of ideas more and more "fossilized." To recopy to satiety the German classics and above all, Brahms, to initiate incessantly their thematic combinations, their structure, their spirit, their form, it is to this, in truth, that England's musical activity has for years, until quite recently, been almost entirely confined. With this, most of the academies and colleges where music is taught, are content.

During this period, a feverish musical activity prevailed in the four corners of Europe. Under the influence, conscious or unconscious, of Liszt, a movement towards the nationalization of music was on foot, which little by little robbed Germany of her artistic hegemony at the very moment when the genius of Wagner seemed likely to establish it for a long time. In turn, the Russians, the Scandinavians, the French, the Spaniards, the Italians rivalled one another in following this path; the musical characteristics of each race of each people showed themselves to the full with a variety, a richness, a subtlety more striking and more conspicuous than at any other time for several centuries. These different nations borrowed from one another means of expression which they assimilated, combined or distorted to suit their particular needs. Out of these interchanges and these divergencies were born works, picturesque or moving, full of colour or delicate in their beauty, which enriched the world of music with splendours unthought of and unnumbered.

Meanwhile England, sunk in her imitation of Germany, continued conscientiously to manufacture symphonies, quartets, trios in a mould hopelessly classical, without fresh interest or study, without concerning herself with what was happening outside

of Munich, Leipzig or Berlin. By following this course English musicians learnt music, but as a trade only, a decaying trade, comprised in superannuated formulas: as though you could learn the art of writing by copying perpetually the great classical tragedies.

Schools and students of music, musical diplomas, musical scholarships, musical works were multiplied with no great profit to English music. With the exception of Sir Edward Elgar no composer appeared whose work would stand exporting to the Continent with any chance—I do not say of success—but of arousing the interest of the musical public. Some attempts to acclimatize in France English symphonic music left only a memory of boredom, a memory which renders difficult even to-day the task of those who seek to make the latest English music known there.

Some people have gone so far as to assert that if the French public and the critics have shown a lack of enthusiasm for English works of this kind, the reason is that they are completely English and thus incomprehensible to us. The argument is weak in view of the manner in which for twenty years now the Russians, from Borodine to Strawinsky, the Germans, from Wagner to Richard Strauss, the Spaniards, from Pedrell to Albeniz, have been received in France. If English works of this period left nothing behind but a sense of ennui, they probably, with few exceptions, contained neither definite characteristics nor any marked individuality.

I have had opportunities of hearing several of them again during my recent visits to England, in English surroundings, and I must admit that the French public was not far wrong. I need mention no names. If English music of the Victorian era merits our respect, it is not calculated, in my opinion, to arouse enthusiasm. We must make up our minds on the point; we have done so in France: Benjamin Godard and Théodore Dubois no longer have many admirers.

In the whole Victorian era, the name and work of Edward Elgar alone survives. Here we have to do with a real musician, a composer thoroughly versed in the technique of his art. Several of his works are conceived on a grand scale and in spite of this are not superficial. But here again I regret to be unable to agree with my English colleagues. I fear that the case of Sir Edward Elgar in England is similar to that of M. Camille Saint-Saëns in France; there seems to me to be a great resemblance both from the historical and intellectual point of view, allowing for the

divergencies of their characters, and the different surroundings in which they worked. Just as there is a certain melodic line, certain recurring processes, typical of M. Saint-Saëns—I recently heard a young composer, one of the foremost, play something “in the manner of Saint-Saëns”—so there is assuredly in Sir Edward Elgar a special trait which makes it easy after a short time to recognise a page of his work. Nevertheless, I do not consider that in true originality Sir Edward Elgar surpasses M. Camille Saint-Saëns; in neither case, do I think that their work is destined to win a greater place than it has already achieved.

Certainly Sir Edward Elgar enjoys in England a reputation the more unassailable in that he had, it is said, to wait a long time for it. In the same manner, M. Camille Saint-Saëns is furnished with all the titles to which a composer can aspire. There is, let us add, no resemblance between the characters of these two composers, the one is as English as the other is French; but the part they have played has been in a measure the same.

Whatever may be the fate, in the future, of their works, it will be impossible to write the history of the music of either country without finding a place for them. As with M. Saint-Saëns in France, Sir Edward Elgar's greatest merit consisted in adapting German classical forms to the English cast of mind and modifying classical precepts to suit truly national requirements. In this light, the two *Symphonies*, the *Dream of Gerontius*, the *Violin Concerto*, are works which deserve a place equivalent to that held by M. Camille Saint-Saëns' *Symphony in C*. In both cases we are under the impression that these works were too readily hailed as masterpieces.

The residuum of real originality in these two composers is found in process of time and on further analysis, to be less than is often thought. It is not enough to have a vast knowledge and to manifest a supreme dexterity in your profession; it is also essential if not to express new thoughts, at any rate to show a certain freshness of attitude in regard to feelings and things, and that, I think, is as much lacking in Sir Edward Elgar, as in M. Camille Saint-Saëns. English music of the Victorian epoch has had neither its César Franck nor its Gabriel Fauré.

However, we must in justice to Sir Edward Elgar acknowledge his services in pointing out the path to young English composers just as M. Camille Saint-Saëns did for the generation which succeeded him. Not that either the one or the other were much concerned with what the generation which followed did or thought. The sight of Sir Edward Elgar ostentatiously holding

aloof from the movement which has been going on for several years in English musical life, would be surprising, did we not find in France M. Camille Saint-Saëns showing no interest in the younger French composers except to cry them down or attempt to discourage them. On the whole, the attitude of Sir Edward Elgar is preferable, but we must always regret that men holding their high position should not have thought it their duty to use it for the purpose of gathering round them the younger forces which are feeling their way, as César Franck did and as Gabriel Fauré is still doing.

One need only talk with some of the more venturesome amongst the younger English musicians to realize exactly the place that the composer of the *Dream of Gerontius* holds. No one denies his talent; the younger generation has a profound respect for him, but at the same time it is fully aware that henceforward no help or guidance is to be sought in his compositions.

Whilst Victorian composers pursued their work, completely under the spell of German influence, fresh currents were slowly but surely making their way. The policy of "splendid isolation" was at an end.

Meanwhile a king had ascended the throne who notwithstanding that his tastes were profoundly and essentially English, could at the same time when he chose, be continental, and who followed Stuart traditions more closely than those of the House of Hanover.

As France in 1715, after the death of Louis XIVth, felt the need of shaking off the tyranny of the rigorous "pietism" imposed by Madame de Maintenon, the weight of the "respectability," the strictness, and not to mince matters, the boredom of the Victorian era, began to seem intolerable even to the best drilled natures, when Edward VIIth ascended the throne. The need was felt of relaxing, of recovering a somewhat freer life. Literature was the first to exhibit these tendencies under the influence of fresh political currents.

In the world of music the matter was not so easy; each college and each academy was a strong fortress not easily to be reduced, under the direction of a staff belonging to a generation which was not only tenacious of its ideas and its privileges, but was obviously beginning to feel its position menaced. Thanks to the Entente Cordiale and an admiration for France, always dormant in spite of the wars between the two countries, and shown in the relations between the freer spirits in both countries, an interest in French music began to spread with some rapidity. The personality of

M. Claude Debussy exercised over Great Britain an instant and deep fascination bringing in its train a marked taste for the works of M. Maurice Ravel and the French modern school in general. This was sufficient to make the defenders of the old tradition (it is by this name we usually call people who merely defend the ideas of their youth) begin to rise up and declare that all the young English composers who had any originality, or aimed at originality, were doing nothing but imitate Debussy and that English music was in danger. It soon became apparent that the misfortune, if you are to call it so, was even greater and that it was not only the music of France but of the whole continent which was beginning to invade England, I hasten to add, to her great advantage.

As chance willed, there appeared at this moment a man of great enterprise whose endeavours, a little unsystematic at first, took shape little by little, and who thanks to his means, to his definite personality and his remarkable gifts as a conductor, soon played a part specially favourable to the development of English music, I refer to Sir Thomas Beecham.

Here we find a man who not only had borrowed practically nothing from German art, but was indebted to nature for the greater part of his taste and his talent. And his nature strongly disposed him towards the newest and subtlest forms of modern music wherever they were to be found in France, in Russia, in Italy. The manner in which Sir Thomas Beecham has staged certain works is open to discussion; some of his interpretations may be liable to criticism, but it is beyond doubt that the advent of this man in English musical life has largely contributed to its rehabilitation and that in the direction where improvement was most necessary.

It was high time for England to conceive a taste for works less heavy and of smaller dimensions. For the principle of quantity, imported direct from Germany, should rather be substituted that of quality; that the fascination of finesse, of irony of humour, which are at least as characteristic of the English nature as religious spirit and sentimentality, should be more clearly manifested in her music.

Sir Thomas Beecham combined a decided taste for the eighteenth century with a strong appreciation of the newest developments in French and Russian music; at the same time, he showed a desire to encourage fresh tendencies in English music. He has been a wonderful instrument and no more salutary influence could be desired by all those who regretted to see English music falling asleep under a routine which became more and more

depressing. Thanks to Sir Thomas Beecham concerts became more frequent where other things besides Tchaikowsky's "1812" were given, and opera seasons where it was possible to listen to something else than Wagner or Gounod. In less than ten years the English public was suddenly brought face to face with the whole of the European musical movement, a movement which had been going on for nearly half a century.

It is not therefore surprising that neither English composers nor the public are as yet very certain of their aims. Towards all these referred novelties the English public, as usual, assumed a polite and attentive attitude, waiting for the critics to furnish strong arguments and to lay down the law in a peremptory manner. Among English critics there were a few spirits at this moment who were not only studious but venturesome and gifted with great breadth of vision and intellectual avidity, such as Mr. Ernest Newman and Mr. Edwin Evans, whose opinions have in an advantageous manner seconded Sir Thomas Beecham's efforts.

In the generation which followed Sir Edward Elgar, there were without doubt certain individuals wider in their sympathies. I refer particularly to Mr. Granville Bantock, Mr. Joseph Holbrooke and Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Mr. Granville Bantock is in some measure the connecting link between the Victorian period and the present time. He has a taste for works of large dimensions, complicated structure, massed effects, all characteristics of the former period, and in his use of exotic colour, he has anticipated the latter. It happened that during his early years he led a roving life and came early into contact with other musical conceptions than those of England and Germany; an innate taste, as it seems, for Orientalism, from Persian to Chinese, has given him perhaps hardly the intuition of a Balakirew or a Debussy in the use of Asiatic atmosphere, but it has at least had the effect of heightening the tones of a palette which tended to become heavy. His important work "Omar Khayyam," symphony, oratorio and opera all in one, reveals these two opposing tendencies. We are bound to admire in Mr. Granville Bantock his constant effort to rid himself of his early teaching and his persistent search for new forms of expression. If he is not always successful, the fault lies with the narrow instruction of his youthful days, so general in England, but he is at least ceaselessly striving towards this aim, and when we measure his ideas by the standard of those which prevailed at the time when he was making his first essay at composition, it is impossible not to recognize how meritorious were his attempts.

As regards Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, what he lacks is simply concentration. For us who are accustomed in our composers to a very limited number of works, refined to an extreme point, Mr. Holbrooke's work often seems like those English novels from which a third could be cut out with profit. No one could be more gifted than Mr. Holbrooke, but in his exuberance he often drowns the deeper qualities of his nature. There is, perhaps, at this moment (with the exception of M. Conrado del Campo in Spain) no young composer more prolific and more unequal. Possibly the fact of his having been at the outset of his career a conductor in small theatres and also the possession of a great desire for originality, have saved Mr. Holbrooke from falling into academic routine but have not protected him from all the dangers that beset those who thirst for innovations. It is still very difficult to make a choice amongst all Mr. Holbrooke's works; certain of his compositions such as the songs to Edgar Poe's words, his *Second Quartet*, "*Impressions*," the *Clarinet Quintet No. 1 in D minor*, his symphonic suite "*Queen Mab*" are well worthy of notice.

However, it is perhaps legitimate to consider with still more attention the work and the personality of Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Mr. Vaughan Williams and Mr. Cyril Scott are certainly to-day amongst those rare composers whose names, if not their works, are known in France. The chief reason for this is that Mr. Vaughan Williams came to France to study with M. Maurice Ravel for a time. This fact in itself proved this young composer's point of view, for though it was usual to find numbers of Spanish, Italian and even Russian composers seeking help and instruction in the French musical "milieu," the example of Mr. Vaughan Williams is unique of its kind.

Mr. Vaughan Williams came to study with M. Maurice Ravel in Paris after having been a pupil of Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford in London and of Max Bruch in Berlin. This attraction towards many and often very contradictory influences is in itself a strong proof of the mental conflicts of the young English musicians scarcely ten years ago. Mr. Vaughan Williams still bears the impress of these different influences. It is difficult to form a final judgment of this composer, not only because he is still young and because his true personality is not fully developed, but because four years ago he voluntarily gave up composition for military service. However, taking into account only his older works, that is, those dating from 1902 to 1913, it is possible if not to form a complete estimate of the personality

of Mr. Vaughan Williams, at any rate definitely to recognize its existence and to regard him as one of the first musicians of a genuinely English type in the art of to-day.

Mr. Vaughan Williams was one of the first Englishmen to understand the real value of folk-song and the use to which it could be put. He was not, like others, satisfied with taking a folk-song theme, introducing it into a symphony and presenting it to the public arranged according to the recipes laid down in the manuals, which always impart to the folk-song theme the awkward and uncouth carriage of a peasant in a drawing-room. Mr. Vaughan Williams has made a zealous study of English folk-songs, but he has done more; he has so far entered into the spirit as to do for English folk-song what masters like Chopin and Albeniz did for Poland and Spain, that is to say, to invent themes with the character and colour of folk-song. He has perhaps been more successful in his attempts in this direction than in any other, so far; songs like the remarkable suite "*On Wenlock Edge*" for voice, piano and string quartet, which is in a fair way to become a classic in the best English musical circles, in "*The Roadside Fire*," in the charming "*Bright is the Ring of Words*";—it is in these songs and in the *Phantasy Quintet* that in our view we find Mr. Vaughan Williams best work and not in compositions like the *Sea Symphony* or the *London Symphony*.

In these symphonic works of large dimensions we certainly find a great knowledge of technique, co-ordination of the individual parts, an interest in new combinations of tone colour, but their length exceeds our French power of endurance. I have quite recently had an opportunity of hearing the *London Symphony* and to study its structure. The first movement seems to me, in regard to colour, balance, sureness of orchestration, originality of timbres, in the mingling of the picturesque and the emotional, one of the greatest successes in all contemporary English music, but the lengthy monotony of the three following movements drowns many a pleasing detail which merits a better fate. I think that if Mr. Vaughan Williams consented to remould this work, to condense its component parts, to concentrate the emotion, no one would be the loser and we also hope that he will give us still better work when peace comes once more. I place Mr. Vaughan Williams not only in the front rank of English composers of to-day, but on a line with those from whom we have a right to expect much.

In this respect it appears to me that he is far ahead of Mr. Cyril Scott in whom much hope was placed a little prematurely,

perhaps, a few years ago, because his works contained a certain number of new processes, invented by French composers, and with which the public in France felt quite at home, just as with an Englishman who speaks rather good French. I do not for my part see the good of young English composers going on copying slavishly Debussy's or Ravel's methods; very little would be gained if the yoke of Brahms were shaken off only to exchange it for that of another.

It is of course, impossible for a composer of to-day to write as if Claude Debussy had never existed; but there is assuredly a certain difference between this and following him too closely; what interests us is to discover in England works definitely English in character, reflections of some of the virtues or even defects inherent in the race or races which are mingled there, and not works too directly inspired by foreign influences. Without doubt Mr. Cyril Scott has been the means of introducing into England modern French compositions, particularly those for the piano, but also that his extraordinarily rapid power of assimilation, perhaps also a similarity of outlook, made him adopt sooner than any other in his country the new forms of expression first used by the French school. It seems as if Mr. Scott's individuality did not disengage itself sufficiently; as if, on the whole, his power of assimilation had been more a hindrance than a help. What drew us to him ten years ago already appears a little old-fashioned. One cannot help feeling that in Mr. Scott's work intellect and will play a more prominent part than the emotions and though it is true in art that emotion without craftsmanship soon becomes faded, craftsmanship without emotion is not slow in losing the freshness of its coloring. One can be certain of nothing in a nature as supple and singular as Mr. Scott's, but I do not see that he has enriched English music with any very personal elements, although he has facilitated its liberation, by the introduction of fresh documents borrowed from the music of other countries.

English music of to-day numbers, in my opinion, six talented composers whose arbitrary union forms what one might call the Modern English School; there are hardly any bonds between these composers. I am not even sure that they know one another, but they all possess besides their individual characteristics, common tendencies in their manner of thinking and in the aims they set up for themselves. They are Mr. Arnold Bax, Mr. Gustav von Holst, Mr. Frank Bridge, Mr. Roger Quilter, Mr. John Ireland and Mr. Eugene Goossens. Amongst these young men, Mr. John Ireland seems to me the strongest personality, one of whom much

may be expected and who before long may become a composer interesting not only to England, but to the world.

It is certainly ten years since I first heard of John Ireland, who is not a very young man as he is nearing the forties. On a first acquaintance with his work, I took him to be a receptive student, not a man of particular originality. Mr. Ireland's individuality was slow in developing, but this seems only to have made it all the more distinct. For my part, I think lightly of his first published *Sonata for Piano and Violin* and of his *Phantasy Trio* in A minor, and also of two of the *Songs of a Wayfarer*, all works written between 1908 and 1911; but since that time, Mr. Ireland has published a series of works which all merit attention and which are beginning to make him an important personality in England.

Mr. John Ireland is endowed with a sort of sceptical modesty and a philosophic irony which would put him on his guard against his admirers themselves. The rapid and well-deserved success of his last compositions will not have the disastrous effect that it might have had on another nature.

With the exception of *The Forgotten Rite*, an orchestral prelude of mystical character, all Mr. John Ireland's work consists of chamber-music. Of his work up to the present the most interesting and the most individual is without comparison the *Sonata in A minor*, which was almost at once warmly received. Well constructed as it was, the first *Sonata in D minor*, written in 1909, gave no idea of the personality which reveals itself in the Second dating from 1917.

For clever construction, solidity of thematic material, interesting sound combinations, and in a general way, the singularly English atmosphere which pervades it, from one end to the other, more especially in the Finale, the *Sonata in A minor* is one of the most characteristic works of the young English school. We find here a composer who is no longer content only with following scholastic precepts, of applying them dexterously, but the voice of a sensitive personality, a temperament, who without regard to schools, theories or dogmas, gives itself free play or restrains itself according to circumstances.

Mr. John Ireland's nature is made up of highly contradictory elements welded into a very distinct personality. There is in him an emotional side, not outward and romantic, not insipid and overflowing, as is too often the case with English musical emotion when under the dominion of the disastrous "ballad" tradition, but in his work he endeavours to express his feelings with great restraint and to balance a latent romanticism with a vein of irony.

Personally, I am thankful to Mr. John Ireland for not falling into the snare of following too closely in the footsteps of French music. He is as far removed from this as from the spirit of Victorian music; he has a well-developed sense of contrasts; he can in turn be ardent and serious as in his *Trio in One Movement* and amusing and ironical as in his *London Pieces* for the piano.

With the exception of Mr. Vaughan Williams, perhaps even more than this composer in the realm of chamber-music, Mr. John Ireland appears to me the most profoundly English of the rising generation; the one whose works are best fitted to give an idea outside of England of what English music can be. He produces this effect not only in the *Sonata in A minor*, but also in the *Rhapsody* for the piano, in several of his songs, such as *Sea Fever* and *Marigold* and in his recent works for the piano, *Preludes* and *London Pieces*.

Sea Fever to the poem by John Masfield is certainly in its expressiveness one of the most beautiful songs that have been written in England for a long time; one of those in which we find again that traditional love of the composer for his literary text as well as in regard to prosody, as atmosphere and psychological penetration.

It is impossible to deny that with but few exceptions English composers have for years not given much thought to the choice of words for their songs and they set to work writing music to any kind of nonsense. One has no idea of the wretched texts used by even the most serious composers of the previous generation. It is almost inconceivable, bearing in mind that England is probably the richest country in the world in lyric poetry, what poems or so-called poems composers have chosen. Happily, a tendency towards an in all respects healthy reaction has for some time now begun to make itself felt. People are no longer content with the eternal nightingale and the traditional garden. This new effort gives cause for rejoicing.

One must rejoice especially over the greater concern that composers are showing in regard to prosody. It would not be fair to throw the blame on them for the laziness of a certain number of executants who articulate badly; everyone knows that it is generally impossible even for natives to understand the words of an English song when it is sung. It is to be hoped that the reign of the ballad which has let loose such an immense amount of bad taste in England is ended and that it is banished with the old French "Romance," in its way not much better, to the darkest corner of musical history, where some crank could fish them out, if he is so minded.

Whether he chooses poems by Rossetti, by Ernest Dowson, by Masfield or Rupert Brooke, Mr. John Ireland uses his texts with a rare insight, for which he deserves unqualified praise. The attention and the careful precision with which he sets his poems to music is just the reason which makes their translation into another language difficult, but perhaps some day composers will appear, capable of giving the entire musical world the conviction that English is quite as singable with good music as any other occidental language.

The two *London Pieces* ("Chelsea Reach" and "Ragamuffin") for the piano, show that Mr. John Ireland has a sense of humor which up to this time has been rather wanting and of which, in my opinion, we can expect much. In themselves these two pieces are delightful, the one full of pleasant satire on English sentimentality, the other of the ease and carelessness of the London urchin; and I see in them signs of something still more important.

These same signs I find also in Mr. Eugène Goossens recent pieces for the piano. There is appearing in English music a truly youthful spirit and, moreover, a spirit truly national; these young composers, very skilled in their craft, educated in colleges whose dogmas they have happily rejected are beginning to banish entirely the fetish of the grand style and the religion of the serious at all price. They have no fear of being playful, satirical and humorous. They do not throw themselves into great works as if in duty bound; their compositions begin to breathe the joy of living and thinking.

Perhaps I may be wrong, but I feel certain that in the line of musical humour, in true musical comedy, England is perhaps destined to go further than any other country from the day on which she is delivered from all the depressing influences which still weigh on her and when composers recognize that more genius and real greatness are required to write *Le Nozze di Figaro* than this or that monstrous symphony.

There is, in my view, in England a great element of "joie de vivre," a fantastic side, ranging from Falstaff to Ariel, which is only beginning to be applied to English music. In the music of the people there are endless riches in rhythm and colour which could be used in an original manner. It would become a young composer to penetrate to the depths of this aspect of the English nature, or to partake of it himself and give it a natural expression; he will thus discover this mingling of imagination, sadness, comedy and a deep-seated irony from which springs the clown, an important personage, a type which could easily be ennobled. For

my part, I am expecting to see one of the young English composers attempting to write a comic opera rather than transposing the mechanism of the Tetralogy into Wales or Scotland. If humor in music has a future, and of this I am entirely convinced (have we not seen it in France in certain pages of Chabrier's work and in that little masterpiece, Maurice Ravel's *Heure Espagnole*) I think that it is in England we are to seek it.

Happily, as I have said, the fetish of great, dull works no longer haunts the composers of the new generation; neither Mr. Roger Quilter nor the Benjamin of English music, Mr. Eugène Goossens, (who is barely twenty-five) fall into this snare.

Mr. Roger Quilter, after having at the outset of his career inclined towards a somewhat facile and weak emotion, at times a little too seductive, has gradually come to expressing himself with greater depth, without losing any of his charm. His three last songs to William Blake's poems, give the full measure of his subtle and refined art, by turns melancholy and full of youthful freshness, attracted as he is in his art towards the simplest means, towards works of small proportions, towards the spirit of fairy-tales, of imaginings, supple and delicate.

With Mr. John Ireland, but endowed with a very different nature, Mr. Eugène Goossens has made his appearance in the firmament of English music, since the war. Prodigiously gifted, pianist, violinist, composer, and in spite of his tender age, one of England's best conductors, with a knowledge of almost the whole of music, conducting Russian operas quite as well as French symphonic poems, ignorant of nothing as regards his profession which he learnt certainly more by natural genius than by diligent study, Mr. Eugène Goossens who, by his Belgian antecedence is partly continental, is at a stage in his career when one could hardly expect him to give the full measure of his personality, stripped of all that draws him in various directions. He has assimilated the orchestral influence of Strauss as well as of Debussy; he has been ravished by Maurice Ravel's ingenious writing; he is not unacquainted with Scriabine's laboured refinement any more than with Stravinski's suggestive work; and, however, if his work bears traces of influence, one begins to discover these reflections of a personality destined certainly, to manifest itself vividly in future works.

He has already written several chamber-music works and several orchestral ones, which he looks upon as juvenilia, and a few songs. Of all his works, in my opinion, a place must be set apart for his *Quartet*, his *Trio* for flute, violoncello and piano, his

Rhapsody for violoncello, his last songs, two books of pieces for the piano, *Kaleidoscope*, a collection of twelve little pieces and an album *Four Conceits*.

The art of Mr. Goossens is naturally complex. I say naturally, not only because this is bound to be the case coming as it does from a youthful intellect open to all fresh impressions, but again naturally because Mr. Goossens' nature is composed of extremely subtle elements, of pointed irony, of smiling insight, and all this bathed in a veritable atmosphere of youth, not a youth that chatters at random but one that does not consider it necessary to take up a bored attitude, just because it already knows a great deal.

I ought probably to have spoken first of Mr. Frank Bridge and of Mr. Arnold Bax who for some time have been well-known in English musical circles, though they are both what is generally called young composers. Mr. Frank Bridge mingles very felicitously Victorian or classical traditions with modernism; his work is unequal but always carefully written. He has a special gift for chamber-music, though his work *Isabella* is one of the most characteristic works in the English music of his generation; but it is particularly his *Trios*, his *Sonata* for piano and violoncello, and his *Quintet* that deserve attention.

Mr. Arnold Bax possesses without doubt a sensitive and interesting individuality of which it seems to me he has hitherto hardly succeeded in conveying a complete impression. Perhaps Mr. Bax failed sufficiently to co-ordinate his indubitable gifts and to restrain his emotions which go out not in the direction of a scholastic development, but are carried away in a rapture that lacks moderation and would benefit by being more concentrated. His recent *Quintet*, not yet published, reveals a spirit full of ideas, bent on delighting us, and knowing how to express itself without being commonplace. Mr. Arnold Bax is certainly one of the most engaging of the composers of the new English school; but it is a pity that he is not sometimes more on his guard against being carried away by his talent.

Mr. Gustav von Holst, in spite of his Dutch name, must be counted amongst the most interesting composers of the younger generation of Englishmen. It is not, to tell the truth, because Mr. von Holst, like Mr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Roger Quilter or even Mr. John Ireland, seeks his musical inspiration from the well-springs of English tradition; the greater part of Mr. von Holst's work is devoted to oriental subjects, Hindu mostly, but one must not expect to find there the oriental colouring which so fascinated

French and Russian composers; what Mr. von Holst attempts to convey is not the colouring of India so much as the essence of Hindu philosophy. Except in his orchestral suite "*Beni Mora*," where he gives a picture of the external characteristics of Algeria, all the merit of Mr. von Holst's work lies in the depth and the skilful arrangement of their symphonic and vocal parts.

Mr. von Holst is one of the young composers with the greatest knowledge and understanding of English musicians of bygone days. With regard to Purcell amongst others, he has shown intelligence as an interpreter and has arranged performances of several of his works; through his intimate knowledge of old works he has acquired a true sense of English prosody, so often disregarded by English song writers in modern times. Besides the *Cloud Messenger* which already shows originality, Mr. von Holst's most successful productions hitherto are the *Choral Hymns* from the *Rig Veda*, particularly *Hymn to the Unknown God* of the first group, *To Varuna* and *Funeral Chant* of the second group.

Other composers ought to be mentioned, for in the rising musical generation in England there are rich and varied personalities: I wish particularly to draw attention to Mr. Balfour Gardiner, whose *Shepherd Fennel's Dance* has met with a well-merited success and become almost a classic. It shares the enviable fate of Mr. Paul Dukas' *Apprenti Sorcier* in France.

I would also speak of Mr. Percy Grainger, had not his frequent visits to the United States made him so well-known there that it is unnecessary for a voice from Europe to add any comment. He must, however, be counted amongst those who have done most for the rejuvenating of modern English music; he has particularly made very apt use of themes taken from folk-music and of tunes several hundred years old, but in which it must be admitted, there is more freshness and vigour than in many a recent work. To tell the truth, Mr. Percy Grainger uses this material in a very personal manner. Whether it be in his *Mock Morris Dance* or in his quartets like *Molly on the Shore* or in the admirable *Sea Chanty* he always shows himself a clever and intelligent adapter, possessing a youthfulness particularly attractive and fascinating. Mr. Percy Grainger's works always have the air of being written for the joy of the thing and radiate the pleasure of living. These are impressions not so often conveyed by English works and are therefore particularly acceptable.

I wish to name also a new composer who has hitherto published only a single work, but who in my view reveals certain qualities from which a good deal can be expected; I mean Mr. Gerald

Tyrwhitt. He has produced thus far nothing but the *Three Little Funeral Marches* for the piano, little amusing and ironical pieces which contain, all the same, truly musicianly properties. Though Mr. Tyrwhitt is what is commonly called an amateur,—he is in the diplomatic service—I do not see why I should not include him amongst composers, without regard to social categories set up by critics, thus following the example of Stravinski and Alfred Casella, who have encouraged the first attempts of this young Englishman. We are of course dealing here with a tentative work of small proportions, for this is what he has given us in the *Three Funeral Marches*, but there is originality in the writing, a true sense of irony in the music itself, not only in the humorous titles and amusing commentaries that augurs well for Mr. Tyrwhitt's future. I must record that these little pieces met with a favourable reception in Italy, in Spain and in France even before anyone attempted to play them in England, and that recently a pianist did not consider them sufficiently serious to be included in a programme.

The fact is that, alas, the last exhalations from what we Frenchmen cannot help calling "Victorian ennui" have not yet been entirely dispelled. Everyone agrees that we are a frivolous people and lack a sense of the serious;—at least, this is how our enemies are pleased to represent us, because we have little patience with those who bore us, but we have in our own patrimony sufficiently great works to be able to form a judgment of what is really great. I think that a nation which has given birth to the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, the operas of Rameau, the novels of Balzac and those of Flaubert and the paintings of Delacroix can claim not to be confined in its appreciation to works pretty and small; but we are not of those who are taken in by a false appearance of greatness and who are easily led to believe that all that is enormous is beautiful.

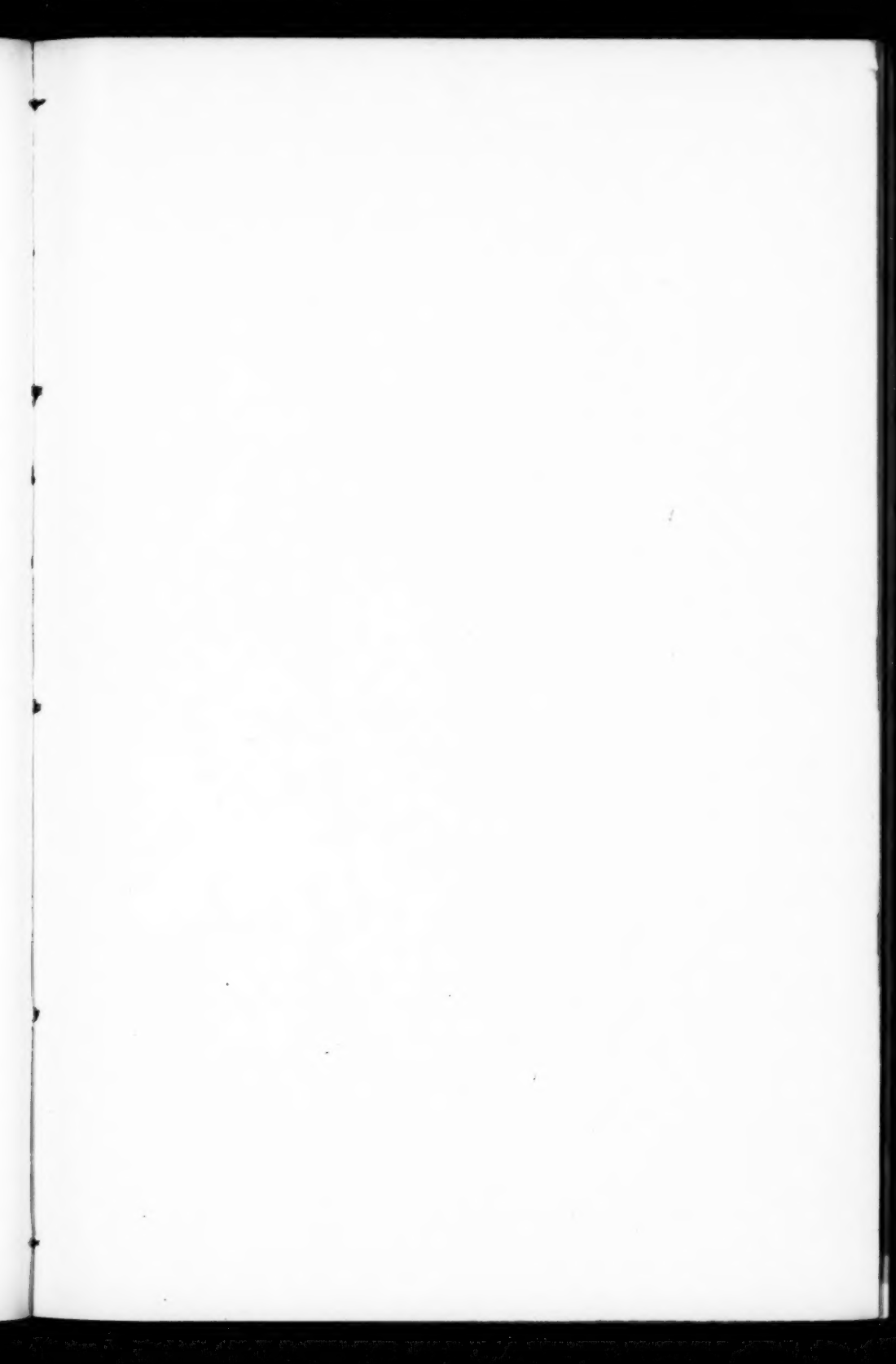
It is naturally from a French standpoint that we view the English musical situation, but also in regard to what may be profitable for England. There is certainly in England a taste for things rather solid, a substratum of violence, of healthy joy which are far removed from the French character, but there is also a sense of irony and humour, a richness of rhythm which, though very different from our own, are easy for us to understand. No one could be more convinced than I am, of the possibility of a great musical future for England, nor more certain of the excellence of the road along which she is at present moving. It is by getting rid of that exaggerated German influence in music that England

will find again a sense, strong, beautiful and durable, of her veritable musical inheritance.

A people fighting for liberty is an absorbing spectacle, but it is no less absorbing to see an art liberating itself and discovering anew her genuine traditions. If one lacked prudence and a sense of the swiftness of modern life one might attempt to give dogmatic and precise opinions concerning a movement as indefinite as the one which has been going on for ten years and which from day to day manifests itself in a more marked manner in English music; but no other country with the exception of modern Italy perhaps, presents as fascinating a spectacle in regard to all the problems waiting for new solutions, the new hope to which it gives birth and the fresh energies which it calls to life.

How far will this new development go? It is impossible to foresee as yet, but already to-day England can boast of several composers who, particularly in the domain of chamber-music, can bear the test of being placed before a foreign public and command attention not only because of the works in themselves, but for the national characteristics which they contain.

It is high time for us to realize that English music has come into new powers and that a brilliant future may be in store for it.





John Ireland

JOHN IRELAND

By EDWIN EVANS

FOR the student of modern British music a peculiar interest attaches to the composers who were born in the seventies and early eighties. They do not stand for the dawn of the present "Risorgimento." They came later than that. But they came early enough to suffer, at least in their student years, from the disadvantages of the old régime, and few of them suffered meekly. They were a precocious generation and, whether their musical bias was orthodox or subversive, they were highly proficient, and impatient to plunge into creative work.

There were some prolific years which inspired sympathetic onlookers with such enthusiasm that they began to look upon the battle of English music as already won. This enthusiasm, which one may date at the beginning of the century, was premature, and already some of the men who were then hailed as deliverers are looking back upon their best work and upon the future that we then thought lay before them. They exorcised some of the devils that beset English music, but their ranks have been thinned by the demon of facility, and now, out of a score of names, perhaps some half dozen will occur to us as having escaped the dangers of success too easily achieved. Nor are they, generally speaking the names which provoked the greatest enthusiasm a dozen years ago.

Fortunately for himself John Ireland was not one of the brilliant young men of that heroic age. He did not plunge into his future when still a student. He stepped very gingerly into it with much searching and questioning of the spirit, of which there is ample trace in his work, for those who read beyond the notes. He never possessed the assurance that comes of facility, and there was no outpouring of prematurely born masterpieces. It was not the skill that was lacking. He could have assimilated, as did many others of his day, the modern resources with which efforts are made, but he was hampered with a conscience that compelled him to write nothing that did not correspond to what he felt and thought. It is rather a hampering conscience that stops one from saying a clever thing because one is not sure that one believes in it. Were it more general, the output of music would be considerably lessened. Artistic sincerity is not the quality most frequently apparent in modern music. The possession of it may even make

John Ireland seem a little "old-fashioned"—using the term with the affectionate tinge that clings to it—but, be that as it may, John Ireland is unquestionably one of the sincerest tone-poets of our day, and one of the most scrupulous. Moreover, it is his sincerity that is the reason why recognition came slowly. Had he been disposed to make concessions he would doubtless have met with an earlier reward, but he judges himself so severely that he casts aside all that he wrote before 1908, when he had arrived at an age when it is fashionable to be celebrated. These discarded works are numerous, and not unimportant, but we will respect his wishes by ignoring even the few of them that have found their way into print.

His career begins thus at his twenty-ninth year, for he was born August 13th, 1879, at Inglewood, Bowdon, Cheshire. His father was a literary man who enjoyed the friendship of such men as Leigh Hunt, Emerson and Carlyle, and edited the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. The family hailed on his side from Fife-shire and on the mother's from Cumberland—a Northern origin that may not be irrelevant to the ruggedness of John Ireland's best work. He studied at the Royal College of Music and was a pupil of Sir Charles Stanford for composition. His studentship came to an end in 1901, but, just as Vincent d'Indy makes a distinction between learning the composer's "métier" and his art, he served another six or seven years' apprenticeship to a master more stern than any teacher: his own fastidiousness. Judging from the first works that followed, the difficulty with which he had to contend was one that is not uncommon in the experience of modern composers. His musical thought was, not only by training, but constitutionally, if one may use the word, severely diatonic. The loose chromatic writing that justifies itself empirically, or by impressionism, did not fit into his scheme of things. Yet he is a modern of the moderns, and a rich harmonic texture is indispensable to him. The gulf between the simplicity of his structure and the richness of the texture in which he clothed it was one that his thematic material had to bridge somehow, and, being too much of an artist to grasp at the first superficially adequate expedient that presented itself, he was a long time solving his own particular problem. In fact, one might say that he never completely solved it until 1916, when the A Minor Sonata at last stamped him as a mature writer of the foremost rank.

Meanwhile he had written a number of important works. After the "discarded" compositions (which, by the way, included two Violin sonatas) the first to appear was a "Phantasy-Trio" in

A minor, due, like so many other works in this form, to the initiative of Mr. W. W. Cobbett. This was followed in 1909 by the Violin sonata (No. 1) in D minor; and, a year later, by a song-cycle, "Songs of a Wayfarer," of unequal merit but containing at least one song worthy to rank with its successors. The best of this music is contained in the sonata, which, although not of sufficiently assertive character to make an immediate sensation such as followed the appearance of the A minor, has qualities of a more intimate kind which cause it to retain its freshness unimpaired. For the present it is somewhat overshadowed, but, in the revised edition recently published, it should attain to repertory rank so soon as the A minor sonata ceases to be the "very latest." Regarded together, these three works constitute, as it were, the threshold of the most prolific period of John Ireland's work, from which they are separated by a brief pause, for 1913 is the date inscribed on his next compositions. Doubtless, however, some of them were in preparation.

That year saw the production of four very characteristic compositions: a prelude, "The Forgotten Rite," for orchestra; a set of piano pieces, "Decorations"; a song-cycle, "Marigold"; and a separate song, "Sea-Fever." In all these is unmistakable maturity, and in each the composer shows himself in some new aspect; in "The Forgotten Rite" he reveals a naturalistic tendency far removed from the realism of composers who wax lyrical over the coming of Spring. It is the message of a man who feels nature too deeply to "make a song of it" and yet sings in a subtle idiom that is, as it were, esoterically lyrical. It is a mood to which we owe much of Ireland's later music, notably the fine rhapsody "Earth's Call" for contralto and piano. The "Decorations" belong to another phase of his art, to which the title supplies the key. The literary suggestions—two from Arthur Symonds and one from Arthur Machen's fantastic book "The House of Souls"—are treated decoratively. The first of them, "The Island Spell," has become popular, but the second, "Moon-Glade," has a more subtle beauty. The third, "The Scarlet Ceremonies," is less elusive and more vivid, but not more seductive.

The two vocal works of 1913 again present contrasted aspects. The setting of Masfield's "Sea-Fever," which is perhaps the most frequently heard of John Ireland's compositions, is simple and direct—the forerunner in this respect of "The Soldier," "The Cost," and of that exquisite lyric "The Heart's Desire." "Marigold," on the other hand, belongs to the rich vein that leads to the "Sylvan Rhapsody." It comprises three songs: two settings of Rossetti,

"Youth's Spring Tribute" and "Penumbra," and one of a Dowson translation of Verlaine's "Spleen." The last is woven round a phrase so characteristic that, but for its unusually disturbed tonality, it might almost serve as a motto to Ireland's collected works. As a whole, the cycle is one of his most remarkable compositions, though it may perhaps be slower to attain to general acceptance than the succession of songs of which "Sea-Fever" is the type and whose appeal is more primitive.

The next important work is a trio in E minor for piano, violin and 'cello, a work at present unpublished, in which the composer seems to take a definite farewell of his earlier self, for it has phrases that might serve as connecting-links with his period of struggle for freedom in self-expression, and others which predict the complete emancipation of the later Sonata. Through its three movements runs a vein of connected inspiration which seems to reach its loftiest point in the introduction to the finale.

The year 1915 produced a "Rhapsody" for piano and a setting of Rupert Brooke's famous sonnet "The Soldier." The "Rhapsody," an uncompromising piece of work in which the "rugged honesty" of John Ireland's lyricism is perhaps more completely expressed than elsewhere, has, perhaps for that very reason, had to wait out of its turn for full recognition. Austerity is a quality that does not meet with quick appreciation from recital audiences—or, indeed, from pianists—unless it happens to be signed with a magic name that begins with B. But "airs and graces" would have been lamentably out of place in it. In fact they would sit ill upon most of John Ireland's work. That is what constitutes its greatest attraction, for it is not an everyday musical experience to come across a personal revelation so devoid of subterfuge. The setting of a sonnet invariably confronts the composer with a problem, for the shape of the poem is not an easy one to adapt to musical ends. The Rossetti sonnets which Ireland has included in "Songs of a Wayfarer" and "Marigold"—the second of which is formally far the better—are examples of this. In "The Soldier" he relies upon the intensity of meaning, expressed in the simplest of terms, rather than upon the actual form of the sonnet, deeming the soldier-poet's message of greater importance than the literary rôle of the set-ter, for which he is content to draw upon the musical phrases of the octave. Yet it would be difficult to imagine a more effective setting, and one that adhered more faithfully to the form might have missed the substance.

This was the first of a small group of songs inspired by the war. Two others are bracketed under one title, "The Cost." In

the first of these, "Blind," the composer has reached a degree of poignancy that is almost painful. One has to go back to Moussorgsky to find anything equally magnetic. In "Savincha" and in some songs dealing with the peasant, the Russian composer, though hampered by technical shortcomings, attained to a tragic grandeur that has rightly been regarded as his loftiest vein. Here we have its English counterpart. Truthful, unadorned, and thus the more touching, is this simple, irresistibly appealing version of Eric Cooper's poem. In comparison the second song, with an unavoidable note of melodrama, is almost an anti-climax—but not unneeded to relieve the emotional tension.

These songs were an outward indication—or rather an indication prompted from without—that the events of these stirring times were clamouring for musical expression, not indeed in their external aspect, but through the channel of those deeper, as yet scarcely avowed emotions which they have aroused in the more sentient of our people. Is it going too far to look upon the violin Sonata in A minor as an expression of these emotions? That is as it may be, but it is at this date the most consummate work John Ireland has given us, and if the much maligned British public rose to the occasion, as it did beyond all question, it is at least permissible to believe that the music struck some latent chord of sentiment that had been waiting for the sympathetic voice to make it articulate. Never in the recent annals of British chamber-music has success been so immediate. The press was practically unanimous, and within a short time violinists, who as a rule do not fly to new works, found that this sonata, for their credit's sake, must be included in their repertoire. One feature of this success must be mentioned: a British work was actually included in our programmes not as a make-weight, or as a duty-task, but as the chief attraction from the box-office point of view, a position hitherto reserved for standard classics. It was indeed an excellent omen for the future. The sonata is in three movements which one might term respectively dramatic, lyrical, and a relaxation of the prevailing tension. The first section with its rugged vigour strikes a serious note, but its gravity is strikingly free from elements of questioning or of even momentary despondency, and if one quality more than other accounts for the spontaneously receptive attitude of the musical public from the first note, it is: confidence. It is the music of a man who feels deeply but who is sustained by confidence, not necessarily in the outward shapings of destiny, but in that ultimate faithfulness of events which is the creed of men of good understanding. The

slow movement, which maintains the same high level of sane idealism, is concerned with lyrical solace. "Even the humour of the last section gathers a flavour of the heroic from the context, much as the fun of our soldiers gathers it from their hardships."¹ The sonata is, in short, a worthy expression of the times that gave it birth, and one of the few great works of art hitherto resulting from the underlying impulses of to-day.

Another, almost equally important contribution to recent chamber-music, is the one-movement Trio in E minor for piano, violin and 'cello, not to be confused with the earlier, more extended, work in the same key. It was written in the spring of 1917, and bears the impress of the grim contrast between the season and the wastage of war at the very springtime of life. Here the atmosphere is more martial and one might suspect a glorification of the "panache" did not a touch of bitter emphasis remind one of the tragic futility that has overtaken the glitter of the armies of the past. One feels an element of rancour in the psychology of the work, yet it is not the morbid resentment of the weak, but the angry impatience that every one must feel who has not despaired of civilization. It is a poem of mixed emotions inspired by an attitude more critical than that of the sonata and expressing itself with more directness, though in terms into which one may read a note of sarcasm if one likes. The form is simple: a strain of thematic material progressively metamorphosed in the manner of free variations.

During the four years occupied with these various works a number of piano pieces were evolving towards completion, four of which are now grouped as "Preludes." The first, which is dated January, 1914, is entitled "The Undertone," and consists of a two-bar phrase treated as an "ostinato" with great harmonic variety but consistently in one definite mood. In its way it is a miniature *tour de force*. The second, "Obsession," might have been suggested by Edgar Allan Poe, or by the counsels of a witch's familiar. The mood it expresses is an evil one which most people prefer to fight or to throw off. One way of getting rid of it is to express it, just as one can be rid of an unwelcome train of thought by committing it to paper. This is what Ireland has done with singular felicity, if the word may be used in this connection. The third, dated Christmas, 1913, bears for title "The Holy Boy," and is almost like a carol in its naïve and simple charm, which is akin to that of some of the more direct songs, "Sea-Fever" or "The Heart's

¹*Pall Mall Gazette*, 7th March, 1917

Desire." The fourth prelude, "Fire of Spring," is a rhapsodical outburst the motive of which is sufficiently explained in the title.

Then followed the two "London Pieces," labelled "Chelsea Reach" and "Ragamuffin." These might be variously described as Cockney grave and gay, or excursions into the vernacular. The first is not a picture but a reverie in which the sentimental side of the Londoner—the side that takes "ballads" seriously—comes uppermost. This somewhat ingenuous sentiment being thoroughly honest in its unsophisticated way, deserves to be treated kindly and without irony, for the sake of its sincerity, and where the inevitable sugar seemed excessive the composer has used his harmonic skill to preserve the real flavour. It is a paradox in musical psychology, and an engrossing one. The "Ragamuffin," with his blatant animal spirits, is a welcome counter-irritant, and the two pieces should invariably be played together, lest the sentiment of the first should be taken too literally.

The last compositions issued include a song, "The Heart's Desire," which is a setting of the "March" poem in A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," and one of the most sympathetic musical versions inspired by that famous volume of lyrics; another a setting of Rupert Brooke: "Blow Out, you Bugles"; and finally "Earth's Call," the sylvan rhapsody for contralto and piano referred to above, which is too ambitious in design to be adequately described as a song, although its text, like that of many of John Ireland's songs, is a sonnet, this time of Harold Monro. It is in the naturalistic mood of "The Forgotten Rite," though much more directly assertive, and the manner is the more complex of the two into which all the composer's vocal works can be classed. "Earth's Call" demands great powers of interpretation on the part of the singer, for it is music writ large, but although not easy of access the reward is correspondingly great. There is a dearth in the repertoire of compositions ranging in length and calibre between the ordinary song and the dramatic scena. Apart from its great merits here is another reason for welcoming it.

We have arrived at the end of this survey, too brief to be adequate, of ten years' work of one of the most remarkable of present-day composers. It should be noted that although the importance of the compositions has varied, their honesty of purpose has not, for there is not one in this comprehensive list that is not the outcome of the need of the artist to express himself—not one that is either a concession to a taste more vulgar than his own, or an attempt to set commercial before artistic considerations. The probity of musicians and their sense of responsibility towards

the art they serve has seldom been so completely proof against temptation to "make an effect," or to secure an easy material benefit. This probity is associated in John Ireland with a fervid sincerity and love of artistic truth that will tolerate no meretricious blandishments, and a scrupulousness that rejects anything that is arbitrary or fortuitous. Thoroughly English in his outlook and in the directness of his method, he has one point of contact with the French, and one only, in the meticulous care which he devotes to detail. His is no feverish productivity. He never will be, as many composers have been, the victim of a fatal facility. He is content to spend days on a single passage, so that he give it the one ultimate form which will afterwards prove to be the inevitable form it should take. Yet this constant preoccupation with precision in detail has nowhere resulted in laboured writing. His harmonic texture may be complex or simple, suave or acrid, smooth, or, as it is more often, rugged and sharply defined, but it is constantly adjusted to the needs of the composition, and, although he is not given to finicalities, his taste in these matters is no less acute than that of those who trade in them—over all of which, rightly understood, it is in the end one quality that predominates: sincerity.

STAGE-FRIGHT

By EUGENE GRUENBERG¹

STAGE-FRIGHT is the name given to a certain condition of the human mind and body, as yet not fully defined. It is not restricted to any age, nor to any rank. Anybody may be a victim of that most singular fright: a king or a pope, when receiving homages; a general or an admiral, when giving the "ordre de bataille;" an actor or musician, when going on the stage; a surgeon when getting ready for an operation; a beautiful girl, when entering the ball-room; and even a waiter, when bringing the orders.

At "*Brébant*," the famous Paris restaurant, there was a waiter whose chronic perplexity became proverbial and a topic of much comment among the patrons of that establishment. When you called him, he blushed; when you gave your order, he turned pale; and when you asked him questions as to the menu, he lost all control of himself. He was at his worst, however, when compelled to wait on ladies. Then he either lost his power of speech altogether, or he just managed to stammer and to utter some florid nonsense. He mixed up the orders, exchanged the soup with the desert and brought you spinach instead of oysters. At a wedding banquet, he succeeded in dropping a full plate of tomato soup on the bride's lap and a dish of wild duck with mushrooms and brown gravy on the bridegroom's head.

We have reported this elaborate story to its full length in order to illustrate to what extent stage-fright can possess its victims. We may add that it can be encountered in many varieties and forms, under as many different names; e.g., audience fright, lamp fever, scene fever, pulpit fever, cannon fever, travelling fever, examination fever (driving not a few to suicide), and even—stage-fright by proxy, as Mr. Kielblock has termed it. He tells the following incident:

A lady had consented to let Thalberg, the great pianist, use her piano, as his own instrument did not arrive in time. Long before the recital she began to feel uneasy, and this sensation kept growing, until, when her piano was at the platform and exposed

¹For the material used, the author is indebted to E. Kielblock's booklet, "Stage-Fright," as well as to several stray articles found in divers magazines, papers and books.

to the concentrated gaze of many eyes, it culminated in an outburst of a most malignant type of "lamp fever," which seems so much more remarkable, as the lady was not even present at the concert!

The fact is known that men of matchless bravery lose their countenance when they have to address an audience orally; and that novices on the stage easily become victims of a more or less stubborn spell of fright. That veterans of the stage who hardly knew what stage-fright meant, all of a sudden become afflicted with that trouble, is less known and harder to understand.

Charles de Bériot, the worshipped master of the violin, after travelling for years all over Europe, flying from triumph to triumph, when settling down as a teacher at the Brussels Conservatoire, became possessed by stage-fright so much that he could not be induced to play to an audience or even to his pupils.

It is hard to believe that artists like Paganini, Liszt, Edwin Booth or Sarah Bernhardt could ever have been victims of stage-fright, and it certainly would be interesting to discover whether that evil was known to the ancient nations and felt by their celebrated orators, musicians, actors and gladiators.

We are confronted with a mysterious phenomenon and ask ourselves: What is it? Is it nervousness, embarrassment, confusion, disconcertedness, shyness, diffidence, agitation, timidity, presentiment, hypochondria, superstition, or all, or none of them?

Darwin calls it "the consciousness of a great coming exertion with its associated effects upon the system."

It is not real fear one feels when confronted with the "concentrated gaze of many eyes." It is something appalling to most, at least for the first time. Some never get over it, and some begin to suffer from it in later years. It seems to be some magnetic or other influence which goes out from a crowd to an individual, as some American writer said. "One against a thousand," to quote Mr. Kielblock, "no wonder that the débutant is overcome by a sense of isolation, or forlornness, or helplessness and ready to sink through the ground."

That stage-fright is a *disease*, pure and simple, has been almost universally accepted among scientists. But, unfortunately, they have omitted to make the diagnosis complete by stating the very nature of the disease.

After devoting much time and study to this problem, I have arrived at the conclusion that stage-fright is nothing else but a species of *temporary insanity*, impairing the correct balance of

the mind to such an extent as fundamentally to annihilate the control of all the mental and physical capacities and energies for the time being.

The victim, when at home, is at his best and able to perform to perfection. On the stage, he is given up to paralyzing influences of the "bacillus of fright." He is utterly unable to rule his nerves; he trembles all over; and is actually unfit to accomplish the first and simplest requirements of technique, not to speak of the demoralized condition of his memory which makes it impossible to deliver his task with authority, skill and soul. He is enwrapped in the most dreadful conglomerate of dismal thoughts, and he feels as one who expects to receive the death blow any moment; or, at least, to become the sufferer of some unspeakably terrible accident. He is surrounded by enemies who are dying to see him break down and get into every kind of trouble which can be found under the sun. He cannot get rid of the idea: how awful it would be if he should forget his part; or, if the string should break; or, if something else should happen to him. And also he is tortured by the thought that Mr. X., the most severe critic in town, is present, as well as Miss Y. and Mr. Z., his acknowledged and hateful rivals. Even people of keen personal courage become the most pitiable cowards, when under the influence of the stage-fright bacillus.

Now, as the existence of that "bacillus" can hardly be questioned, it remains for the observing scientist to examine and to study its nature and the means of its eventual extermination, in order to eliminate or to cure a disease which is bound to destroy all chances of any success, well deserved as it may be.

To begin with, it is known that thousands of players and singers who could perform their part to perfection *before* the public appearance, made often an utter failure when on the stage. Also, that *most* of these soloists, after being through with such a wretched performance, have declared that, were they allowed to play or sing their piece over again, *on the spot*, they were sure they could render the solo to the greatest advantage and satisfaction. What follows? That the germ of the disease is of a very short-lived capacity; viz., that it does not exist before or after the performance. At least, this may be considered to be the rule, while there is no doubt that, in some cases, the disease makes itself felt for some time before, but hardly ever after the performance.

It also seems evident that the bacillus must be created by some irregularity within the body and mind, the condition of which cannot possibly be called sane.

It stands to reason that, according to the famous sentence: "Mens sana in corpore sano," every possible care and precaution should be taken by the soloist to observe all such rules and devices as are indispensable for the establishment of a most normal, sane and comfortable condition of the body.

Although we do not intend to recommend the extensive use of any other but the most simple and natural means as *possibly helpful* remedies, it may not be out of place to mention a few of the styles favored by some great artists in order to overcome the dreaded evil.

In the long list of preventives, we find several of a harmless nature, as water, milk, raw eggs, lemonade, chocolate, malt-extract, ice cream and bonbons; then those of a less innocent reputation, as coffee, tea, cigarettes, snuffing tobacco, beer, porter and champagne; and lastly, those which are positively injurious; viz., whiskey, morphine and opium.

Among all the special advices given by acknowledged celebrities, the following appear to be conspicuous:

Mrs. E., one of the greatest singers, made it a rule, before going on the stage, to take off her stockings and have her soles patted, as a sure means to put to flight any trace of fright or nervousness.

Fasting a whole day is the remedy used by Miss L., a famous vaudeville star, as a positive protection against any symptoms of stage-fright.

Mrs. B., the wonderful actress, never wears a corset when playing, as it may have a tendency to cause a very troublesome congestion in the head.

Mr. R., the famous tenor, insists on a most extensive practice of breathing exercises, while one of his colleagues declares nothing can compare with the beneficial influence of gymnastics.

All seem to agree that *flowers* are very injurious, especially to singers. Nilsson and Calvé, as well as other authorities, have directly warned against the use of hyacinths, violets, lilacs and many other flowers as a means of trimming.

If *we* were to decide which of the many remedies is to be considered the best, we would answer as the old sea-captain did when asked which one of the 28 unfailing remedies against seasickness he thought to be the best. "Don't use any of them!" he said.

Once more, we may point to the necessity of keeping one's health in good order, and to the wisdom of favoring the simplest and most natural means in every possible way. Over-exertion

of any kind should be avoided; also in the line of professional occupation. To practice ten or twelve hours a day may qualify the player automatically to perform a piece, even in the case of being prevented by stage-fright from properly directing the fingers; but this course is bound to prove fatal to the health, and it will hardly ever insure an inspired rendition of the task.

Frequent walks, breathing exercises, gymnastics, good food, plenty of rest and, speaking in general, regularity and moderation will, without any doubt, bring about a bodily condition as normal and comfortable as desirable and conditional for the success of a soloist.

We have tried to prove the necessity of a perfectly healthy condition of the *body*. But we shall see that it is still more important to use all means in order to bring the *mind* into a state of steel-like strength and sanity.

The simplest task requires undivided attention—absolute concentration. If we allow our thoughts to desert the subject of our present occupation, and to indulge in a wandering trip around the world, the work accomplished will not be a success, but a failure, especially on the stage.

Unfortunately, it is almost the rule that, instead of devoting every bit of the intellectual capacity, which means the concentrated power of logic and energy, towards the solution of the task, a soloist will waste most of his thinking upon ghostly phantoms of imaginary dangers, which are only useless speculations, exciting, detracting and leading astray. That will never do. *Concentration* is the key to success.

But there is another element of equal importance, and that is *inspiration*. There is no blessing on a performance without inspiration. A performer must draw happiness and delight from every tone he produces, as the nightingale does. And it is safe to believe that the very source of the beauty and powerful influence of Orpheus' music upon men, beasts and stones was inspiration. Why did Orpheus sing? Because inspiration drove him to do so, and because he delighted in it. And why does the nightingale sing? Because she delights in it. And therefore, we delight in her song. Before starting her lovely performance, she is not looking around to see who is going to listen, and whether the leading critic of the town is present. Nor does she indulge in the use of any stimulants, like *café noir*, cigarettes or champagne, to improve her courage. She gets her courage out of the open air she is breathing. You should do the same. But you do not know how to breathe. *Very few people do!* The air feeds

the body and keeps us alive. Many think they are living, but the fact is that they are dying by degrees, because they do not breathe enough.

It is not hard to guess how a person will play on the stage after having been lingering around in the stuffy atmosphere of the "Green Room" or behind the stage, like a culprit, waiting for his decapitation or electrocution, and shaking in his shoes like an eel in jelly.

Now, inspiration is a unique phenomenon which appears like a meteor and which is not always on hand, but which often has to be created artificially, even by the best; and everybody should endeavour to discover his individual source of inspiration. We know that all the great ones of this world had their own way of finding as much inspiration as they needed for their work. Here are a few facts which have been reported of some men conspicuous in the kingdom of art.

Haydn took refuge in prayer and rosary; Beethoven in the open air and nature; Mozart in paper and ink—that was all he needed. By the way, Alexandre Dumas (father) declared that a fine quality of paper was a real source of inspiration to him. Wagner depended on costly robes of silk and velvet, saturated in rich colors; Rossini on orgies of a culinary order; Tchaikowsky needed air and trees; Halévy the noise of a tea-kettle; Auber a horseback ride; Johann Strauss wine and cigars or a game of "Tarok;" Suppé a good dose of snuffing tobacco. Donizetti was at his best when fixing his eyes at a distant point; Ambroise Thomas, when lying in bed; Balzac, when clothed in a monk's cassock; Châteaubriand, when walking around barefooted; and Gluck, when at his piano, placed in the midst of an open field, in sunshine.

Travelling as a "star" involves a grave danger for the inspiration. The artist who goes from place to place uninterruptedly and who finds his home in the sleeping car or in the hotel, finally loses that tender and delicate sensation which really creates the warm interest for the problems of his art. To him, the listeners are but two-legged numbers and the concert-pieces he plays only the samples of a travelling drummer. To be sure, there is no such thing as stage-fright for that artist, but alas, there is no artistic impression either, nor spontaneity of enthusiasm. Everything becomes just a matter of financial speculation. Otherwise, art and public are quantities of no interest to him.

To be spared the sufferings of stage-fright would indeed be a gain, but with the price mentioned above, it would certainly be

paid for too dearly. The performing artist must never lose his *sympathy* for the work he is to deliver, and he should, therefore, never attempt to perform without trusting himself to the blessed influence and protection of inspiration.

Many artists are victims of an incredible *superstition*. In their conviction, the loss of a button, or the tearing of a seam, must not, by any means, be repaired by needle and thread, or something is bound to happen. Rather remedy the trouble with one hundred safety pins.

To wish a soloist good luck, before his facing the audience, is also considered a thing very dangerous and to be avoided and, of course, Friday and the number 13 are features dreadful to many.

To wear new shoes the first time at a performance is a daring which will prove most fatal, indeed, unless one puts the right shoe on the left foot and vice versa, which positively brings good luck; and, generally speaking, to put on any piece of cloth or garment *wrong side out* is always an assurance of excellent luck.

Very common is the use of charms, amulets and talismans, all of which are supposed to protect most powerfully the owner against any kind of mishap. These objects of superstition are indispensable in the household of several nations, especially in Italy and in the Balkans. Of course, superstition is incurable, when inoculated from early childhood.

In the spectacle called "public appearance," there are two more quantities to be taken into consideration: the *audience* and the *critic*. There are different audiences and different critics.

An *audience* can be warm, cold, enthusiastic, blasé, well-trained, ignorant, appreciative and generous or reserved as to applauding. But there is hardly an audience which could not be *influenced* by certain circumstances, like political or social events, by critics, good or bad, and last but not worst, by the so-called "claque."

Sometimes an audience is misunderstood. The Leipsic and Boston audiences, for instance, have often been called cold. But surely, they are not cold. Their almost icy reserve is only the surface of most passionate under-currents. It is hard to imagine more tempestuous and boisterous demonstrations of applause than those we have witnessed in these two art centers after many of their favorite performances.

It is dangerous to speak of *critics*, but we may venture the risk.

We can learn a great deal from a fine and experienced critic, and we may learn something from a poor one, too, as he may, like

a blind hen, find a kernel here and there. Therefore, one should carefully read all criticisms. But one should not take all of them to heart too seriously. Not all critics are reliable. Some are prejudiced, moody, easily influenced by personal sympathy or aversion, not to mention those who are directly dishonest. Many a career has been checked, if not ruined, by the attacks of certain critics who have become more influential than they should have been. And not everybody is as great as a Richard Wagner who gloriously outlived his critics.

How much, or rather, how little some critics deserve to be taken seriously, can be seen from a characteristic remark which was made with regard to Mr. S., then one of the best known critics of Vienna. It was after the performance of a new and ultra modern piece, when director H., the famous wit, exclaimed: "That fellow would pay a fortune, if he knew whether he likes it or not!"

This is what Alexandre Dumas (fils) has to say about the critics in the "Figaro":

Certain works appeal to certain temperaments of a certain age and milieu. What seems a masterwork to some, is rot to others. Immortal poets, composers and artists have been condemned by some of the most acknowledged contemporary authorities.

But nobody's place in the gallery of fame will be decided upon by the labels pasted upon him by the honorable critic.

There is no old and no new school. But there is such a thing as inspires, delights and consoles, and which remains beautiful and good and which will not perish.

It would be very unwise to start any argument or controversy with a critic. Critics may be good or poor, but we need them and we should try to benefit by their utterances, whatever they may be.

Disciples and artists of the younger generation should remember that their best and truest critic will always be their *teacher*. His severe judgment will never fail; it will decide whether you are up to the mark of your task. If he finds you are sufficiently prepared, you may feel encouraged by the thought that the responsibility rests almost entirely upon him.

To summarize: We believe that stage-fright is a disease and also that it is curable. It must be fought more with the mind than with the muscles.

As in every other disease, favorable conditions will facilitate the solution of the healing problem. Such favorable conditions must be created in many directions; viz.:

(1) *Know your task.* Do your best to prepare yourself as well and to come as near perfection as may be.

(2) *Secure a perfectly correct and comfortable condition of the body* by observing all rules and precautions of a sanitary order.

(3) *Forget the audience*, when you enter the stage.

(4) *Depend on Concentration and Inspiration.* Concentrate your mind upon your task, and thinking of its beauty, try to do justice to it, so you may yourself enjoy it to its full extent.

(5) *Have an excellent accompanist*, and be sure to arrange for as many rehearsals as necessary.

(6) *Plenty of breathing exercises* near an open window, before going on the stage, will marvelously enliven, strengthen and inspire you.

Discipline yourself to control your nerves, your will power. People paying for admission expect to receive satisfactory impressions, not only upon the ear, but also upon the eye. A person shaking like an aspen leaf and showing the expression of a candidate for suicide is no pleasant sight. The audience does not feel inclined to sympathize with one imploring their pity and who should have staid at home instead, as they think.

A few encouraging, cheering words from a friend or mentor, and the affectionate pressure of a chum's hand, just before going on the platform, will be a helpful assistance to the bashful debutant.

The opportunity of confronting an audience as often as possible should be earnestly sought for. It is the very best means of preventing the fatal "mal de stage." To face an audience should strike the soloist like an every-day occurrence.

It should not make any difference to the soloist whether he has to play for kings or popes, for angels or devils, or just for an ordinary audience.

It is an excellent plan to invite a few friends and play for them, first in concerted music, and then as a soloist. The oftener and the earlier in life this is done, the better it will work in the end.

Very welcome are also such preliminary performances as the so-called public rehearsals, helping the player immensely to abstract his thoughts from all that the mind may otherwise constantly and morbidly be dwelling upon.

Minor shortcomings, caused by the influence of heat, dampness or other circumstances, should never be taken to heart so much as to ruffle one's serenity. Even mistakes of a stronger calibre happen to great artists. As a rule, they are hardly noticed by the audience, and it certainly does not impair one's success, if

there is a little squeaking of the strings or any mishap of a similar order.

Try to remember the old and good saying: "Nothing is bad, but thinking makes it so." Therefore, do not torture yourself by thinking day and night of the accidents and troubles which may or may not happen.

Know your task well, and you will enter the stage with all the confidence and pleasure you enjoy when taking a refreshing swim on a hot August day.

If you succeed in this, you will always be in full control of the situation, you will never fail to give your very best, and you will have solved the problem of establishing for yourself a condition of absolute immunity against the attacks of "stage-fright."

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MUSIC

By ERNST C. KROHN

ABOUT seventeen years after Fust and Schœffer printed their first dated book, the "Psalterium" of 1457, Joannes Tinctoris, a Belgian scholar and musician, published the first printed book on music, the "Terminorum musicæ diffinitorium." This thin quarto volume of fifteen leaves, of which only three copies are known to exist, contained two hundred and ninety-one definitions of musical terms and was one of the first dictionaries of any kind to be printed. It is profoundly significant of the general interest in music, that a book on music should appear so early in the history of printed books. Equally significant is the fact that the first dated book on music, the "Theoricum opus armonice discipline" of Franchino Gaffurio, printed at Naples in 1480, had to be reprinted in 1492, and Gaffurio's "Practica musicæ", first issued in 1496, went through at least four editions. Probably the earliest example of printed notation occurs in Jean Charlier de Gerson's "Collectorium super Magnificat" printed by Conrad Fyner at Esslingen in 1473. This work contains a music illustration consisting of five printed notes, the staff lines being ruled in by hand. The Fust and Schœffer "Psalterium" of 1457 contained printed staves, but no notes, it being customary either to write them in by hand or to print them in by means of a hand-punch. Ulrich Hahn printed a missal at Rome in 1476, in which the music was produced in two printings, the lines in red, and the notes in black ink. It was not until 1525 that Pierre Haultin, of Paris, contrived a font of metal type by which music could be printed in one impression. Petrus Sambonetus seems to have been the first to print music from engraved copper plates, his first publication by that method being the "Canzone" printed at Sienna in 1515.

The literature of music begun thus auspiciously, continued to grow and expand through the following years. It evidently paid to advertise even at that early date, for in 1469 Johann Mentel of Strassburg issued a modest little book advertisement. His contemporaries took up the idea and in due course of time evolved the modern catalogue. A typical old music catalogue is the "Omnes libri musici, qui hactenus Norimbergæ in officina typographia Gerlachiana impressi sunt modo venales prostant," which

listed the publications of Dietrich Gerlach of Nuremberg and was printed in 1609. Georg Willer's catalogues of the Frankfort book fair listed contemporary music publications, a collected set of the catalogues issued from 1564 to 1592 containing a list of "*Libri musici variæque cantiones, latinæ potissimum, tam sacræ quam profanæ, quæ ab 1564-1592 typis divulgatæ sunt.*" The extent of early music production may be judged from the fact that the "*Bibliotheca classica sive catalogus officinalis*" compiled by Georg Draud (or Draudius), and printed at Frankfort in 1625 (second edition), contained a list of approximately twelve hundred music books with about ninety titles of books about music. Lists of "*Libri musici Gallici*" and "*Libri musici Italici*" appeared in Draudius' "*Bibliotheca Exotica*," issued at Frankfort in 1610; and the "*Bibliotheca librorum Germanicorum classica*," published in 1611, contained a list of "*Teutsche musicalische Bücher, darinnen die Materien in jhre classes, so wohl auch der Autorum Zunamen, nach Ordnung des Alphabets disponirt werden.*" The seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries witnessed a marvelous increase in the number of collections of books, and, quite naturally, along with the spread of libraries went the necessity of cataloguing them. The accumulation of publishers' booklists and of catalogues of private libraries provided the necessary source material for more extended bibliographical treatment of the various special fields of knowledge. Another source of bibliographical information were the numerous musical journals which suddenly sprouted up around the middle of the eighteenth century. They provided a medium of communication upon current topics and afforded an opportunity for the critical discussion of contemporary books and music. One of the earliest of these journals was Johann Mattheson's "*Critica musica. D.i. Grundrichtige Untersuch- und Beurtheilung vieler theils vorgefassten, theils einfältigen Meinungen, Argumenten und Einwürffe, so in alten und neuen gedruckten und ungedruckten musicalischen Schrifften zu finden. Zur möglichsten Ausräutung aller groben Irrthümer, und zur Beförderung eines bessern Wachsthum der reinen harmonischen Wissenschaft,*" which was issued at Hamburg in twenty-four numbers from 1722 to 1725. Also deserving of notice is Lorenz Christoph Mizler von Kolof's "*Neu eröffnete musikalische Bibliothek, oder Gründliche Nachricht nebst unpartheyischem Urtheil von musikalischen Schrifften und Büchern,*" published at Leipzig in fifteen parts running from 1736 to 1754.

A really remarkable bibliography of books on music was compiled by Sébastien de Brossard and included in his very

original and scholarly "Dictionnaire de musique, contenant une explication des termes grecs, latins, italiens, & françois les plus usitez . . . Et un catalogue de plus de 900. auteurs qui ont écrit sur la musique," published at Paris by C. Ballard in 1703. The first attempt at a separate bibliography of music, appears to have been made by Johann Sigmund Gruber, a lawyer and amateur musician. In 1783 he had printed at Nuremberg his "Litteratur der Musik, oder Anleitung zur Kenntnis der vorzüglichen musikalischen Bücher, für Liebhaber der musikalischen Litteratur bestimmt. Hrsg. von einem Liebhaber der Musik." In 1785 he published "Beyträge zur Litteratur der Musik," which were based on an unpublished list compiled by Carl Sebastian Zeidler. Revised editions of both works were issued in 1790 and in 1792. Gruber's efforts possess little value, possibly owing to his lack of musical scholarship. A work of far greater value was produced by Johann Nicolaus Forkel, the fourth in that brilliant circle of historians, Martini, Burney, Hawkins and Forkel. His very scholarly bibliography, the "Allgemeine Litteratur der Musik; oder, Anleitung zur Kenntniss musikalischer Bücher, welche von den ältesten bis auf die neusten Zeiten bey den Griechen, Römern und den meisten neuern europäischen Nationen sind geschrieben worden. Systematisch geordnet, und nach Veranlassung mit Anmerkungen und Urtheilen begleitet," was published at Leipzig in 1792. It has been pronounced an epoch-making work by no less an authority than Hugo Riemann.

Passing over into the nineteenth century, we must notice Dr. Peter Lichtenthal's "Dizionario e bibliografia della musica," published in four volumes at Milan in 1826, the last two volumes containing an excellent bibliography of music literature. In 1836 Karl Ferdinand Becker, an organist at Leipzig, undertook to issue a revised edition of Forkel's work. The result was his "Systematisch-chronologische Darstellung der musikalischen Literatur von den frühesten bis auf die neueste Zeit. Nebst biographischen Notizen über die Verfasser der darin aufgeführten Schriften und kritischen Andeutungen über den inneren Werth derselben," a supplement to which was issued in 1839. An extension of Becker's work was formed by Adolph Büchting's compilation "Bibliotheca Musica, oder Verzeichniss aller in Bezug auf die Musik in den letzten 20 Jahren, 1847-1866, im deutschen Buchhandel erschienenen Bücher und Zeitschriften," published at Nordhausen in 1867. A supplementary volume covering the literature of 1867 to 1872, was issued in 1873. The gap between Becker and Büchting was bridged by Robert Eitner in the volume issued

by Breitkopf & Härtel in 1885, "Bücherverzeichniss der Musikliteratur von 1839-1846 im Anschluss an Becker und Büchting."

The precious old manuscripts antedating the introduction of printing, have formed the theme of many interesting and valuable studies. They have been quite completely catalogued in the bibliographical works devoted to the libraries of Europe. The early printed music has been listed in Karl F. Becker's work, "Die Tonwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts, oder systematisch-chronologische Zusammenstellung der in diesen zwei Jahrhunderten gedruckten Musikalien," published at Leipzig in 1847. A second edition of this work appeared in 1855, the added matter being a summary of the contents of Rimbault's "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana." The early collections of printed music, containing compositions by more than one writer, have been excellently catalogued in the "Bibliographie der Musik-Sammelwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts," which was compiled by Eitner, Haberl, Lagerberg and Pohl, and published at Berlin in 1876. Early Italian secular music has been admirably listed in Emil Vogel's "Bibliothek der gedruckten weltlichen Vocalmusik Italiens, aus den Jahren 1500-1700", printed in two octavo volumes at Berlin in 1892. Rimbault's "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana. A bibliographical account of the musical and poetical works published in England during the 16th and 17th centuries," London, 1847; Bohn's "Bibliothek des gedruckten mehrstimmigen weltlichen deutschen Liedes vom Anfange des XVI. Jahrhunderts bis circa 1640", issued as a supplement to his "Fünzig historische Concerte," Breslau, 1893; Steele's "The earliest English music printing. A description and bibliography of English printed music to the close of the 16th century," London, 1903, are but a few of the many excellent works dealing with the early prints. Early music-dealers' catalogues, such as have survived the ravages of time, are naturally very interesting sources of bibliographical information. A rare specimen is the "Catalogue of all the Musick Bookes that have been printed in England, either for Voyce or Instruments. London, Printed, and are to be sold by John Playford at his shop in the Inner Temple neare the church doore or at his house in Three Leg Alley in Fetter Lane, next doore to the red Lyon," issued about 1675. The numerous monographs dealing with the evolution of music typography and the early printers, are of course indispensable in any comprehensive study of the bibliography of this period.

A bibliographical series of great practical value was inaugurated by Anton Meysel, a Leipzig publisher, who in 1817 brought

out a "Handbuch der musikalischen Literatur oder allgemeines systematisch geordnetes Verzeichniss der bis zum Ende des Jahres 1815 gedruckten Musikalien, auch musikalischen Schriften und Abbildungen, mit Anzeige der Verleger und Preise." This comprehensive catalogue of music and literature pertaining to music filled a long felt need and its popularity led the publisher to issue nine supplements, bringing it down to 1825. A thoroughly revised second edition appeared in 1828, bearing the name of Karl Friedrich Whistling as compiler. Supplementary volumes to this edition were issued in 1829, 1834 and 1839. Adolph Hofmeister prepared a third edition in 1845 and also compiled three additional supplementary volumes. The Leipzig publishing house of Friedrich Hofmeister has published further supplements, bringing the Handbook quite up to date. The same firm has issued since 1829 a "Musikalisch-literarischer Monatsbericht neuer Musikalien, musikalischen Schriften und Abbildungen," and since 1852 a "Jahresverzeichniss sämmtlicher in Deutschland und den angrenzenden Ländern gedruckten Musikalien auch musikalischen Schriften und Abbildungen, mit Anzeige der Verleger und Preise." Other shorter lived ventures both French and German might be mentioned, but Hofmeister's colossal publication has remained "the Handbook," though of course for French music the "Bibliographie musicale" issued since 1875, in Paris, by the *Chambre Syndicale du Commerce de Musique* remains our principal guide. Worthy of record is the extremely ambitious attempt of the Viennese publisher, Franz Pazdirek, to unite the entire extant mass of printed music in one immense "Universal Handbuch der Musikkultur aller Zeiten und Völker." Thirty-four volumes have appeared, completing the first section of this undertaking, namely, "Die gesamte, durch Musikalienhandlungen noch beziehbare Musikkultur aller Völker." Of great practical utility are the all too rare music-trade catalogues, such as the "Gesammelte Verlagskataloge des deutschen Musikalienhandels," compiled and published by the German Music Dealers' Association from 1895 to 1897 in eight volumes. The first and apparently the last American trade catalogue was issued in 1870. It must not be forgotten that a wealth of bibliographical information is to be found in such governmental publications as our "Catalogue of Copyright Entries," which lists all music, American or European, copyrighted at Washington, since 1891, and the British Museum "List of Accessions of Modern Music", published since 1884.

By far the most useful of recent bibliographies was compiled by Michel Brenet (Marie Bobillier) and printed in the third annual

volume, 1913, of "L'Année Musicale", published by Félix Alcan at Paris in 1914. This comprehensive, though not absolutely exhaustive, "bibliography of music bibliographies" lists all works of a bibliographical nature or which contain important bibliographical matter. The material is divided into five classes: General Works, listed by authors, Individual Bibliographies, Public Library Catalogues, listed by cities, Private Library Catalogues, listed by owners, and Catalogues of Music Publishers and Book Dealers. An excellent annual bibliography of the literature pertaining to music, forms part of the "Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters," published since 1894 by C. F. Peters of Leipzig. A "Catalogue annuel de musique et des livres relatifs à la musique publiés en France" is to be found in the "Annuaire international de la musique," the first volume of which was issued at Paris in 1897; an excellent selected annual bibliography with critical annotations is contained in the volumes of "L'Année Musicale." An annual bibliography also forms part of the "Musikbuch aus Oesterreich", published at Vienna since 1904. James E. Matthew's book on "The Literature of Music," published at London in 1896, is an extremely valuable guide to the older standard literature of music and to the rare early books on music. The fact that Mr. Matthew was the owner of one of the largest private music libraries in the world, lends additional authority and interest to his work. An admirable "Bibliography of Biography of Musicians in English" was compiled by Arthur Low Bailey and published in 1899 as Bibliography Bulletin Number 17 of the New York State Library. A few really excellent and a great many very poor and superficial bibliographies are available in the standard text-books and histories of music. Useful to the general reader are such works as Waldo S. Pratt's "Class Notes in Music History" (New York, G. Schirmer, 1908); Edward Dickinson's "The Study of the History of Music" (New York, Scribner, 1905, 1908 and 1914); Henry E. Krehbiel's selection from the literature of music, in Sturgis and Krehbiel's "Annotated Bibliography of Fine Art" (Boston, 1897); Louisa M. Hooper's "Selected List of Music and Books about Music for Public Libraries" (Chicago, American Library Association, 1903), and the A.L.A. Catalogs of 1904 and 1904-1911. The historical volumes of "The Art of Music" (New York, 14 volumes, 1915, Daniel Gregory Mason, editor-in-chief) contain several excellent "literature lists." Aside from individual bibliographies, library catalogues and periodical indexes, which will be considered later, a few little known sources of information exist. The "Monthly Record of

Current Educational Publications" issued by our Bureau of Education since 1913, and the earlier "Bibliography of Education" for 1907, 1908-09, 1909-10, 1910-11 and 1911-12, contain very valuable references to the recent literature on music in the schools. An interesting selected bibliography of "Music in Schools and Colleges," by Vivian Gray Little, is contained in numbers 2, 3 and 4 of volume three, and numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4 of volume four of the "Music Supervisors' Journal" issued at Madison, Wisconsin, by Peter W. Dykema. The series of "Writings on American History" prepared by Grace Gardner Griffin in annual volumes covering the literature since 1906, contain valuable references on the history of music in America and especially on the music of the Indians. A fairly exhaustive bibliography of American writings on the music of the North American Indians was prepared by Mr. Sonneck for Julien Tiersot and incorporated later in his monograph on 'La musique chez les peuples indigènes de l'Amérique du Nord,' published 1910 in the *Sammelbände* of the I. M. G. and subsequently issued separately by Breitkopf & Härtel. An excellent bibliography of aboriginal music and primitive instruments is to be found in the "Catalogue of the Musical Instruments of Oceanica and America" by Frances Morris, issued in 1914 by the Metropolitan Museum of Art as the second volume of the "Catalogue of the Crosby Brown Collection of Musical Instruments." A number of valuable studies in the psychology of music are listed in the annual "List of American Doctoral Dissertations" issued by the Library of Congress since 1913.

The master musicians have formed the theme of many an excellent piece of bibliographical work. The immense literature written about Richard Wagner has been catalogued by Nikolaus Oesterlein, an enthusiastic collector of Wagneriana. His "Katalog einer Richard Wagner-Bibliothek; nach den vorliegenden Originalien systematisch-chronologisch geordnetes und mit Citaten und Anmerkungen versehenes authentisches Nachschlagebuch durch die gesammte Wagner-Litteratur," fills four large octavo volumes, which were printed at Leipzig from 1886 to 1895. The modern literature on Wagner has been noted in Ludwig Frankenstein's "Richard Wagner Jahrbuch," five volumes of which have appeared since 1906. The existing literature on Beethoven has been catalogued by Emerich Kastner in his "Bibliotheca Beethoveniana, Versuch einer Beethoven-Bibliographie," published in 1913 by Breitkopf & Härtel. Max Schneider compiled an excellent Bach bibliography. It has been published in the second and seventh volumes of the "Bach-Jahrbuch," which has been

regularly issued by the New Bach Society since 1904. Otto Keller has compiled several very comprehensive bibliographies for that excellent music journal *Die Musik*, as, for instance, of Gluck, in volume 52, pages 23 to 37 and 85 to 91; of Anton Bruckner, in volume 56, pages 158 to 171, and 217 to 226; of Johannes Brahms, in volume 45, pages 86 to 101 (with a supplementary list by Arthur Seidl on pages 287 to 291); and of Gustav Mahler, in volume 39, pages 369 to 377, also supplemented by Arthur Seidl in volume 40, pages 154 to 158. The literature on Mozart forms the theme of Paul Hirsch's "Katalog einer Mozart-Bibliothek," issued at Frankfurt in 1906, and of Henri de Curzon's "Essai de bibliographie mozartine," published at Paris in 1906. Curzon's "Franz Schubert, Bibliographie critique" was issued at Paris in 1897. The literature in English on Debussy, Puccini and Richard Strauss has been carefully listed by Fanny E. Marquand in the sixth volume of the "Bulletin of Bibliography" issued by the Boston Book Company. These lists have been reprinted in "Modern Drama and Opera" (Boston, 1911) and also appear in the second volume (Boston, 1915) of this work, but rewritten and expanded by Edna M. Sanderson. The latter volume also contains excellent reading lists on Humperdinck, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Massenet and Saint-Saëns, which have been compiled by Justus H. Dice. Luigi Torri published a comprehensive bibliography of Verdi in the eighth volume of "Rivista Musicale Italiana," pages 379 to 407. Valuable bibliographies are to be found in most of the standard biographies and in such publications as Daniel Gregory Mason's biographical series "Masters in Music." Of the utmost value are the many critical book reviews scattered through the standard music journals, especially *Die Musik*.

The critical study of the works of the great masters is greatly facilitated by the use of accurate thematic catalogues. Breitkopf & Härtel have published a number of these, which have become classic. First and foremost stands the monumental "Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichnis sämtlicher Tonwerke Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts," compiled by Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, an enthusiastic botanist and mineralogist and a passionate collector of Mozartiana. The first edition of this work appeared in 1862, the second edition, revised and augmented by Paul Graf von Waldersee, was issued in 1905. An indispensable supplement to Köchel has been published in that masterly work "W. A. Mozart. Sa vie musicale et son œuvre de l'enfance à la pleine maturité, 1756-1777," by T. de Wyzewa and G. de Saint-Foix (Paris, in two volumes, 1912). Beethoven's works have received

bibliographical treatment at the hands of two experts of the highest order, Alexander Wheelock Thayer and Gustav Nottebohm. Thayer's "Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwig van Beethovens" appeared in 1865. Nottebohm's "Thematisches Verzeichnis der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Ludwig van Beethoven" has gone through three editions, the first appearing in 1851 and the last in 1913. Nottebohm also compiled a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Franz Schubert," which was published by Schreiber at Vienna in 1874. Additions and corrections to this catalogue are incorporated in Max Friedländer's "Beiträge zur Biographie Franz Schuberts," issued at Berlin in 1889. The works of Bach have been catalogued by Alfred Dörfel in a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Instrumentalwerke," published by C. F. Peters, Leipzig (second edition 1882); and by Carl Tamme in his "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Vocalwerke," also issued by Peters about 1889. Dörfel also compiled a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Kirchenkantaten," which was issued in 1879 as part of the 27th Jahrgang of the Bach edition of the old Bach Society. The remaining works embraced in this magnificent edition are indexed in the 46th Jahrgang. A thematic catalogue of Händel's works forms the 100th volume of the monumental edition of Händel's complete works issued under the auspices of the German Händel Society but actually published by Dr. Friedrich Chrysander, who devoted his life to the accomplishment of this colossal task. Alfred Wotquenne, the noted Belgian bibliographer and librarian of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels, is the author of an excellent "Thematisches Verzeichnis der Werke von Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach," issued in 1905, and is also responsible for that invaluable work "Catalogue thématique des œuvres de Chr. W. von Gluck," published in 1904. Additions and corrections to the Gluck bibliography were made by Josef Liebeskind in "Ergänzungen und Nachträge zu dem thematischen Verzeichniss der Werke Glucks von Wotquenne" (Leipzig, Reinecke, 1911), and by Dr. Max Arend in "Die Musik," volume 49, page 288. No complete thematic catalogue of Haydn's works has ever been printed, although several manuscript copies are in existence of a catalogue drawn up by Haydn. Thematic catalogues of the symphonies are printed in the first volume of the *Gesamtausgabe* in course of publication by Breitkopf & Härtel and also in the second volume of Wotquenne's catalogue of the library of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels. A thematic catalogue of his compositions up to 1790 is published in Karl F. Pohl's biography of Haydn. Constantin Albrecht

prepared a thematic catalogue of the string-quartets which was published at Dresden. Albrecht also compiled a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Streich- und Klavier-Trios, Quartette und Quintette von Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn und Schumann," which was published by Jurgenson in 1890.

A work ranking with Köchel's Mozart bibliography is Friedrich Wilhelm Jähns' "Carl Maria von Weber in seinen Werken, Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss seiner sämtlichen Compositionen," published in 1871 at Berlin by Schlesinger. Jähns spent a lifetime gathering material bearing on Weber, his wonderful collection eventually going to the Royal library at Berlin. Thematic catalogues of the printed compositions of Chopin, second edition 1888, of Mendelssohn, third edition 1882, and of Liszt, third edition 1912, have been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. A "Thematisches Verzeichniss sämtlicher im Druck erschienenen Werke Robert Schumanns" was published by Schubert at Leipzig, which has gone through four editions. Peter Jurgenson of Moscow issued in 1897 a thematic catalogue of the works of Tschaikowsky, A. Durand et fils, in the same year, one of the works of Saint-Saëns, and a thematic catalogue of the works of Brahms was published by Simrock at Berlin, the second edition appearing in 1902. Thematic catalogues exist of the works of a great many lesser lights, while title lists are available of the compositions of every writer of any consequence at all, not to mention the vast array who are of no consequence whatever. Needless to say, all of these catalogues are of bibliographical value and merit collection and preservation for future study.

If the catalogues of individual writers are bibliographically valuable, how much more so are the complete catalogues of all publishers of worth. In the absence of an American trade catalogue, this is particularly true of our music publishers. For the sake of future investigators in the fascinating realm of music bibliography, it is to be hoped that American libraries will systematically collect, and preserve for future reference, the published catalogues of all American music publishers. Aside from music catalogues, a number of very interesting book catalogues merit our attention. G. Schirmer issued in 1902 a very valuable "General Catalogue of English, German and French Musical Literature and Theoretical Works," with a subsequently issued supplement covering later works. Several years ago Charles Scribner's Sons published a very comprehensive "Musical Literature List." In 1913 Breitkopf & Härtel printed "Das Musikbuch," an extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated catalogue of the more

important books on music published by them. The "Mitteilungen" issued by Breitkopf & Härtel since September, 1876, are valuable not only for the bibliographical material they contain, but also for the historical and biographical data they present. If the "Bulletin of New Music" published by G. Schirmer were numbered serially and consecutively paged, it would be of more practical value for purposes of reference, inasmuch as it contains very much interesting information relative to newly published modern works. Catalogues of dealers in old books are a fascinating source of bibliographical information, especially when they are drawn up with such skill and accurate knowledge as are those of Leo Liepmannssohn of Berlin.

The more authoritative music dictionaries and encyclopedias are very valuable sources of bibliographical information. The works of Brossard and Lichtenthal have already been noticed. Of extreme importance for the period they cover are Johann Gottfried Walther's "Musicalisches Lexicon, . . . darinnen . . . die Musici, welche so wol in alten als neuern Zeiten, ingleichen bey verschiedenen Nationen durch Theorie und Praxin sich hervor gethan, und was von jedem bekannt worden, oder er in Schriften hinterlassen, mit allem Fleisse und nach den vornehmsten Umständen angeführet" published at Leipzig in 1732, and Johann Mattheson's "Grundlage einer Ehren-pforte, woran der tüchtigsten Capellmeister, Componisten, Musikgelehrten, Tonkünstler &c. Leben, Werke, Verdienste &c. erscheinen sollen," published at Hamburg in 1740 and reprinted, with additions, by Max Schneider in 1912. Walther's work formed the basis of another work of real value, the "Historisch-biographisches Lexicon der Tonkünstler" of Ernst Ludwig Gerber, first issued in 1790-92 and in a supplementary edition in 1812-14 as "Neues historisch-biographisches Lexicon der Tonkünstler." The great Belgian musicologist François-Joseph Fétis was destined to produce the greatest source work of them all. The "Biographie universelle des musiciens et bibliographie générale de la musique" displays an amount of research and erudition that is simply stupendous. It first appeared at Brussels in eight octavo volumes issued from 1835 to 1844. A second edition came out between 1860 and 1865. Under the editorship of Arthur Pougin, two supplementary volumes were brought out in 1878 and 1880. Supplementary to Fétis are also the specifically national bio-bibliographical works such as Brown and Stratton's "British Musical Biography" (Birmingham, 1897); Baptie's "Musical Scotland, being a dictionary of Scottish musicians, to which is added a bibliography of musical publications

connected with Scotland from 1611" (Paisley, 1894); Saldoni's "Diccionario biográfico-bibliográfico de efemérides de músicos Españoles" (Madrid, four volumes, 1868-1881); Pedrell's "Diccionario bio-bibliográfico de los músicos Españoles" (Barcelona, incomplete, 1894); Sowiński's "Les musiciens polonais et slaves, . . dictionnaire biographique. Notices sur la bibliographie musicale polonaise. . ." (Paris, 1857); Vasconcellos' "Os musicos portugueses: biographia-bibliographia" (Porto, two volumes, 1870); Gregoir's "Biographie des artistes-musiciens néerlandais des 18^e et 19^e siècles" (Antwerp, 1864) and his "Galerie biographique des artistes-musiciens belges du XVIII. et du XIX. siècle" (1862, second edition 1885 with supplements in 1887 and 1890); Letzer's "Muzikaal Nederland, 1850 bis 1910, bio-bibliographisch woordenboek van Nederlandsche toonkunstenaars" (Utrecht, 1911); Lianovosani's "Saggio di rettifiche ed aggiunte al supplemento Fétis, Vol. I, Riferibilmente a' Maestri italiani e relative opere" (Milan, Ricordi, 1880); Radiciotti's "Aggiunte e correzioni ai Dizionari biografici dei musicisti" (in the *Sammelbände* of the I.M.S. volume 14, pages 551-67 and volume 15, pages 566-86). The "Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften" in seven volumes, issued at Stuttgart from 1835 to 1842 under the editorship of Gustav Schilling, and the "Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon" edited by Hermann Mendel and August Reissmann and published at Berlin in twelve volumes, from 1870 to 1883, are both very useful source books. An absolutely indispensable work is Hugo Riemann's one volume, "Musik-Lexikon", which has gone through eight successively revised and enlarged editions. In spite of its shortcomings, Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" will ever be a valuable source of bibliographical information. The first edition in four volumes was published at London from 1879 to 1889, an additional volume indexing the whole work, appearing in 1890. A new revised and augmented edition in five volumes was brought out in 1904-1910. The same may be said of the third edition, revised and augmented by Alfred Remy, of Theodore Baker's "Dictionary of Musicians" (New York, 1919). In this edition much more attention has been paid to bibliographical matters than was in the first edition of 1900. Another useful American work is Champlin and Apthorp's "Cyclopaedia of Music and Musicians," issued at New York in three volumes, 1888-90. An interesting bibliography of English writings on music forms part of James Duff Brown's "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians", Paisley, 1886. Bibliographical data pertaining to contemporary musicians will be found in

César Saerchinger's very useful "International Who's Who in Music" (New York, 1918).

A monumental work of the utmost importance was produced by Robert Eitner, the noted German bibliographer. Basing his work on a combination of the contents of all the available catalogues of European libraries, he published, from 1900 to 1904, the "Biographisch-Bibliographisches Quellen-Lexicon der Musiker und Musikgelehrten der christlichen Zeitrechnung bis zur Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts," in ten large octavo volumes. As was to be expected in such a vast undertaking, despite its general accuracy, it was spiced with errors of various sorts. Eitner had, however, tackled the job in the right way, and deserves great credit for having indicated, for future solution, the problems peculiar to the scientific study of source material. The discussion of these problems at the Second Congress of the International Music Society at Basel in 1906, resulted in the appointment of a Bibliographic Commission. It was at first intended to catalogue the entire older music literature, but as the possibility of successfully doing this appeared very remote, and moreover as the financial support was not forthcoming, this plan had to be abandoned. The Third Congress, held at Vienna in 1909, directed the Commission to formulate a plan by which the necessary corrections and additions to Eitner's Lexicon could be made. The London Congress in 1911 sanctioned the plan of the Commission, which provided for the publication in quarterly form of the results of the Commission's systematic revision of the "Lexicon," and also of its compilation of modern scientific literature supplementing Eitner. At least eight quarterly numbers of this publication have been issued. It is known as the "Miscellanea Musicae Biobibliographica, Musikgeschichtliche Quellennachweise als Nachträge und Verbesserungen zu Eitners Quellenlexicon," and is published by Breitkopf & Härtel under the supervision of Hermann Springer, Max Schneider and Werner Wolfheim.

The action of the International Music Society in relation to Eitner's work, brings up the question of solving other bibliographical problems through coöperative action. Of prime importance is the task of properly cataloguing the music treasures preserved in the libraries of the civilized world. In 1908, leading Italian musicologists founded the "Associazione dei Musicologi Italiani" for the express purpose of publishing an up-to-date catalogue of the music collections in both public and private libraries. The "Bolletino" of the association has been regularly issued since 1909 and has presented a "Catalogo Generale" of

the collections at Parma, Bologna, Milan, Florence and Rome. It must not be forgotten that Gaetano Gaspari, with the subsequent assistance of Parisini, Torchi and Cadolini, compiled an excellent catalogue of the splendid library of the Liceo Musicale at Bologna, which the municipality had printed in four handsome volumes, from 1890 to 1905. The "Indici e Cataloghi" published by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, contain, in volumes seven, eight, thirteen and fifteen, catalogues of collections in Florence and Milan. Volumes three to six and nine of the "Rivista delle Biblioteche" contain bibliographies of libraries at Turin, Parma, Modena, Bologna and Fabriano. Other collections at Florence are noted in the works of Fossi, Palermo, Bartoli, Burbure, Bandini, Casini, DeLisle, Gandolfi, Kade, Morpurgo and Parigi; the libraries at Rome are catalogued by Haberl, Ehrensberger, Stevenson, Cozzo, Vattasso, Cavalieri, Stornojolo, Rossi, Danjou, Fétis, Manzoni and Wolf; at Milan by Guarinoni; at Modena by Catelani; at Padua by Tebaldini; at Cesena by Muccioli and Zazzeri; at Verona by Guiliari and Biadego; at Venice by Wiel; at Assisi by Cellini; at Bologna by Haberl, Liuzzi and Colombani; at Brescia by Valentini; at Ferrara by Antonelli, Cavallini and Cittadella; at Genoa by Neri; at Naples by Florimo; at Noto by Russo; at Novara by Fedeli; at Oristano by Pisani; at Sienna by Ilari; and at Volterra by Pisani.

The magnificent music collections of Germany have been catalogued in the thirty-seven volumes of the "Monatshefte für Musikgeschichte" and in the bibliographical works of Altmann, Barack, Becker, Bellermand, Benndorf, Bohn, Bölsche, Botstiber, Carstenn, Dehn, Döring, Eckardius, Écorcheville, Ehrensberger, Eitner, Förstemann, Gmeiner, Grupp, Günther, Halm, Hauser, Holder, Israel, Kade, Killing, Ludwig, Maier, Mau, Mayser, Meier, Mettenleiter, Mühlfeld, Müller, Neubaur, Petersen, Pfu-del, Praetorius, Raspe, Schulz, Schwarz, Seidl, Stiehl, Süß, Täglichsbeck, Thouret, Uhlig, Vogel, Vogeis, Walter, Walther and Weinmann. The valuable music collections at Vienna have been listed and described by Mantuani, Adler, Koller, Bruyck, Hübl, Kandler, Mandyczewski, Mayer, Rietsch, Modern and Roulland, those at Prague by Eitner, Podlaha and Prochaszka. The bibliographies of Czerny, Huemer, Manara and Wislocki cover several smaller Austrian libraries.

The rich French national collections at Paris have been catalogued by Écorcheville, Gastoué, Castan, Curzon, DeLisle, Hervé, Lajarte, Lamouroux, Marsand, Martin, Nutter, Omont, Poirée, Pougin, Raynaud, Taschereau, Thierry-Poux, Vincent,

Wasielewski, Weckerlin and Zurlauben. The priceless manuscripts at Aix, Amiens, Arras, Avignon, Besançon, Bordeaux, Carpentras, Douai, Foix, Grenoble, Marseilles, Montpellier, Orleans, Paris, Rouen, Tours, Valenciennes and Versailles are recorded in the forty-odd volumes of the "Catalogue Général des Manuscrits des Bibliothèques Publiques de France" published from 1849 to 1903. The music literature in the libraries of Agen, Amiens, Besançon, Chantilly, Lille, Lyons and Versailles has been catalogued, the old music and books preserved at Avallon have been noted by Villetard, at Bordeaux by Delas and Delpit, at Caen by Carlez and Lavalley, at Cambrai by Coussemaker and LeGlay, at Dijon by Morelot and Nisard, at Dunquerque and at St. Dié by Coussemaker, at Embrun by Fazy, at Lyons by Vallas, at Mirepoix by Ducos and Palustre, at Montpellier by Blanc, Coussemaker, Delhoste, Koller, Nisard and Villetard, at Rheims by Jadart, at Rouen by Licquet, at Tours by Dorange, at Troyes by Socard, and at Valenciennes by Mangeart.

The treasures of the Royal Conservatory at Brussels have been excellently catalogued by Wotquenne, Lamperen and Mahillon, those of the Royal Library by Aloin, Voisin, Eitner and Gheyn. The valuable collections at Antwerp, Liège, Ghent and Oudenaerde have also been listed, as well as the Dutch libraries at the Hague, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Leyden, Haarlem and Utrecht. The library of the Royal Academy of Music at Stockholm has been catalogued by Lunstedt and Bohemann. The former has also compiled a catalogue of the library at Finspong. A splendid catalogue of the priceless old prints in the library of the Royal University at Upsala has been compiled by Rafael Mitjana. Printed catalogues exist of several Russian collections, while several Spanish libraries have been accorded bibliographical treatment (Pedrell's excellent Barcelona catalogue deserving special mention), as well as the Swiss libraries at Basel, Bern, Einsiedeln, Geneva, St. Gall and Schaffhausen.

Of the immense collection of music and books on music in the British Museum, only the music has been catalogued. The "Catalogue of Printed Music published between 1487 and 1800" in two volumes, was compiled by William Barclay Squire in a masterly manner, as was to be expected. The very informative "Catalogue of the Manuscript Music in the British Museum," prepared by Augustus Hughes-Hughes, has appeared in three volumes. The splendid library of the Royal College of Music is being catalogued by Squire, volume one, listing the printed music, having appeared in 1909. That portion of the

library which formerly belonged to the Sacred Harmonic Society has been thoroughly catalogued by W. H. Husk. Squire has also listed the music in the library of Westminster Abbey, the manuscripts of which are also dealt with in James and Robinson's "The Manuscripts of Westminster Abbey" (Cambridge, 1909). The "Angelina Goetz Library", a section of the library of the Royal Academy of Music, has been catalogued by A. Rosenkranz (Novello, 190-). Printed catalogues exist of the libraries of the Philharmonic Society, the Plain-Song and Mediæval Music Society and the Society of British Musicians. A portion of the music in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge has been catalogued by Fuller-Maitland and Mann, and the collection at St. Peter's College has been listed by the Rev. Dr. Jebb. The manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford are catalogued in volumes four and five of the "Summary Catalogue of the Western Collections" by Madan and Nicholson, and G. E. P. Arkwright in 1915 published a catalogue of the valuable library at Christ Church College. Sir John Stainer issued an interesting catalogue of his collection of old English songbooks in 1891. The public libraries at Cardiff, Dundee, Hampstead, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham and Wigan have published catalogues of their music collections. Graves' catalogue of Mrs. Miller's music library at Britwell, a very poor catalogue of the Euing Library at Glasgow, a catalogue of the Halliwell-Phillips collection of old popular songs in the Chetham Library at Manchester, Abbot's catalogue of the valuable manuscripts in Trinity College at Dublin, Frere's "*Bibliotheca musico-liturgica*," Dickson's "Catalogue of Ancient Choral Services" in the Cathedral Church at Ely, and Floyer and Hamilton's "Catalogue of Manuscripts" in the Worcester Cathedral Chapter Library, are striking evidence of the bibliographical labor bestowed on Britain's music libraries.

Few Americans realize the extent and importance of the music collections of the Library of Congress at Washington. Under the deft guidance of the present librarian, Herbert Putnam, this institution has become not merely a library for Congress but a National Library ranking with the greatest European libraries. To Oscar G. Sonneck is due the tremendous expansion of the Music Division. Within fifteen years he converted a mass of copyright accumulations into one of the very finest and best equipped general international music libraries in the world. Certain European libraries possess, of course, special collections impossible of duplication, but so does our Music Division, second to none for all around practical utility, while perhaps quantitatively

the largest of all with its (on June 30, 1917) approximately 797-121 volumes, pamphlets, and separate pieces of music and music literature. Owing to the vast extent and the rapid growth of our national music treasures it will remain a physical impossibility to publish catalogues of all the sections already available in form of card catalogues. However, a number of extremely valuable catalogues have been issued which can be purchased at a nominal price from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, and it is to be hoped that they will be followed by the catalogues (in book form) of the impressively rich collections of chamber-music and books on music at the Library of Congress. The published catalogues are a "Catalogue of full scores of dramatic music" by Mr. Sonneck, 1908, 170 pages; "Catalogue of orchestral music, part one, scores" by Mr. Sonneck, 1912, 663 pages; "Catalogue of early books on music, printed before 1800," by Julia Gregory and Mr. Sonneck, 1913, 312 pages; "Catalogue of opera librettos, printed before 1800," by Mr. Sonneck, 1914, two volumes, 1674 pages; "Catalogue of first editions of Stephen C. Foster, 1826-1864," by W. R. Whittlesey and Mr. Sonneck, 1915, 79 pages; "Catalogue of First editions of Edward MacDowell by Mr. Sonneck, 1917, 89 pages; and "Report on the Star-Spangled Banner" by Mr. Sonneck, 1914, 115 pages, being a revised edition of the chapter on the Star-Spangled Banner in his historical "Report on the Star-Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America and Yankee Doodle" issued in 1909 and now out of print. When Mr. Sonneck resigned from the Library of Congress in September, 1917, he had ready for publication a "Descriptive list of American musical magazines" and a "Catalogue of full scores of operas," so revised and enlarged from the original edition as to make it practically a new work of vastly greater importance for bibliographical and historical reference. Accurate information as to recent accessions, with special emphasis on the by now innumerable rarities, will be found in Mr. Sonneck's report as Chief of the Music Division, in every annual "Report of the Librarian of Congress," since 1903. Authoritative papers by Mr. Sonneck on "The Music Division of the Library of Congress" are to be found in the *New Music Review*, 1910, volume 9, pages 74-78, in the Music Teachers' National Association Proceedings for 1908, and in the "Library Journal," for August, 1915.

The rich music collection of the Boston Public Library owes a great deal to the generosity of two men, Mr. Allen A. Brown and Joshua Bates. The general collection of books on music is based on Mr. Bates' gift in 1859 of a library of five hundred books.

Although this collection has been constantly developed and enlarged, it has never been adequately catalogued. Mr. Allen A. Brown, through many years of unremitting effort, built up an impressive collection of music and books, which he presented to the Boston Library in 1894. The "Catalogue of the Allen A. Brown Collection of Music," of which four splendid volumes have appeared, is really a masterpiece of American music bibliography and is a veritable mine of bibliographic information. Every public library worthy of the name should possess this invaluable work. Its cost, about four dollars per volume, unfortunately puts it beyond the reach of the average student. The treasures preserved in this library are described in Mr. Horace G. Wadlin's paper in the M. T. N. A. Proceedings for 1910, and in Miss Barbara Duncan's article in the August, 1915, "Library Journal."

In 1888 Mr. Joseph Drexel of Philadelphia bequeathed to the Lenox Library of New York City his splendid collection of music. This valuable library of six thousand volumes, together with the four thousand volumes in the Astor Library, formed the nucleus of the music collection of the present New York Public Library. A "Catalogue of Joseph W. Drexel's musical library, part I, musical writings" was printed at Philadelphia in 1869, and the "Lenox Library Short Title List, Number XL" was issued shortly after the collection became part of the Lenox Library. Beyond these no adequate catalogue has ever been published of the New York collection. An extensive "List of Works relating to Folk Songs" was published in the Library Bulletin, volume eleven, pages 187 to 226. A very useful "Selected List of Works relating to the History of Music" was issued in 1908, copies of which are still available at fifteen cents per copy. An invaluable "List of Periodicals relating to Music in the New York Public Library and the Columbia University Library" is to be found on pages 232 to 238 of volume three of the Library Bulletin. This list is especially rich in early American music journals. Mr. Edward Silsky contributed an interesting paper on the New York music collection to the M. T. N. A. Proceedings for 1914, and Dr. Otto Kinkeldey discussed the same subject in the August, 1915, "Library Journal."

No printed catalogue exists of the large collection of music in the Newberry Library at Chicago. Through the fortunate acquisition of the valuable libraries of Count Pio Resse of Florence, of the Beethoven Society of Chicago, of Theodore Thomas, Julius Fuchs and Otto Lob, and also of Hubert Main's extensive collection of sacred music, the Newberry Library has attained a high rank among the music collections of America. On April 9th, 1918, the

library contained 12,829 books and pieces of sheet music. The contents of this collection have been described by Mr. George Upton in "The Nation," volume 48, page 361 and in "Music," volume 1, pages 97-105, and by Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, its librarian, in the M. T. N. A. Proceedings for 1909. Several smaller libraries have issued printed catalogues of their music collections, notably the public libraries at Milwaukee, Louisville, San Francisco, Worcester, Newton, Fitchburg, Somerville and Springfield, Mass., Plainfield, N. J., Peoria and Evanston, Ill., Allegheny, Pa., Oakland, Cal., Portland, Ore., Binghamton, N. Y., and the Grosvenor Library at Buffalo, N. Y. The Princeton University Library has issued a "Finding List" of its music section, and the University of Rochester has published a catalogue of the "Sibley Musical Library." In a great many cases libraries have found it possible to publish catalogues covering their entire stock of books. The extent of their music collections can usually be ascertained from such catalogues, especially if the collections have been carefully classified. An excellent "Classified Catalogue" has been published by the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh, the music collection being listed in Series I, part 5, Series II, part 2 and Series III, part 4. Especially noteworthy is the library's collection of rare old American music journals derived from the private library of Karl Merz.

The value of the catalogue of the Allen A. Brown collection, as a guide to the proper utilization of this valuable library and as a source of bibliographic and historical information, proves beyond a doubt the desirability of completely cataloguing the Boston, New York and Newberry collections, as well as a number of smaller special collections. In view of the thorough manner in which European collections, both large and small, are catalogued, it must be admitted that our institutions are slightly behind the times, at least in this respect. That branch of cultural history embraced under the heading "The origins and the evolution of the practice and the appreciation of music in America" can never be satisfactorily studied until the full extent of the existing source material is known. If bibliography is the steel skeleton of our historical structure, then accurate cataloguing of the widely separated sources is the concrete foundation upon which our bibliographical framework must be erected. A card catalogue in Washington, Boston, New York or Chicago, is of little value to the student located perhaps in New Orleans or San Francisco. What he needs is a printed catalogue which he can compare with other printed catalogues in his local public library, or perhaps

even in his own study. The future will witness a steady growth of interest in the history of music in America. Sturdy pioneers of the type of Oscar G. Sonneck and Henry E. Krehbiel have delved deeply into certain phases of our historic past, but more downright hard work remains to be done than we care to admit. This intensive historical study depends absolutely upon the source material stored away in some library. It can safely be postulated that our music collections will never attain their maximum efficiency until our librarians give the comparatively useless, because unknown, treasures in their care, the greatest possible publicity. It surely is not asking too much to require, when such catalogues are prepared, that they be compiled with as much bibliographical detail as possible. The publications of the Library of Congress are models in this respect. It certainly is of importance to know the number of pages in a certain work, the number and character of illustrations, the exact date of publication, the publisher and the locality from which issued and even the size. The value of most library catalogues is slightly impaired by the omission of the source of publication, the pagination, the extent of illustration and the format. Another defect is inherent in the system of decimal classification. It cannot be maintained that this system provides an ideal classification for the literature of music. It is not used at the Library of Congress, or only for minor subdivisions. In passing, attention may be drawn to Mr. Sonneck's very extensive and minute scheme of "Classification of Music and Books on Music" (1904, revised ed. 1917) which is in force at the Library of Congress and acts incidentally as a guide to the sections not yet catalogued.

Aside from the bibliography of music in American libraries, the bibliography of American music production as a whole, must be considered. Five masterly bibliographies cover the period up to the nineteenth century. They are Sonneck's "Bibliography of Early Secular American Music", privately printed at Washington in 1905, Frank J. Metcalf's "American Psalmody, or Titles of Books containing Tunes, printed in America from 1721 to 1820" privately printed at New York in 1917, Wilberforce Eames' "List of Editions of the Bay Psalm Book", 1885, (originally printed under Psalms in volume sixteen of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books relating to America"), James Warrington's "Short titles of books relating to or illustrating the history and practice of psalmody in the United States, 1620 to 1820," privately printed at Philadelphia in 1898, and his "Bibliography of Church Music Books issued in Pennsylvania" in the March 1912, and subsequent issues

of the "Penn Germania" (Lititz, Pa.; volume I, new series). For the early nineteenth century we have nothing except the Stephen Foster catalogue noted above. Mr. Walter R. Whittlesey of the Library of Congress has under way a "List of Southern Music" and a "List of Northern Music" published between 1860 and 1869, a truly remarkable undertaking when we take into consideration the fact, that the total number of pieces catalogued will run to about twenty-six thousand titles. This work privately undertaken by its author, will list many hundred items actually published, but not preserved at the Library of Congress whose card catalogue of similar music was practically prepared by Mr. Whittlesey alone. He participated with the other assistants in the Music Division in Mr. Sonneck's last cataloguing project: nothing less than a complete catalogue of all American music prior to 1870, available in our national library either by virtue of copyright deposit or by purchase and gift, a collection, of course, so vast and unique as to be absolutely impossible of duplication. When Mr. Sonneck resigned, the year 1855 had been reached and two-thirds of the collection had been catalogued. Even after completion of this project of obvious magnitude the very rare "Complete Catalogue of Sheet Music and Musical Works published by the Board of Music Trade of the United States of America," issued in 1870, will still be a very useful handbook for the music production before 1870. Some Confederate music is listed on pages 147-152 of the "List of Books. . . . and Music, . . . printed in the South during the Confederacy, now in the Boston Athenaeum" (Boston, 1917). After this we again have nothing until the publication of the "Catalogue of Copyright Entries" by the Treasury Department, beginning July 1, 1891. Since July, 1906, this publication has been issued by the Copyright Office. Musical compositions are listed in Part Three of this catalogue, which can be subscribed for separately. An annual index to composers and publishers makes the annual accumulation available for instant reference. Mr. Sonneck's authoritative, as well as fascinating, paper on "The Bibliography of American Music" is to be found in the first volume of the Papers and Proceedings of the Bibliographical Society of America, pages 50 to 64. This masterly essay, as well as Mr. Sonneck's other writings on our musical history, represent a contribution of incalculable value to the bibliography and history of American music.

Only too frequently has the literature on music appearing in periodical publications, been entirely overlooked or given only very scant attention. It is of course true that a large amount of

the matter published in music journals is of slight value. Nevertheless, even at the risk of noticing a vast amount of worthless material, it cannot be denied that studies of the utmost value first see the light in monthly and even in weekly papers, and their existence and exact location must be recorded. To accurately catalogue the existing literature on music in all periodicals, musical and otherwise, is obviously the most important task confronting music bibliography. The International Music Society fully recognized the importance of this problem, and during the fifteen years of its existence, from 1899 to 1914, it published an index to current magazines, which appeared as a supplement to the *Zeitschrift* of the I. M. S. In the last "Zeitschriftenschau," 1913 to 1914, ninety-one music journals were indexed, of which sixty-one were German and Austrian, seven were English, six Italian, four French, two Spanish, two Swiss, one each Dutch, Belgian, Polish and Finnish, and three were American, *Musical America*, *The Musical Courier* and *New Music Review*. The Sept. 18, 1915, issue of the "Athenaeum" contained the Music section of its "Subject Index to Periodicals" which has since been issued separately and indexes current volumes of "Music," "Musical Herald," "Musical News," "Musical Opinion," "Music Student," "Strad," *The Musical Quarterly*, and "Musical Times." Numbers 854 to 859 of the latter are also indexed in Piper's "Index to Periodicals" (Vol. I, London, 1915). To an American student, the standard periodical indexes accessible in every public library, are the only source of guidance, and they offer at most, but very scant assistance. Poole's monumental "Index to Periodical Literature" notices but one music journal, *Music*, published in Chicago under the editorship of W. S. B. Mathews from 1891 to 1902. Volumes one to ten of this excellent magazine are indexed in Poole's Third Supplement, volumes eleven to twenty in the Fourth Supplement, and volumes twenty-one and two are indexed in the Fifth Supplement. The Fifth Supplement also indexes all six volumes of Daniel Gregory Mason's admirable biographical series "Masters in Music," published at Boston by the Bates & Guild Company from 1903 to 1905. Faxon's "Annual Magazine Subject Index" from 1908 to 1917, indexes volumes four to seventeen of the *New Music Review*. Faxon's "Dramatic Index," from 1909 to 1917, indexes all articles on the opera appearing in current volumes of the *Étude*, *Musical Courier*, *Musician*, and *New Music Review*. Operatic matter appearing in *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY* and the *Opera Magazine* has also been indexed since the initial publication of these journals. The "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature,"

volume one, indexes volumes 17 to 22 of *Music*. Volumes 14 to 22 of the *Musician* are indexed in volumes two to seventeen of the "Readers' Guide," and volumes fifteen to seventeen list the contents of the first three volumes of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY. It will be noted that only four existing music journals are at all adequately indexed—THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, *Musician*, *Opera Magazine* and the *New Music Review*. Surely other contemporary American periodicals as well as the many excellent foreign journals are just as deserving of bibliographical notice as the fortunate four. To be sure, the indexing of music magazines will do little good unless our public libraries possess complete files of the more important periodicals indexed. It may not be amiss to enquire to what extent musical journals are to be found in American libraries.

The Library of Congress, as the national copyright depository, possesses complete files of most current American periodicals and a more or less complete collection of all extinct magazines. In addition, it subscribes to over fifty current European musical magazines and possesses, of course, correspondingly rich files of the older European magazines. The Boston Public Library subscribes to over thirty current music journals and has more or less complete sets of ninety different older periodicals in the Allen A. Brown collection alone. The New York Public Library receives about fifty current magazines and has more or less complete sets of three hundred older periodicals. The Newberry Library has bound sets of eighty-eight different journals. The Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh receives eight current periodicals and has bound sets of about one hundred and twenty-five magazines. The St. Louis Public Library subscribes to fifteen current journals; the Chicago Public Library receives ten current periodicals, the Free Library of Philadelphia thirteen, the Public Library of Cincinnati nine. Of course, all these libraries have bound sets of their more important magazines.

It must be evident that the public libraries in the music centers of this country are fairly well supplied with bound and unbound files of music journals of all kinds. The incomplete sets of really important magazines will undoubtedly be completed whenever a demand is created for complete sets. The chances are that the available supply is not being utilized to its fullest extent, principally on account of the lack of an adequate index. The Music Division of the Library of Congress has developed an extensive card index of the international periodical literature of music published since 1902. It is sincerely to be hoped that some means be

found of printing this index of at least 40,000 entries (which was compiled by Mr. Sonneck during his fifteen years' tenure of office), and of ultimately providing for the publication of a periodical index to contemporary literature, perhaps on the plan of the exceedingly useful *Monthly Record of Current Educational Publications* issued by our Bureau of Education. Such an index should include all articles on music appearing in the periodical publications issued here and abroad, and it ought to list all currently published books on music and the publications of all musical organizations. The publication of such an index would do more to advance the scientific study and appreciation of music, than any other existing literary agency. It would be a shining beacon in the tanglewood of musical research and would provide a source work of the utmost value to the music bibliography of the future.

THE CONVENTIONS OF THE MUSIC-DRAMA

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

I.

IN an illuminating criticism of the operas of Puccini, contributed by Mr. D. C. Parker to the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1917, there is a passage which may serve as a text for the present paper. The British writer pointed out that in "Madame Butterfly" the Italian musician struck out a new line in his choice of a theme widely different from those which had hitherto appealed to composers in that he deserted the old world of romanticism and of picturesque villainy, preferring for the moment at least a world which is neither old nor romantic and in which the villainy is not picturesque.

We breathe the air of these times and a modern battleship rides at anchor in the bay. Opera is a convention and a realization of the fact should throw some light on the suitability of subjects. It was not without reason that Wagner insisted upon the value of legendary plots, and I am sure that it is a reliable instinct which whispers to us that there is something wrong when Pinkerton offers Sharpless a whiskey and soda. The golden goblet of the Middle Age, the love-philter of Wagner, we can cheerfully accept. But a decanter and a syphon break the spell and cause a heaviness of heart to true children of the opera-world.

This is sound doctrine, beyond all question; and yet Mr. Parker based it only upon a reliable instinct, without caring to go deeper and to ask why we are willing to quaff a love-philter from the golden goblet and why we hesitate to sip a draught mixed before our eyes from syphon and decanter. Yet he hinted at the reason for our acceptance of the one and for our rejection of the other when he reminded us that "opera is a convention." But it needs more than a realization of this fact to enable us to develop a reliable instinct in regard to the subjects most suitable for operatic treatment. It needs an inquiry into the exact meaning of the word *convention*, as Mr. Parker here employed it. Perhaps we may attain to a solider ground than that supplied by a reliable instinct if we ask ourselves what is the necessity of convention in any of the arts, more particularly in the art of the drama, and most particularly in the art of opera.

No doubt, these questions have often been asked and as often answered, although the responses have not always been wholly satisfactory. This is no bar to a re-argument of the case, even if there is no new evidence to be introduced. The French critic was wise as well as witty when he declared that "everything has already been said that could be said; but as nobody listened to it, we shall have to say it all over again." Moreover very few of us are conscious of the immense number of conventions by means of which we save time and spare ourselves friction in our daily life; and still fewer have taken the trouble to understand either the necessity for these conventions or the basis on which they stand.

A convention is an agreement. In the arts it is an implied contract, a bargain tacit and taken for granted, because it is to the advantage of both parties. In the art of life the spoken word is a convention and so is the written word. As Professor John C. Van Dyke has aptly put it in the opening chapter of his suggestive discussion on the 'Meaning of Pictures' when we wish to convey the idea of water to a friend we do not show him a glass of the fluid, we pronounce the word, which is by agreement the symbol of the thing. If we write it we use five letters, w-a-t-e-r, which bear no likeness whatever to the thing itself, and yet which bring it to mind at once.

This is the linguistic sign for water. The chemical sign for it H_2O , is quite as arbitrary, but to the chemist it means water. And only a little less arbitrary are the artistic signs for it. The old Egyptian conveyed his meaning by waving a zigzag up or down the wall; Turner in England often made a few horizontal scratches do duty for it; and in modern painting we have some blue paint touched with high lights to represent the same thing. None of these signs attempts to produce the original or has any other meaning than to suggest the original. They are signs which have meanings for us only because we agree to understand their meanings beforehand.

If we do not agree to understand the blue paint touched with high lights or the few horizontal scratches as a proper method of representing water then we deny ourselves the pleasure of marine-painting and of pencil-drawing. The art of the painter is possible only if we are willing to allow him to contradict the facts of nature so that he may delight us with the truth of nature as he sees it. In the preface to his most abidingly popular play, the "Dame aux Camélias," the younger Dumas declared that there is

in all the arts a share, larger or smaller but indispensable, which must be left to convention. Sculpture lacks color, painting lacks relief; and

they are rarely the one or the other, in the dimensions of the nature they represent. The more richly you bestow on a statue the color of life, the more surely you inflict upon it the appearance of death, because in the rigid attitude to which it is condemned by the material it is made of, it must always lack movement, which even more than color and form is the proof of life.

Still more striking is the passage in which the late John La Farge asserted the immitigable necessity of convention in these same twin-arts of painting and sculpture:—

When I work as an artist I begin at once by discarding the way in which things are really done, and translating them at once into another material. Therein consists the pleasure that you and I take in the work of art,—perhaps a new creation between us. The pleasure that such and such a reality gives me and you has been transposed. The great depth and perspective of the world, its motion, its never resting, I have arrested and stopt upon a little piece of flat paper. That very fact implies that I consider the flatness of my paper a fair method of translating the non-existence of *any* flatness in the world that I look at. If I am a sculptor I make for you this soft, waving, fluctuating, colored flesh in an immovable, hard, rigid, fixt, colorless material, and it is this transposition which delights you; (as well as we in a lesser degree who have made it). Therefore at the very outset of my beginning to affect you by what is called the record of a truth, I am obliged to ask you to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities, evident to the senses, and sometimes disturbing, when the convention supposed to be agreed upon between you and myself is understood only by one of the two parties.

II.

These quotations from La Farge and from Dumas call attention to the essential conditions of the arts of painting and of sculpture,—that the artists do not merely depart from reality; they contradict it absolutely. Only by so contradicting it can they provide us with the specific pleasure that we expect from their respective arts. The portrait painter has to present the head of his sitter motionless on a flat surface; and the portrait sculptor has to present the head of his sitter motionless and without color, or rather with the uniform tint of his material, clay or plaster, marble or bronze. And the public accepts these greatest impossibilities not only without protest but without any overt consciousness that they are impossibilities. The public, as a whole, is not aware that it is a party to an implied contract; it is so accustomed to the essential conventions of these two arts that it receives the result of their application as perfectly natural.

In fact, the public can scarcely be said to have made the tacit bargain; rather has it inherited the implied contract from

its remotest ancestors, the cave-men who scratched profile outlines on the bones of animals now for centuries extinct. The public is so accustomed to the methods of the painters and of the sculptors that when its attention is called to the fact that it is accepting the greatest impossibilities it is frankly surprized and not altogether pleased at the unexpected revelation. As a whole the public is not curious to analyze the sources of its pleasures; it is perfectly content to enjoy these pleasures without question as its fathers and its forefathers had enjoyed them generation after generation. To say this is to say that the fundamental conventions of painting and of sculpture have not been consciously agreed to by the existing public; they have just been taken for granted.

So in like manner have the fundamental conventions of the drama and of the music-drama been taken for granted generation after generation, although they involve departures from the fact, contradictions of the fact, impossibilities (to borrow La Farge's exact word) quite as great as those which underly and make possible painting and sculpture. Just as the conventions of the graphic arts were established by the cave-dwellers who made the first primitive sketches of the mastodon, so the conventions of the dramatic arts were willingly accepted by the spectators of the earliest dance-pantomime more or less spontaneously evolved to celebrate the coming of the springtime or the gathering of the harvest.

And the permanent conventions of the drama are accepted by the public because they are for its benefit, to heighten its pleasure, to prevent it from being bored or even from having its attention distracted by minor things not pertinent to the matter in hand. In real life all stories are straggling; they are involved with extraneous circumstance and they continue indefinitely into the future as they began indefinitely in the past. The playwright arbitrarily chooses a point of departure; he resolutely eliminates all accompanying circumstances and all environing characters not contributory to the arbitrary end upon which he has decided. He peoples his plot with only the characters absolutely needed; and he conducts his action swiftly from start to finish, heaping situation upon situation, so as to arouse and retain and stimulate the interest of the spectators as the artificially compacted story moves irresistibly and evitably to its climax.

His characters always make use of his native tongue, which is also the native tongue of the audience. In "Hamlet" the Danes

all speak English; in "Romeo and Juliet" the Italians all speak English; and in "Julius Cæsar" the Romans all speak English. Moreover they all make use of an English that no mortal man ever used in real life, not even Shakespeare himself. Every one of them always expresses himself accurately and adequately, and completely, with no hesitations, no repetitions, no fumbling for words; and every one of them apprehends instantly and understands precisely everything that every one else may say to him. All the languages used, whether in prose or in verse, are highly condensed, inexorably compact, transparently clear. There is no need to point out that this is a state of linguistic efficiency unknown in every day life, filled with the halting babble of myriad insignificancies. Yet this departure from reality, this contradiction of the fact, this impossibility, is assented to not only gladly but unthinkingly. The bargain is not consciously made, it is taken for granted, partly because it is for the benefit of the spectators and partly because it is an ancestral inheritance.

These are all essential conventions of the drama, without which it could not exist. They can be found in the plays of every people, ancient or modern, civilized or savage, in the lofty tragedies of Athens, two thousand years ago, as well as in the farces of Paris five hundred years ago. They make possible the drama in prose, the drama in verse, the drama in song, and the drama in gesture. They are the fundamental conventions of the art, handed down by tradition from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary and certain to survive so long as man shall find delight in the theater, in beholding a story set on the stage to be shown in action before his admiring eyes. From the beginning of things the playwright like the painter and the sculptor has always had to ask his audience "to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities."

III.

While these are all of them permanent and essential conventions of the drama, there are others peculiar to the music-drama and to it equally necessary, since without them it could not exist,—indeed it could not even have come into being.

We all know that the ordinary speech of man is prose, often careless and inaccurate, ragged and repetitious; and yet if we are to enjoy "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" we must accept the impossible supposition that Denmark and Scotland were once inhabited by a race of beings whose customary speech was English blank verse. We all know that the ordinary speech of man is

unrhythmic and unrimed; and yet if we are to find pleasure in "Tartuffe" we must allow that Paris in the reign of Louis XIV was peopled by men and women whose customary speech was the rimed alexandrine. So the convention which alone makes possible the beautiful art of pantomime—a form of drama restricted in its range but always delightful within its rigid limitations—is that there exists a race of beings who have never known articulate speech, who utter no sounds, and who communicate their feelings and their thoughts by the sole aid of gesture. If we are unwilling to assent to this monstrous proposition we deny ourselves instantly and absolutely all the pleasure that the art of pantomime can bestow.

Now, the convention which supports and makes possible the music-drama is that there is a race of beings whose natural speech is song, and only song, with no recourse to merely spoken words. It is by the aid of song alone that the persons who people grand opera can communicate with one another, can transmit information, can express their emotions. Of course, this is a proposition quite as monstrous as that upon which the art of pantomime is based,—or as those upon which the arts of painting and sculpture are founded. It is a proposition which any plain man of everyday common sense is at liberty to reject unhesitatingly; and no one has any right to blame him. All we have a right to do is to point out that the acceptance of this convention is a condition precedent to the enjoyment of opera and that he who absolutely refuses to be a party to the contract, thereby deprives himself of all the delights which the music-drama may afford.

Tolstoy was one of those who felt keenly the inherent absurdity of opera, if the test of reality is applied to it,—although oddly enough he seems never to have become conscious that painting and sculpture are just as remote from the facts of nature. In his curiously individual treatise on "What is Art?" he narrates his visit to an opera-house while a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried" was taking place. This music-drama did not interest him and he held it up to ridicule by the aid of the inexpensive device of satirically narrating the story as it was shown in action and of describing realistically the appearance and gestures and utterances of the performers.

When I arrived, Tolstoy writes, an actor sat on the stage amid scenery intended to represent a cave, and before something which was meant to represent a smith's forge. He was dressed in tights, with a cloak of skins, wore a wig, and an artificial beard, and with white, weak, genteel hands

beat an impossible sword with an unnatural hammer in a way in which no one uses a hammer; and at the same time, opening his mouth in a strange way, he sang something incomprehensible.

This quotation is sufficient to show Tolstoy's unsympathetic attitude and his unwillingness to accept the implied contract which opera calls for. Apparently Tolstoy was present at a performance not as perfect artistically as it ought to have been; but it is equally apparent that he would have been just as hostile if the performance had attained to an ideal perfection. What he was condemning was the music-drama as an art-form; and the animus of his adverse verdict is his unexpressed expectation that opera ought to withstand the test of reality. But opera is always unnatural and impossible. It is absurd and monstrous that the dying Tristan's last breath should be powerful enough to reach to the top gallery of a large opera-house and that the Rhine-maidens should sing as they are swimming under water; but it is just as unnatural, impossible, absurd and monstrous that Hamlet should speak English blank verse and that the Mona Lisa should be motionless and without relief.

In fact, the attitude of the sophisticated Tolstoy, familiar with all the apparatus of culture, is not unlike that of the unsophisticated redskin whose portrait was once outlined by a white visitor to the camp of the tribe and who gazed at his own counterfeit presentment in wondering silence and then plaintively asked, "Where is the other side of my face?"

Here we recall again the final sentence of the pregnant passage earlier quoted from La Farge: *I am obliged to ask you to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities evident to the senses and sometimes disturbing when the convention supposed to be agreed upon between you and myself is understood only by one of the two parties.*

IV

Although the music-drama cannot provide pleasure for those who do not understand the convention or who wilfully refuse to accept it, "the true children of the opera-world," as Mr. Parker felicitously terms them, are so accustomed to this convention that they are rarely conscious of it. Nevertheless they do not wish to be unduly reminded of it and to have their attention called to its various and manifold consequences. Wagner was wise in his generation in preferring to build his plots upon the legends of once-upon-a-time, because it is always easier to make-believe when we allowed ourselves to be transported on a magic carpet

to that remote, vague and fantastic period. As we know that the Rhine-maidens never existed anywhere or anywhen, we never think of cavilling at their ability to sing while they are swimming under water.

But when a battleship swings at anchor and when Pinkerton produces a decanter and syphon to mix a whiskey and soda, we can hardly help being conscious of the artistic incongruity between these realities and the impossibility of Pinkerton's extending his invitation in song, which we know not to be the mode of expression natural to an American of our own time asking a friend to take a drink. The sound rule for any artist would seem to be that, whatever his special art, he should carefully avoid everything which tends to awaken in the spectators the consciousness that they are parties to a bargain. The contract holds best when it is implicit, when neither party gives it a thought, and when both parties abide by it. "The dramatist," so Lessing declared, "must avoid everything that can remind the spectators of their illusion, for as soon as they are reminded, the illusion is gone."

This is the rule that Mr. William Gillette broke in his "Sherlock Holmes" when he allowed one of his characters to describe the invisible fourth wall of the gas-chamber to which the cool and keen-witted detective was to be lured,—that fourth wall which had to be supposed away, so that the audience could hear and see what is taking place upon the stage. This same rule was again violated by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" and by Sir James Barrie in the "New Word," when these playwrights set a fender and fire-irons down by the prompter's box, thus asking the spectators to believe that there was an invisible fireplace in the invisible wall.

Nearly a score of years ago I was present at a performance of "La Traviata" in the opera-house at Vienna; and I was forced to observe the disadvantage of an ill-advised attempt at realistic exactitude in the realm of operatic convention. I had been accustomed to see Verdi's opera set in scenery of no particular place and of no particular period,—and therefore not calling attention to itself; and I was also used to beholding the consumptive heroine arrayed in the very latest Paris gown while her lovers wore a nondescript costume as dateless and as characterless as the scenery itself. The manager of the Vienna opera-house had unfortunately remembered that Verdi's score was composed to a book made out of the "Dame aux Camélias" of the younger Dumas, originally performed in Paris in 1852; and therefore he had sought an accurate reproduction of a series of Parisian

rooms, with the draperies and the furniture of 1852, while the characters, male and female, lovely heroine and disconsolate lovers, were attired according to the French fashion-plates of that date. In the ballroom-scene therefore I beheld all the male members of the chorus habited in the evening-dress of 1852 and carrying under their arms the closed crush-hat which had been invented by the ingenious M. Gibus only a little earlier.

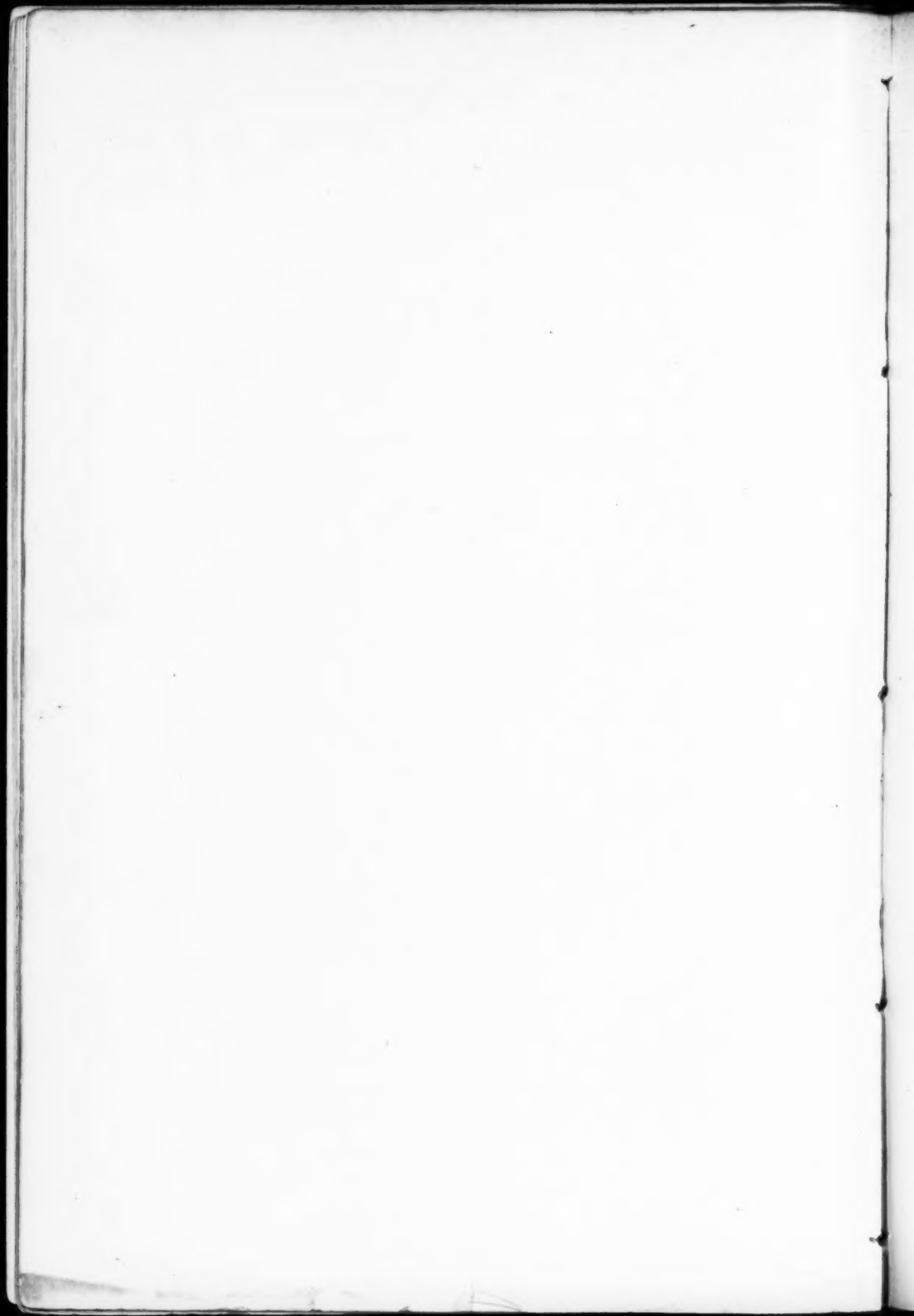
And I then had it brought home to me as never before how monstrously impossible the convention of opera is—and must be. I need not say that as I sat there in the mood of unconscious enjoyment I regretted having my attention wantonly called to the essential and permanent and inevitable convention by which alone the music-drama is made possible. It struck me not only as unwise but even as a little unfair.

LETTERS OF ROBERT LUCAS PEARSALL

THE name of Pearsall cannot be classed with those of the few English composers familiar to everybody. On the other hand, he belongs to the very few of whom it can be said that their reputation has steadily increased during the last half-century. Born in 1795 and dying in 1856, his career covers a period during which there are but few names to be remembered in the roll of English musicians. Bishop, Balfe, Bennett, the two Wesleys and Wallace almost exhaust the list—a curious sextet of men whose work was widely dissimilar, though each of whom in his own way has won some measure of fame. He would be a bold prophet who would predict that fifty years hence the operas and songs of Balfe and Wallace would still be remembered, yet there cannot be much risk in foretelling a long life for the church music of the two Wesleys', while the glees of Bishop will probably survive many years after the mass of music written by that prolific composer has been entirely forgotten. Bennett's case is more doubtful. The younger generation will probably still, as at present, continue to look upon him as a shadow of Mendelssohn, though how inaccurate such a view is will be only recognized by those who can appreciate the delicate individuality of his singularly refined talent. His works may for a time be laid aside, but they can never be forgotten for long, for they contain the germs of eternal youth which cannot be stifled by years of neglect. Can the name of Pearsall be added to our above list? There is something to be said both for and against. His best work—his madrigals and some of his part-songs and church music—reaches a very high level of excellence and there is nothing exactly like it in the work of any of his contemporaries. A son of the romantic movement, he was a pioneer in his exploration of the music of the late 16th and early 17th centuries, and his best compositions reproduce the spirit of the great Elizabethans and Italians whom he studied, at the same time successfully avoiding the snare of becoming a mere dry-as-dust imitator. In this he displayed real genius, and if his ultimate position in the roll of English musicians rested on his best work, he should enjoy a high place, though one apart from any of his contemporaries. But unfortunately there has been published a good deal from his



Robert Lucas Pearsall



pen which falls far short of his highest level of excellence. In this, of course, he is not alone, but in a composer of the first rank even his second and third best possesses interest. But Pearsall can never claim to rank with the greatest, and his less important compositions fall very far short of the level he reached in his best work. These minor compositions, it is safe to say, are now mostly forgotten, and are not likely to see the light of revival. They may well be neglected, more particularly as he was not responsible for the publication of the bulk of them. But wherever the art of choral singing continues to flourish as it has done, almost without interruption, in England for the last 250 years, his madrigals undoubtedly will cause his name to be loved and remembered by the side of those of the great Elizabethan composers. It is therefore to the small circle of his admirers that the letters here published for the first time will appeal. They reveal the numerous activities of his mind and the many interests with which he was occupied beyond the art of music. It was, indeed, the many-sidedness of his character which caused his contemporaries to overlook his real eminence as a musician. Even long after his death, he was regarded merely as a talented amateur who had taken up music more as a branch of archæology than as a serious pursuit. His little personal foibles, the love of mediævalism which caused him to live for the latter part of his life in the old castle he had restored in Switzerland, his devotion to genealogy and heraldry, to the laborious researches in the by-paths of archæology—these played a too prominent part in the estimate in which he was held as a musician. But looked at now, over half a century from the date of his death, they fall into their proper place and can be regarded as only a part, and that not the most important one, in the real result of his life-work.

Pearsall's career, like his best music, was very different from that of most musicians of his day. Born at Clifton in 1795, he traced his descent from the Pearsalls, Persalls or Peshalls of Rowley Regis near Halesowen, a younger branch of whom, in the person of John Pearsall, in 1712 settled at Willsbridge in the parish of Bitton, between Bristol and Bath, where he erected a mill for rolling hoop-iron and making steel. The business for a long time was successful, and in 1730 John Pearsall built himself a house at Willsbridge, but in 1811 the works were closed and their owner became bankrupt and left the village. Robert Lucas Pearsall was the only surviving child of Richard Pearsall, an officer in the Enniskillen Dragoons and subsequently Major in the West Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. His mother was Elizabeth Lucas,

of Bristol. His grandfather was John Pearsall of Willsbridge and his grandmother Philippa Still, daughter of John Still of the Bury, Downton—a great-grandson of John Still (1543?-1608) Bishop of Bath and Wells, the reputed author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle." Major Pearsall died when his son was still a child. His mother bought back Willsbridge House in 1817, when the family resumed its connection with Willsbridge, though the old iron business was no longer continued. The stone mill, with water-power supplied by a brook, formerly used for rolling iron, still exists, but is now used for grinding flour. It was from his mother that Robert Lucas derived his love of music. He was educated at home and as a boy composed a cantata on "Saul and the Witch of Endor," which was privately printed, though no copies are known to exist. Had he been allowed to follow his inclinations, Pearsall would have entered the army, but in deference to his mother's wishes he studied law, entering at Lincoln's Inn. In 1817 he married Harriett Elizabeth, only child of Armfield Hobday, of Holles Street, Cavendish Square. In 1821 he was called to the bar and joined the Western Circuit, residing principally at Willsbridge House. He seems to have had some success as a barrister, and it is recorded that on one occasion he was complimented in a speech by John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor. About this time he is said to have been a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, but his articles have never been identified. The volumes for 1821 and 1822 contain three sets of new words for old national melodies (with the music) sent by 'Thomas Piper' from 'Chantington', which may be by Pearsall. A paper "On the Metaphysics of Music and their accordance with modern practice", which appeared in May, 1822, signed 'T. D.', is very much like his style. An allusion to Cobbett in both papers, is significant, for in 1839 he contributed to 'Felix Farley's Journal' six imaginary letters from Cobbett on music. In 1825 Pearsall had a slight attack of apoplexy, which led to his leaving England with his family. After remaining for some time at Brussels, Bruges and Liège, he settled for five years at Mainz. Here he first began the serious study of music, under the tuition of Joseph Panny (1794-1838), the master of Peter Cornelius. He seems first to have turned his attention to instrumental music and composed several overtures, one of which was played at Mainz in 1828. He also made an excellent translation of Schiller's "William Tell," which was published in London in 1829. In the same year he returned to England, remaining at Willsbridge for a year, but in the autumn of 1830 he joined his family at

Baden-Baden and soon after settled at Carlsruhe, where he remained for nearly twelve years. From Carlsruhe he paid long visits to Ratisbon, Nürnberg, Vienna, Pesth and Prague, at Munich going through a course of musical study with Kaspar Ett (1788-1847), a musician who did great service in Germany in reviving the pure style of early church music. It is in the period of his residence at Carlsruhe that the series of Pearsall's letters which have been preserved begins. The early ones are addressed to his friend the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, Vicar of Bitton, in which parish Willsbridge is situated. They are printed here with only omissions of matters relating to family affairs and business matters, which are sometimes gone into at great length. I have added what comments seem necessary at the end of each letter.

I

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, May 7th, 1833.

Dear Ellacombe.

As I have an opportunity of sending a parcel to England, I have made up a little packet of music for you. There are two copies of a piece of music amongst it. Egotism is now so much the fashion that I may well stand excused for mentioning myself first. It is a Gradual composed in imitation of church music of the 17th century, and has been performed here with some success. . . I have the more pleasure in sending you this, as the musical reviews have spoken very well of it, and I believe that it is the best thing that I have done of the kind.—The other things that I have sent are—1. Some chaunts, which I believe to be the source from which ours of the Church of England are drawn. They are taken from a Book published by the Lutherans before they had quite rejected the Roman *form* of worship. I have no doubt that they were retained from the Romish ritual. The book from which I took them is very scarce. It contains the Lutheran liturgy of the time, which is so similar to the Catholic liturgy that I thought at first sight that I had fallen on a translation of it, and it was not until I came to the celebrated Hymn of Luther, "From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord", that I was undeceived. I have sent you also a curious old song, the words of which are half in Latin and half in German, which appears to have been a favorite fashion in the Middle Ages. It is called in the book where I found it (this book bears date A. D. 1504) a very old and fair (schön) Christmas-eve Song. The melody is indeed very beautiful and composed in the pure spirit of simplicity and devotion. I have harmonized it with some care for 4 voices. Get Salter or any one who is equally capable to play it and fancy it sung by a single-hearted and uncorrupted congregation of peasants in their Xmas-eve procession and I am sure you will appreciate it. Such melodies cannot be composed now-a-days. They were the emanations of a pure and sincerely religious spirit and this spirit is now no more. It is the same with the paintings of the old German school. Rough though they be, look in the faces of the Saints and Virgins and you will find reflected in them the devotion of the Painter. Our painters are now all Atheists—or next to it—and


that's the reason why we see so many Angels and Apostles looking like Heathen Lords and Philosophers rather than anything Christian. I have much increased my collection of music since I saw you last. I was at Munich last May and spent a month in the Library there and had the assistance of the King's Chaplain (who is a great musical antiquary) in making a selection from the manuscripts; and there is a glorious assemblage of them, which you will readily believe when I tell you that the music of the dissolved monasteries has been deposited there. . . I found at Augsburg a composition of Pope Gregory VII (very beautiful) and a Latin version of the Hymn by our Henry VIII given in Boyce. I will send you these whenever an opportunity presents itself, together with a Magnificat by Orlando di Lasso (a great master of the Flemish School) which I am about to publish here. Do you recollect a MS. music book of the 15th century which you showed me when I was last in England? I believe you found it at *Strong's*. It was in vellum. I did not know what it was at the time, but now I know that it contained a portion of the old *Bis-cantus* of the Romish Church. If you bought it, keep it, for it is *rarissimum*! When at Munich I employed myself much in deciphering the old music and I will give you some of the results of my experience.

The ancient signatures as to Time were as follows:

No. 1  No. 2  No. 3  No. 4  It seems that there

were two sorts of time. I. Perfect time (*Tempus perfectum*).

II. Imperfect time (*Tempus imperfectum*).

Perfect time was what we call simple triple time, *i.e.*, where the bar is divided into 3 parts. The subdivision of these parts was called prolation (*Prolatio*). If each part was subdivided into 3 the prolation was Perfect—(*Prolatio Perfecta*), but if into 2 it was imperfect (*Prolatio Imperfecta*). Perfect Time was denoted by a circle and perfect prolation by a dot. Thus when the measure or bar was divided into three parts and those three were subdivided into three others, it was denoted by a  and called *tempus perfectum et prolatio perfecta*. This was what we now call



It was anciently written



None of the notes were dotted, because the dot in the circle was sufficient for all in the bar. When the bar was divided into 3 parts which were subdivided by 2, it was *Tempus perfectum et Prolatio imperfecta*.

This is what we now call



Anciently written




or




Tempus imperfectum was when the bar was divided into 2 parts. It was denoted by a half-circle—C—so. If its prolation were perfect, *i.e.*, if the said 2 parts were subdivided into 3, then a dot was put in the middle of the half-circle—C—so. This Tempus imperfectum et prolatio per-

fecta was what we now call  It was anciently writ-

ten  Tempus imperfectum et prolatio imper-

fecta was what we call Common Time,  anciently

written  The ancient notes in music were called

as follows:  Each preceding

Maxima Longa Brevis Semibrevis Minima

one is equal to two of the succeeding one. I puer! I have now let you into the *sacra arcana*; perhaps they may be serviceable if you should ever get hold of any ancient MSS.; at any rate you will not think the less of them when I tell you that throughout all Paris I could not find one man who could give me the least clue to the meaning of these ancient signatures. In the Rhine land nobody understands them and it was not till I got to Munich that I found in the person of Mr. Ett (a very respectable composer and a learned man to boot, for he understands Greek and Hebrew and half a dozen Oriental languages—a sort of musical Dominie Sampson), [one] who could explain them to me. After I left Munich I went to Nürnberg. I wished for you there, for in regard to old architecture it is a perfect Eldorado. As I came into the town at 5 o'clock in the morning, before anybody was stirring, I could almost fancy myself living in the Middle Ages, so surrounded is one on every side with vestiges of the 14th and 15th centuries. On the ceiling of one of the corridors of the Town Hall there is represented in Alt-Relief a Tournament where all the tilers are dressed in the costume of *Court-fools*. This was often the case, I understand, at the tournaments given by the patrician families of the Imperial Cities who wished to ridicule the martial games of the Country Gentlemen; for in the early part of the 15th century they were not admitted to these games, being considered as [a] sort of half-castes between nobles and plebeians. At Nürnberg the common executioner follows three professions. He is a very expert cutter-off of heads, a Doctor of Medicine and *the most esteemed music-master in the Town!* The most remarkable thing I saw in this old City was the remains of an old machine for inflicting death called the Jungfer or Virgin. This machine was in the form of the Virgin Mary. On touching a spring she stepped forward, extended her arms (from the inside of which issued a number of small poniards) and embraced her

victim. She then released him and stepped back to her original position, but in so doing she caused a trap in the floor to open through which the dead man was precipitated on a sort of scissor-bed which was so nicely balanced and so arranged that the weight of a man's body falling on it would set it in motion for many minutes, so that he was cut to shreds in an instant. The section underneath will give you some idea of this horrible and complicated piece of machinery.¹

AA—the weights by which the scissor-bed was balanced and set going. D—a sort of grave where the remains of the persons executed were deposited. N. B.—There were some skulls and bones there.

This machine was placed in a subterranean room approached through the casemates of the old Castle and defended by strong doors. I saw enough of the remains of this machine to be convinced that it existed, and collected some evidence respecting it from persons who had seen it in a more perfect state. I have since heard that a similar machine exists in the vaults under the Palace of the King of Prussia at Berlin and that another in very good preservation is to be found at Mecklenburg-Schwerin. I shall enquire further about this. In the meantime it is not singular that this instrument was called the Virgin, that the old Scotch Guillotine was called the *Maiden* and that the old German Guillotine or Fall-Devil (and this was known as early as A. D. 1270) was used as a punishment for ravishing *virgins*? We say of a man destined to be beheaded that he will *kiss* the block. The Scotch said formerly 'he'll *kiss the maiden*', and the Germans, speaking of the death inflicted by their Virgin, called it the Jungfer-Kuss or '*Kiss of the Virgin*.' It seems as if there was a community of origin in these inventions. I have collected materials for an interesting article treating on this subject which perhaps I may hereafter print. I have collected other scraps of curious information since we last met, particularly as to the old *Judicium Dei* in Franconia, where the accuser and accused fought it out to death with immense shields armed at top and bottom with spikes—a most cruel weapon, I promise you. In the Library at Munich I found an old "Art of Defense" written on vellum in the year 1400 by Paulus Kall, fencing-master to the then Duke of Bavaria. In this there are drawings of all sorts of weapons then in vogue. . . I have almost completed a set of drawings showing in detail the manner of executing this combat and the ceremonies by which it was attended. . . I read the English papers with dismay. That a Revolution is preparing in our Country is what no person can doubt, and happen what may it will be very sanguinary, for our population is out of all proportion to the surface of our country. Here one might escape by going into the forests, but in England there is no such place of refuge. We are quiet here, thanks to Austria and Prussia, who have trodden out the first sparks of a Jacobin Press. You have heard much, no doubt, about the tumult at Frankfurt. It was entirely the work of Lafayette and his vagabond Poles and some hundreds of young men at the Universities. The people in general here are quiet and disposed to be so, for there is no real grievance: we pay next to nothing for customs and there is not such a thing as a turnpike in all Baden. It is a set of rascally Advocates without practise who make all

¹The sketch is not reproduced here as it was quite conjectural and much altered in the paper on the subject which Pearsall published later.

the noise. These employed themselves till lately in editing the revolutionary Gazettes, and now that the censorship of the press has deprived them of a profitable avocation and obliged them to wear frieze instead of broadcloth, they would fain make the world believe everything ought to be overturned in order that they might be reinstated in their old printing-shops and have free liberty to live by lying and slandering, and slake their thirst by evil-speaking. There is no such mischievous brute on earth as a needy lawyer!

P. S. Don't give copies of what I've sent you to anyone, because perhaps I may hereafter publish a little book on Ancient Psalmody.

The Gradual which Pearsall sent Mr. Ellacombe with the above letter was the fine 'Sederunt principles' for five voices and figured bass, written for the Feast of St. Stephen and published by Schott at Mainz in 1837. It is numbered 'Opus 7' and has recently been issued with English words by the Church Music Society. A 'Miserere mei Domine', a perpetual canon for three voices, had previously been published by Schott without date: Op. 2 to 5 do not seem to have appeared; op. 6 is a part-song for five voices 'Take O take those lips away', published in London, in 1830. Copies are extremely scarce. Lasso's 'Magnificat' (II) for six voices, edited by Pearsall, was published by Velten, at Carlsruhe, in 1833. The subject of the Nürnberg 'Jungfrau' (which, by the way, was not intended to represent the Blessed Virgin) interested Pearsall so much that he paid a second visit to Nürnberg to investigate it. The result of his researches appeared in a paper entitled "The Kiss of the Virgin: a narration of researches made in Germany during the years 1832 and 1834," which was printed in Vol. XXVII of 'Archæologia' (1838).

In 1833, Pearsall, wrote for private performance at Carlsruhe a little Ballet or Pantomime: "Die Nacht eines Schwärmers, Pantomisches Ballet in fünf Bildern, aus dem Leben gegriffen." The music of this has recently been found in private hands. The scenario is in my possession. In 1834 he published "Stray leaves from an Idler's Commonplace Book"—a little work of which so far only a single copy has come to light. In 1835 he published (at Schott's) a beautiful "Ave Verum," for four voices, Op. 8, which has lately been reprinted with an English adaptation.

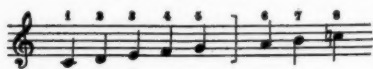
II

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, XV March, 1836.

My dear Ellacombe.

I write you this letter, as you will presently see, principally on my own account, and therefore I will beg you to set down to me whatever you may pay for its postage on the package of your answer to it. The

fact is that I want you to do me a little kindness and so I am going to bribe your good will with the chaunts on the other side. I wish also to add to them some remarks (which I have often wished I could communicate to you) on the construction of chaunts in general. But in order that my remarks may have due weight, let me tell you (and pardon the vanity which prompts me to do so) that I have obtained much reputation in Germany as a Contrapuntist. A Psalm for 5 voices which I published last year has been most favorably reviewed abroad, particularly a preface which occurs in it, and I was lately very much surprised in reading the Introduction to a new Dictionary of Music which is now being published at Stuttgart, to find that they had mentioned me as one of the most eminent English composers of the present day; and I was still more surprised yesterday to receive a letter from the Editor of this Dictionary requesting me to send him *data* for a biographical notice of me. You see therefore that I am a prophet out of my own country, though God knows I should never have been one *in it*. After this ebullition of egotism let me go on to the matter in hand:—I have lately been giving a good deal of attention to the chaunts published by Dr. Clarke of Hereford (you have his book) and I have come to a firm conviction that there is a great reform wanted in this department of Church Music. At the end of the last winter the Crown Prince of Bavaria had the goodness to let me take copies of some very old and beautiful Italian Music which the Pope had sent him out of the Pontifical Library at Rome. This music was extremely simple and extremely easy to sing, and although there was nothing in the voice parts taken separately which was calculated to fix the attention, yet together they formed a harmony of a most imposing character. Having studied this music with much delight, I happened to take up Dr. Clarke's Book of Chaunts one day and found, with some feeling of astonishment, that I could no longer bear many of these Chaunts which I had formerly heard with pleasure and which are still favorites with most of the amateurs of Church Music. In fact there were only a few by Tallis, Farrant, and one or two authors of the very old English School which seemed to me to be worthy of their place. The others appeared to want the simplicity and purity which is always the adjunct of a really pious mind. Now as soon as I discovered this I set about considering what could be the reason of it;—for there must be a reason for everything. So I sought out the characteristics of the *Old English* Chaunts and I find them to be these: 1st. That the melody of the chaunt lies in a very narrow compass. It *never* passes beyond the limits of a given octave, seldom beyond the sixth, and is most commonly confined to the first five notes of the scale of the key in which it may be composed (that is to say) if the key be C \sharp thus:



the melody will be found to be

made out of the first five notes of it. There is a great advantage in this. A melody thus constructed strains nobody's voice. One can sing it for hours without being tired, whereas a melody extending over the whole octave will produce a certain degree of weariness if applied to a long Psalm and if it extends over an octave or a half (as is the

case in some modern Chaunts) it becomes absolutely fatiguing. The Monks were cunning fellows. They had to sing every day Lauds and Matins, Vespers and Vigils, independently of Masses, and if their old chaunts had rambled like our new ones over an octave and a half every man of them would have bawled himself dead in less than two years. They therefore made there chaunts so as to be capable of being sung with the least possible labor and difficulty, and in doing so fitted them to the organ and capacity of every one who might be destined to sing them. 2dly. I find in the Old Chaunts a total absence of the chord of the seventh upon a Dominant bass, and of all its inversions. The only discords they admitted were the seventh in the second of the scale (*vide* No. 1 a.) and the fourth in the dominant (*vide* No. 2 b). The other discords were rejected as too weak and the seventh on the dominant bass particularly; because we cannot have a fifth in the succeeding chord if the intervals were strictly resolved. Of course I speak of music in four parts (*vide* over leaf for examples). I think the old masters were right in this. As a proof I have sent one or two of the newer chaunts altered to the way in which I think a good Composer of the 16th century would have written them.

No 2. Thanksgiving. (*N.B.* That which was the Bass of the foregoing Chaunt is here given to the Treble, but in another Tone).

No.1. Penitential. (*N.B.* The Bass is here the principal Melody).

Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

(a) (b)

43

No.4. (*N.B.* The melody in the Discant here is the inversion of the Discant melody in the foregoing (No.3) Chaunt

No.3.

Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

License. (*vide* infra *)

44

No. 5. No. 6. Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

* Another version of No. 4 containing a stricter inversion of the concluding cadence of No. 3, but which is nevertheless inadmissible in Church Music such as ours.

[The blanks in the above are as in the original. The rest of the letter is missing.]

The 'Psalm for 5. voices' is evidently the Gradual 'Sederunt principes' published in 1832. Whistling's 'Handbuch' has no record of a Psalm published in 1835. The 'New Dictionary of Music' is G. Schilling's "Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften," which appeared at Stuttgart in 1842. It contains an interesting account of Pearsall, which will be noticed later. The chaunts published by Dr. Clarke of Hereford are John Clarke-Whitfeld's (1770-1836) "Selection of Single and Double Chants," in two volumes (no date).

In 1836 Pearsall returned to England and sold his Willsbridge property, which he had inherited on his mother's death. He remained in England for about a year, during which time he became much interested in the movement then going on for recognition of the Baronets as a branch of the nobility. On this subject

he published "A Few Remarks on the Position of the Baronets of Great Britain, by a Traveller" (1836), reprinted in 1837 as "The Position of the Baronets of the British Empire" and followed in 1833 by a "Letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Baronets." The last-named work was printed with alterations and interpolations which Pearsall resented. It was consequently suppressed by the author, but there is a copy in the British Museum Library containing numerous MS. notes from his pen. It was in 1837 that he began his long connexion with the British Madrigal Society, which was founded in consequence of a course of lectures given that year in Bristol by the Gresham Professor, Edward Taylor. On his return to Germany he presented an oak pulpit to his old parish church at Bitton.

III

CARLSRUHE, 14 March, 1838.

My dear Ellacombe.

Let me thank you for the long and interesting letter which you have written me and for the very neat drawing of a really beautiful pulpit which stands at the head of it. Its beauty is, however, something like that of many a shining insect—all very pretty until it pitches on you, and then admiration makes its exit. Oh, these matters of finance, they are horrible things! and to say the truth I was never less disposed to give than at the present moment. Yet for your sake and for that of a neighbourhood which will not go away from my heart, I will try to help you out of your difficulties. I cannot do it, however, all at once; for I am not just now flush with money and during the last two years I have been subject to pecuniary disagreeables to no small extent. . . .

I am very glad to hear that the Virgin is likely to come out and that the plates have been engraved. Touching this matter, I have a favor to ask of the Antiquarian Society and perhaps you would be kind enough to do what you can to get it granted for me. You must know that tradition says that in the Castle of Baden-Baden there existed formerly one of these machines, which was employed there by an ancestor of our reigning Grand Duke. Finding that this report annoyed him I undertook to whitewash the memory of his ancestor and have accordingly written in French a little book showing the impossibility of employing the Virgin on the spot where she is said to have received her prey. This has given great pleasure, not only to the Grand Duke but to his family, who have been almost prodigal of their attentions to my wife and daughters, so that I feel myself in duty bound to publish, the more especially as it may be the means of drawing their good will and interest towards my son when he goes into the Austrian Army. But I find myself exposed to a little difficulty, namely, that I cannot make myself clearly intelligible without plates. Now as the Antiquarian Society had already engraved all the plates which I should want, it strikes me that they would let me perhaps have 100 impressions or so—I, of course, paying for paper and striking off the impressions. Be so kind as to enquire whether this can be done. Mind, what I am about

to publish here is a *French* historical notice of Baden Castle, which will not at all interfere with what they have published.

If my request can be granted I should be most happy to work out the obligation and will send them two papers which I have been for some time getting up. 1. A description, with drawings, of a complete judicial torture chamber now existing at Ratisbon; and 2. An account of the German mode of managing the *Judicium Dei*, chiefly exemplified by drawings and notices of their combat with the great shield. This last will be a curious and interesting paper, because all the drawings are made after drawings in the Codices of Bakker, to be found in the Archives of the Bavarian family and that of Saxe Gotha. . . Remember me also to Captain Stratton and his lady. I am glad that you have found out their good qualities. . . It is droll enough, but perfectly to be expected that Capt. S. and the Lord of the Manor should have a tilt together. Both have been accustomed to dragoon the world and I hope that both will seek [?] amusement from the contest in which they are engaged. I am glad to hear *you* say that Willsbridge is improved, although it has been done (to make use of the Captain's own words) "at a powerful expense." I am glad that my suggestion with respect to your arms has been of use. With regard to my own, I will endeavor to send you an impression of the mode in which the Knights of Malta wear their escutcheons, so that you may have mine done *secundem artem*. I have worked very hard for the Hospitallers here in Germany and have done them perhaps some little good here, for I have got them—that is to say the British Language—acknowledged by the remnant of the Ancient German Language; so that you may now if you like call me 'Chevalier de Malte' on the back of the letters which you write to me abroad. You will laugh at this, and yet you have no idea how this sort of folly affects a man's progress in life on the Continent. . .

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

The 'French historical notice of Baden Castle', alluded to in the above letter, does not seem to have been published, though the MS. is mentioned in the list of his library.

Pearsall's researches into the "*Judicium Dei*" were included in a paper contributed to the Society of Antiquaries: it is printed in Vol. XXIX of *Archæologia* (1840), but he seems to have done nothing further about the Ratisbon Torture Chamber. On July 22, 1837, Pearsall became a Knight of Justice of the revived Langue of the Order of Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. He took great interest in the fortunes of this revival, and the muniments of the Order contain a good many letters from him on the subject.

IV

CARLSRUHE, 4 July, 1838.

My dear Ellacombe.

With this letter you will receive three Books of Retzsch's etchings which Mrs. Ellacombe will perhaps do me the kindness to accept as a

souvenir of Germany. These are the only works of his that I can procure *here* and which merit attention on the score of originality. The plays of Shakespeare which he has illustrated are (as far as he is concerned) complete failures and are published at Leipsig. In the Faust you will find a recently published set of prints destined to illustrate the Second Part of that poem, which was published after Goethe's death and which I have not yet read. People say that it is not equal to the first part. Some of the plates appear to have been retouched by the engraver and to have been injured by it. I am sorry for this, because the impressions from them are not so clear as I could have wished. But it is almost impossible to get a good unblemished set of any of Retzsch's etchings at the present day—without indeed one happens to pick up with one of those first printed by him. . .

Herewith two madrigals. If Corfe is in England when this reaches you, be so good as to send them to him with the letters to himself and Mr. Bleek. But if C. has gone to fetch his wife home from Switzerland, then I will trouble you to remit the same to Mr. Bleek, who lives on Red-cliff Parade. He is a Surgeon; I believe you know him. Be so kind, however, as to seal the letters first in case they should not be sealed when they reach you. With best regards to all your circle.

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

Mr. 'Corfe' of the above letter is John Davis Corfe (1804–1876) organist of Bristol Cathedral, who for many years conducted the Bristol Madrigal Society.

V

[The beginning is missing. Evidently written to the Rev. H. F. Ellacombe at the end of 1838 or the beginning of 1839.]

I ought to make you all sorts of apology for not having wished you a happy new year in the outset of my letter, and I hope when you write to me that I shall hear that you have finished the old year and begun the new one to your heart's content. Believe me that as often as I think of my old home, and that is not seldom, I walk from it to Bitton and visit the friends who have received me there so often and so kindly. Let me hope that Mrs. Ellacombe is now perfectly recovered and that Jane and Marianne are well and happy. I cannot forget the good nature with which they used to play my poor waltzes; it was a real inspiration to compose others. Pray tell them how affectionately I remember them and how much pleasure I shall have in seeing them, together with all your family, once more. Let me hope that you have acquired a good neighbour in Mr. Stratton. . . May I beg you to give him and Mrs. Stratton when you next see them my best compliments. . . By the papers I find that you have a smart winter on your side the water, but it is nothing to what we have here, where the thermometer is standing at 19° below zero of Reaumur, which is, I believe, below the ordinary gradation of English Thermometers. I forgot to say that if you would like to have a copy of the Madrigal which I sent to Mr. Corfe I will tell him to let you have one, although you had perhaps better wait until it is published, when you can have a copy without any trouble. If you have

not had my arms in the Church repainted yet, I will trouble you to make a slight addition to them, namely to put the 8-pointed cross behind them, thus: [a sketch]. This is the way in which the Hospitallers wore their arms previously to the French Revolution, and still continue to wear them; (Note: the arms should be white,) and in this manner one gets rid of the cross and ribbon which is sometimes worn below. If, however, you have already made the alteration which I proposed when I was last in England, there will be no need of again changing the thing and you can then keep the above sketch as a model and when you become yourself a Hospitaller you can put up your own arms after this fashion.

And now that I have written you this long letter I beg you to charge me with the postage of it, and sending the most affectionate regards to all your family entreat you to believe me to be

Very sincerely yours

R. L. P.

P. S. - - - Once more adieu.

In 1839 the orchestral parts of Pearsall's "Grosse charakteristische Ouverture zu Shakespeare's Macbeth als Einleitung zu den . . . Hexenchören" were published by Schott at Mainz. The full score has never been printed: it is preserved, with other incidental music to the play, in the library of the Monastery of Einsiedeln. In 1840 'Great God of Love,' 'The Hardy Norseman,' 'Take heed, ye Shepherd Swains,' 'I saw lovely Phillis,' 'Spring returns' and 'It was upon a Springtide-day' were published—the last-named only with the composer's initials. 'Lay a Garland' was written at Carlsruhe in the same year, but did not appear until later. In 1839 Pearsall contributed (anonymously) an amusing series of letters on music to Felix Farley's *Journal* (published at Bristol). They are entitled 'Cobbett's Letters to the Students of the Royal Academy of Music' and are aimed at Meyerbeer and his school—though this is left to the reader to discover. Several extracts from them were given in the *Musical Herald* for 1 Aug. 1906, but the whole series has never been reprinted. In the following letters there are many allusions to Pearsall's children. These were: (1.) Robert Lucas, who died in London, in 1865; (2.) Elizabeth Still, married at Paris, in 1839 to Charles Wyndham Stanhope, who in 1866 succeeded his cousin as seventh Earl of Harrington: she died in 1912; (3.) Philippa Swinnerton, married in 1857, to John Hughes: she died in 1917.

VI

CARLSRUHE, February 19th, 1840.

My dear Ellacombe:

You have, no doubt of it, been wondering at my not having answered your kind letters. The chief reason of it is this. A friend of mine

here, who nearly two months ago was on the point of going to England, offered to take anything which I might have to send thither, and he has been constantly delaying his departure in expectation of a letter which was to determine the day of it. But as this letter has not yet arrived I have made up my mind to wait no longer. . . . Now that I have got over the business part of my letter I will say something of my movements since we parted. I reached home in August last and found my son, about whom you are so good as to ask, arrived at Carlsruhe and expecting news of his commission there. Some days afterwards came a letter from Vienna summoning him to Debreczin in Hungary, there to receive his Lieutenantancy in a Uhlan, or Lancer, Regiment. I was naturally anxious to see him properly equipped, and therefore we went together. This time instead of travelling by the usual landward route, I went to Ratisbon, and onward to Vienna by the steamboat on the Danube. Owing to the shallowness of the river at particular spots and to want of experience in the management of the Vessels, travelling by steam on the Danube is not as yet rendered very convenient, although anyone who can command his time may put up with the inconvenience of it in consideration of the beauties of the scenery which he will meet with *en route*. There is a sameness about the banks of the Danube, owing to the constant succession of pine forests which flourish there in great luxuriance; but with this abatement, the country is more picturesque than on the far-famed banks of the Rhine. Austria and upper Bavaria have been less constantly the theater of war than the Rhenish provinces, and therefore one finds the castles and churches, in the former countries, not ruined as they are on the Rhine. This serves to imprint on the scenery of the Danube an original, and to me very agreeable character; for one sees the country there much the same as it must have been two centuries ago. It is singular how government and religion will affect a country. An invisible line separates Bavaria from Austria, and yet the inhabitants on each side of it are perfectly distinct from each other in costume, habits and condition. Bavaria, notwithstanding it's being a Catholic country, has for some time had a tolerably free constitution; while Austria, as everybody knows, is a priest-ridden absolute monarchy. In Bavaria the people, although poor, are for the most part employed somehow or other, so that one meets with very few beggars. But at the first Austrian town we came to on the shore of the river, a totally new species of population presented itself. Here we were besieged by upwards of a dozen idiots and paupers all furnished with rosaries, begging for alms, and offering to pray for us in return for them. They all looked fat and happy and exercised their vocation under the noses of the police and custom-house officers.

It was odd enough to see how each of the village youths seemed anxious to give himself a military air. Each had on a cap cut as nearly as possible after the fashion of the undress cap of an officer, and only to be distinguished from it by a very slight peculiarity. Every Austrian commissioned officer wears in front of his cap a small rosette or rather button of black velvet with an *Ft* (i.e. Ferdinand the First) embroidered on it in gold and surrounded by a gold circle. This no one but an officer is permitted to wear. But as the military profession stands before all others in Austria, there is a general desire, on the part of all shop-boys and clerks and young men of that sort, to approximate themselves to it

as much as they can; and therefore you will constantly meet them wearing the military cap with a rosette of dark purple or red, instead of black, and the initials marked in silk instead of gold. In fact, indolence, submissiveness, good-nature or a love of finery appeared to me to be the most easily discernible characteristics of the population, and these perhaps are due to the operation of the Catholic religion in a country where each hungry man may get a bowl of soup at the door of some monastery or other merely at the expense of saying an *Ave* before a tawdily gilt and painted image of the Virgin.

On arriving at Lintz, where the boat stopped for the night, I had a pretty good proof of the privileges which are accorded to the military. We had 50 or 60 passengers on board, some of them people of title, but my son was the only officer. All the others were detained and rather severely examined at the Custom-house, but on production of his passport they let *him* pass his baggage, merely requiring his *parole d'honneur* that there was nothing contraband in it. The next day we went on to Vienna, with a great number of passengers, many of whom were military, and it amused me to observe the easy way in which they all got acquainted with each other. The military salutation of 'God greet you' seemed to have a sort of talismanic effect in putting them at ease together; still, as in every community, there are degrees of intimacy, so it was here, for the cavalry officers were on better terms with each other than the infantry officers. If two cavalry officers spoke together the conversation was carried on by means of the second pronoun singular, *thou* (or *Du*), but if a cavalry officer conversed with an infantry officer he generally employed the third person plural, *they* (or *Sie*), which is an element of politeness serving to establish a certain distance between two parties who talk to each other. It was also singular to observe the difference of deportment in the Hungarians and the Austrians. The former are a much finer race than the others, and from their being brought up with a high idea of their constitutional privileges (which are certainly very great), they walk about as if they were masters of the Creation.

We staid only one night at Vienna, where my boy took advantage of the military privilege of going to the Opera in uniform for the small sum of six Kreuzers—equal to about twopence half penny of English money. On the next day we started for Hungary by the steamboat. But our embarkation was most inconvenient. Opposite to Vienna the Danube is intersected by many islands and over one of them at least eight or nine hundred yards broad we had to march on planks (for the weather was very bad) almost as slippery with the rain as if they had been soaped. However, we got on board at last and went to Presburg. Seven or eight years ago this was one of the cheapest towns in Europe, but now, owing to the sittings of the Diet being established there and to the steam navigation on the Danube, the price of everything has been tripled. It rained so that we could not stir out, and the next morning we went on to Pesth. There were several persons of great distinction on board the boat, but they were all dressed in their very worst clothes so that we did not find them out at first. I had the honor of sitting for some time next to a Princess Esterhazy without being aware that she was any better than a shopkeeper's wife. However, say what one will about the barbarism of the country, no one who has travelled in it can hesitate to admit that the

higher classes of the Aristocracy there are a fine noble set of people, preserving to themselves great originality of character and much of that frankness and hospitality which distinguished the nobility of the Middle Ages. At the commencement of the evening when we were approaching Pesth, I lost sight of my son, and on looking after him I found him in conversation with an old man in a shocking bad hat, who came up to me and said that he had learnt that Robert was going to join his regiment at Debreczin, and as he himself was going there he should be only too happy to give my son half his carriage. I hesitated to accept the offer until it was again pressed so frankly that I could not refrain from answering in the affirmative. He then gave me his address and we separated. As soon as he was gone, I asked my son how he came to pick acquaintance with his new friend. "Why," said he, "I was standing on the deck looking at some young men rowing a boat. They were so handsome and clean-grown that I could not help saying 'Well, I'll be hanged if the Hungarians are not a fine race of people.'" As I spoke the words I turned round and found at my elbow the old man whom you saw, who immediately entered into conversation with me, enquired where my regiment was, and having heard that I belonged to the Fourth Uhlans, said that they were quartered in his neighbourhood, and not only offered me a seat in his carriage, but gave me a very warm invitation to come and see him." As soon as we landed and had established ourselves in our hotel, I took the old man's card to our landlord and asked who he was. He turned out to be a personage of very great importance, holding the office of *Obergespan* (equivalent to that of High Sheriff with us) in the County of Zathmar. The next morning he came to call on us in a coach and four, but so much improved in dress that I hardly knew him again. We found him extremely agreeable and interesting. He was a Baron Veschend, one of the old school, well-educated and speaking not only French, German and Hungarian, but Serbian, Wallachian, Croat and three or four other languages which are spoken in back settlements of his country. He gave me a great deal of information about the government and political state of Hungary, and by his account the Austrians are playing a deep game for the purpose of destroying its constitution. My son set off with him the next day and arrived safely at his destination on the third day afterwards. I staid behind for a day or two and employed it in seeing the lions of the place.

Pesth is an extensive, newly-built, city, standing right opposite to the old fortress of Buda (or Ofen, as it is now called), which was made the capital of the country and a city of great importance. It is now, however, only interesting in regard [to] the historical events connected with it. A half-ruined octagon church-tower of the 15th century was the only vestige that I could discover there of Gothic architecture, unless indeed it be a part of the town wall, which from its massiveness and rudeness I should suppose to be very ancient. The construction of it was singular in one respect, namely, that all the counterforts were built outwards. I observed that the wall of Gran (another old city on the Danube) was built in the same way, and I think I remember seeing (but I don't know where) a drawing of some city in the East where the walls were constructed after a similar fashion. Nothing shows the complete ruin inflicted on Hungary by the Turks in their different invasions more

than the absence of ancient buildings. The only entire building which I met with there which had any claim to antiquity was a church at Presburg, and that did not go back further than the year 1496. In Pesth everything is modern, and although built on a grand scale, solidity has been too little attended to. This was proved by the late inundation, which swept away many of the largest houses. It appears to me to have been a great act of folly to have built a city on the spot at all, for the water rose (during the event to which I have adverted) more than ten feet above the level of the streets, and although such a visitation as this may not happen more than once in fifty years, yet others only inferior in degree will certainly happen much oftener and do a great deal of harm. On the day of our arrival there arrived also an English engineer of the name of Clarke, who is going to throw a suspension-bridge across the Danube. If he succeeds he will make his fortune.

I left Pesth some days after my son, and in leaving it I seemed to have left European civilization behind me. The thing called a diligence in which I was obliged to travel was nothing more than just such a waggon as I suppose the Scythians might have used in the time of Alexander the Great. We got on, however, pretty well, with six small horses, rum ones to look at, but good ones to go; and this you will believe me when I tell you that with such horses we more than once travelled a stage equal to a good thirty English miles without stopping.

The common horses of the country are all small, scarcely larger than ponies, but they are tough and full of courage, and capable of tiring down finer-looking animals. From Pesth to Gaddila, a distance of about twenty miles, the road was tolerable, but shortly afterwards we came out on a heath where there was no road at all, or rather where there were fifty or sixty made, *ad libitum*, by the carriages of different travellers. Here one travels by directing one's course according to landmarks: the country in this spot, is as flat as a millpond. There is one level stretch of ground out to the very verge of the horizon. I saw the sun rise on the horizon of these plains: the effect was just such as it is out at sea. All this is novel to a stranger who will be interested by finding here, not only a new character in the country, but a climate, vegetation, men, beasts, fowls and fishes all differing from those of his own country. On the second day of our journey, after crossing the river Thais [Theiss], we entered one of these plains (or Wustas, as they are called in Hungarian) where there were a great quantity of barrows like those on the Wiltshire downs; some large and some small, extending irregularly over an immense space. We travelled over this plain from 10 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening, without meeting with a tree or a house except two farms built for the express purpose of enabling people to change horses. In the distance were immense droves of cattle, swine and horses, apparently wild, and nearer to us a great variety of birds such as I have never seen before. They were small birds in comparison to our English heron and not at all like it. Here too were many black storks and other birds which one reads of as belonging to the East. Here also I saw for the first time the *mirage* of the desert. No illusion can be more perfect: I could have sworn that it was a lake until I came near to it. At length we arrived at Debreczin, where my son's regiment was quartered for the purpose of manoeuvring. This is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with all

the characteristics of a village. Long streets with one-story-high houses with gardens are everywhere to be seen. Five or six churches and a university built with funds which were inadequate to complete them shew a scarcely successful attempt on the part of the government to give the features of a city to that which would else pass for a great struggling collection of houses. And yet the inhabitants are rich and said to carry on an extensive inland commerce. They are, for the most part, Calvinistic Protestants of a most bigoted character, thinking it sinful to go into society for the purposes of amusement, and, of course, still more sinful to enter a Tavern. The consequence of this is that there is no good inn to be found there. I put up at the best, and bad enough it was. Fleas so numerous and powerful that I was obliged to sleep in my clothes on the sofa, and bugs almost as big as kidney-beans. One great disadvantage affecting the place is that there is no stone in the neighbourhood, not even gravel. The soil is a light earth, full of saltpetre, which, under the influence of a hot sun falls abroad into a fine impalpable dust which the least wind scatters about in clouds. It rained hard all of one night while I was there and the next morning there was on the puddles in the road a perfect scum of saltpetre. This is in point of fact a part of the country from which that material is obtained in great abundance.

On the day after my arrival I rejoined my son, paid my respects to his Colonel and the General of Inspection and proceeded to equip him. One thing which struck me much was the dearness of horses here in a country which I had been taught to believe abounded with them, but this is not so. The small cart-horses are plenty enough, but I was obliged to pay £50 a piece (which in this country is equal to £150 a piece) for the two horses with which my son was obliged to furnish himself. He is in a very fine regiment, one of the best in the Austrian service. The men are nearly all Poles drawn out of Galicia. The officers are of all nations. There are amongst them seven Hungarians, five Poles, three Spaniards, one Swiss, two French Carlists, an Englishman, a Croat and a Turk, besides Bohemians, Germans and Italians, so that one may learn all languages there. However, they are a superb corps, 1600 strong, the common men being the best horsemen I have ever seen, using their lances with great dexterity. Amongst other things they manage (when at full speed) to dart them by an impulse of the foot 30 or 40 yards with great force and precision, picking them up again as they go by. But however well this may set forth their bodily ability as light cavalry, there can be no doubt that their minds are as uncultivated as they well can be. Take an example. My boy had a servant assigned to him who is really an intelligent fellow, and on his first appearance the following dialogue took place between him and his master. Q. "What's your name?" A. "Polaski!" "What's your country?" "Poland!" "North or South?" "I don't know." "Where is the village in which you were born?" "I can't tell you, but if I were at Lemberg I could find my way there." "Have you a father and mother?" "I don't know; I had both six years ago, but as they were old perhaps they are dead—I had two sisters also, probably they are living." "Can you read and write?" "No." Another mark of barbarism is the punishment of flagellation which takes place for every slight breach of duty. At a certain review one day there was a man who had his accoutrements dirty. He was ordered to the rear, a bundle of hazel sticks were

then brought and two were chosen just thick enough to enter the muzzle of a carbine. These were given to two Corporals who laid the man across a bench, and gave him, *par derrière*, twenty-five as good blows as one would wish to see inflicted. I took it for granted that the fellow would be ill for a week. But, much to my astonishment, he got up at the conclusion of his punishment, shook his feathers, mounted his horse and rode back into the line as if nothing had happened. When I expressed my surprise to an officer he replied: "Oh! those fellows don't mind it. In their infancy they are thrashed by their parents, as boys they are thrashed by their agricultural masters, as young men they are thrashed by their village magistrates, and when they come here, if they were not to be thrashed they would think that they had lost one of the elements of their nationality."

My son was very well received on entering the regiment. He found there two or three of his Engineer Academy comrades and a great many officers who had been educated at that school, so that there was the usual good disposition towards him which is created by such an event. The herald's certificate which I took with me relative to the descent from Edward I was very useful. On the strength of it he has been registered amongst and allowed the privileges of the Austrian aristocracy, and when he left Debreczin for Grosswardein (where the Staff of the regiment is quartered) he was introduced by the Colonel to the celebrated miracle-working Prince Hohenlohe, who received him with much courtesy. This Prince created at one time much sensation, and seemed disposed to lend his influence to the Priesthood in regaining for it some abrogated privileges, when he suddenly received from the Emperor a nomination to the Bishopric of Grosswardein *with a peremptory command to do no more miracles*. This is how Catholic priests are treated under an absolute government and by an 'Apostolical' monarch. Since then, he (the Prince) has lived in quiet magnificence, giving dinners and *balls* (my boy led off one of them) and spending his large income with great liberality. By the way, the incomes of the Hungarian Catholic clergy are most enormous. Our Prelates are poor devils compared with them. Fancy the Primate of Hungary having £100,000 sterling a year and the Archbishop of Erlau £60,000 sterling a year in a country where money is worth three times as much as in England. Another thing worthy of remark is the great and ever undisguised contempt with which the military officers speak of the Clergy all over Austria. I said to some of them who were running down the priesthood: "If your Clergy are so false and stupid and preach such nonsense as you pretend, why don't you turn Protestant?" The answer which I received was this: "Oh that would be like running away from our standards. No! there can be no doubt that your form of religion is the most reasonable one, but we won't change ours for all that, because we can believe as much of it as is consistent with common sense and reject the rest!"

After I left my son he went to the Staff of the regiment and staid there till December, when he was sent to a cantonment (Nagy-Mitenè) at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. In his last letter he says that he often finds the track of wolves at his stable-door; so one may suppose that the country is pretty wild. These creatures descend into the villages (when the snow is on the ground) during the night, and if

they can find an open or badly fastened cattle-shed, all within it becomes their prey. All this is fine fun for the young men, who get up wolf-hunts by moonlight and often shoot these animals as well as bears.

I am afraid that I have almost tired your patience, so I will endeavor to bring my letter to a close. I have written two new Madrigals, which I will send over by an opportunity which will occur in April, as well as a collection of Psalms and Chants for yourself. I have chosen them out of tunes most in vogue amongst the Reformers. My motive in making this collection arose out of the fact of there being an absolute want of such a thing in our Church. At Baden and at Mannheim Psalm Books were sent for to England, with the intent of rendering them auxiliary to Divine Service at the former places. Two books came back, very handsomely bound and printed under the direction of London organists, professing to be the tunes most in use in the churches and fashionable chapels of the Metropolis. But the manner in which they were got up both as to taste and art was utterly disgraceful. When I send you my collection I shall perhaps ask you to help me with the words, and if we can find an Editor perhaps we may bring it out together. I will explain the thing further to you when I send the MS. What has been the fate of my paper on the German Trial by Battle? From what you said in one of your letters I am almost tempted to fear that it has not given satisfaction. I shall have another soon ready on the Town Hall at Ratisbon. And now let me express a hope that Mrs. Ellacombe and your dear girls are all well. I have thought of you often, both in cheerfulness and sorrow, since we last parted, for I have had much to afflict me. Away from one's country as I am, it is always consoling to live in the memory of one's friends.

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

R. L. PEARSALL.

P. S.—You say you have a note for me from one Trollope. It is from Mrs. Trollope the Authoress. Save it as I should be glad of her autograph. I dare say that shortly I can point out the means of communicating it to me. By the bye if in the note you write to Baron de Palm you would ask him to send you his address you might send me the letter from Mrs. T. *by him* together with the letter by Cobbett on Music.

The Prince Hohenlohe referred in the above letter was Prince Alexander Hohenlohe - Waldenburg - Schillingfürst (1794–1849), whose 'miracles' consisted in healing by prayer. They created a great stir about 1821 till he was forbidden by Pius VII to continue the practise. Pearsall is not correct in saying that at this date (1840) he was Bishop of Grosswardein, nor that the command to do no more miracles came from the Emperor. In 1840 he was Generalvicar of Grosswardein: he succeeded to the see in 1844. The 'paper on the German Trial by Battle' was communicated to the Societies of Antiquaries on 20 February, 1840: it is printed in Vol. XXIX of 'Archæologia' as 'Some Observations on Judicial Duels in Germany.'

VII

CARLSRUHE, GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN,
Friday, 11 Dec. 1840.

My dear Ellacombe:

Thank you for your kind letter. Let me answer it by referring in the first place to those which have arrived for me at Bitton. I have had so much ill luck lately that I almost fear to open any letter that comes to me, lest it should be the harbinger of misfortune. Be so good however as to open them. If there be any amongst them which require an answer either as regards business or civility I will ask you to do me the kindness of writing a few words in reply just to state that I was not in England when they arrived; and that I was obliged to start before I expected.

I have told Jane in a short letter which I have written to her that I hoped to have sent, in my present packet, a translation of a very popular German story. I meant it to be offered to one of the periodicals and to give what could be got for it towards the new church at Jeffries Hill. At a future period I shall certainly send it, therefore think in the meantime of a good way of approaching a likely editor. I am much obliged to Henry for the information he gives me relative to the Statutes of the University, give him in return my thanks and kindest remembrances. As I understand the extracts which have been sent me, it seems as if a set of Statutes had been prepared by the Archbishop of Cant. under the patronage and with the encouragement of Car. II. These were probably made previously to the year 1676, when Logan published his book. But where are they? The present published Statutes are, I think, more modern; first, because they do not agree with Logan's book inasmuch as they give no dress to the *Equites*, and secondly because that part of them which Henry extracted for my use was couched in more inconclusive and ambiguous terms than the Oxford logicians of 17th century were accustomed to employ in any solemn act. The present statutes were certainly made by no lawyer either civil or common. It is said of the Statute of Frauds that you may drive a coach of six through it, so badly constructed are its provisions. [End missing.]

The 'Henry' of the above letter is Henry Nicholson, the son of the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe. After taking orders he succeeded his father as Vicar of Bitton and became a Canon of Bristol: he died in 1915. 'Logan's book' is the 'Analogia Honorum' of Captain John Logan, published in 1679 (not 1676, as Pearsall states).

VIII

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, 30 Sept. 1841.

My dear Ellacombe:

I owe an abundance of thanks to Mrs. Ellacombe and yourself and to Jane also, for the letters which you have written to me; for they are amongst the few which give me pleasure to read. In compliance with your request I have written the letter on the other side and have separated it from this under an idea that owing to some rule of the Society

it might be requisite to send such a letter there with the paper to which it relates. It is a curious thing that there should be in the Cathedral of Armagh any arms similar to those in question, because the system of quartering sixteen bearings did not come into vogue till about the Middle of the 15th century, and at that time Ireland must have been very barbarous and hardly much accustomed to study the regulations of continental heraldry even at a much later time.—I like Jane's design for the altar-cloth. It will be very handsome if the colors are happily managed. She must not go to work on it till she has made a large rough drawing, with such an arrangement of color as she means to use. She will be thus the better able to judge of the effect of the thing. I doubt myself whether blue will go well on a black ground. In Heraldry it is a bad juxtaposition; both colors being sombre and therefore incapable of such a contrast as may be seen at a distance. Scarlet and black is better, but I do not like the scarlet cross in the centre. The form is unusual and not elegant. St. George's cross . . . as a centre point, would be better, or still better would be one of those old Gothic crosses such as are to be found on roofs of churches or on the gravestones of Ecclesiastics in the 14th century (there is one I think on the tomb of Emmote de Hastings), but best of all in my humble opinion would be the Lamb and banner wrought in the centre. I don't think I would have anything in the corners. The simpler these things are the better, unless one can hit on anything *apropos*. I thought of putting the arms of Gloucester, Salisbury, Button and Newton into the corners—the two first with mitres over them should be in the upper corners, the two last in the lower ones and reversed, to show the extinction of the races, thus [a sketch]: but I am very doubtful whether they will look well. If the Lamb is put into the middle it should be made larger and more important than the arms, which are but accessories. If you have a cross for a centre point, silver (or black) will be better than red; only silver tarnishes so soon. But why not have the cross in gold? Especially since the outward border is to be gold. Consult Mr. Barker on this matter: he has more knowledge on these subjects than all of us put together.—Dodridge on Nobility is a book which I have been looking after for the last 4 or 5 years. I should like much to see it—even to republish it, with a commentary. If you do not particularly want it, I should be very glad to have it, but I know no means at present of getting it over here. If any friend of yours were coming over to Paris or anywhere else on this side of the water it might be sent to me by the Mail-post. If you know anyone in London who is acquainted with the Rothschilds, they could (and I daresay would) convey it to their house at Frankfurt, from whence it might be sent on to me. If you don't like to part with it, I will beg you to lend it to me. I much want to see it.

Now that I am on this subject let me ask you, leisure permitting, to give a look into the State Trials and see when it first became the practice to address a petty jury as "*Gentlemen of the Jury*." I think an enquiry into the origin and progress of this style of title would be interesting. I am inclined to think that gentlemen were formerly tried by Juries of Gentlemen, and that for the purpose of ensuring their condemnation in trials for treason and political offenses during the Protectorate, common juries, who might be more effectively threatened, were substituted for the others. Sir F. Drake was tried by a jury of Gentlemen, so were several

others about his time, and I cannot think that the term 'Gentlemen' could have been formerly applied to such fellows as often compose the petty jury at Quarter Sessions and who must have been even more rude and ignorant a hundred years ago. Perhaps Henry if he has time will look up this point for me. I know no other source of information than the State Trials.

Have you seen Sir Harris Nicholas's book on Knighthood? What is thought of it? The *United Service Gazette* quotes the introductory chapter at some length, which is brimful of ignorance and error and of sycophancy into the bargain. I have made up my mind to the fact that the King has no exclusive right of conferring Knighthood, except in favor of such as are not gentlemen; but I can prove both by law and circumstance that all Knights have (as incidental to their dignity) the indefeasible right of communicating it to anyone who *is* a gentleman born; and this right was acted on throughout the *German Empire* up to the time of the French Revolution. I have collected some amusing facts on this subject. I have also been noting some curious particulars relative to the terms on which William the Conqueror was accompanied and assisted by his followers, which show clearly that the greater part of them were not his subjects and that they exercised regal jurisdiction over their estates for some years after their settlement in England; and I am sure that the basis of our Constitution is rather to be sought for in the original contract between William and his independent coadjutors than even in *Magna Charta* itself. But what a scene of iniquitous encroachment both on the part of suzerain and vassal!

Try to get me subscribers for the costumes—I will inform myself about the price in England and communicate it to you. I like the plan of the Motet Society and shall subscribe, but I am afraid that there is no one amongst them who understands enough about the sea which they are navigating to be able to take the helm. Many of the authors which they intend to bring forward did little honor to the art which, before the time of Dr. Tye, was woefully in the background in comparison with the music which was produced in Flanders, Italy and Germany. Tallis seems to have brought the English School, *per saltum*, to a level with those of the Continent. All who preceeded him and Tye were but rude workmen.

I should like to have a copy of the Dennis pedigree. Is not there one in Burke's *Commoners*? By the bye, what an ignorant wretch he is! I have been reading his *Extinct Peerages*, which would be a very interesting work were not one disgusted with his subserviency to the powers that be, to say nothing of his freedom from all knowledge of law and legal consequences. The fellow has written the book, not with a wish to speak the truth, but with a desire of making it saleable by flattering all parties, Kings, Lords and Commons, consistently with the prejudices of the time.

. . . Adieu and believe me ever, Yours affectionately,

R. L. P.

P. S. . . I wish you would enquire whether Glanvil (an old law book written in Latin—also translated) is to be had. If it is not very dear I should be thankful if you could pick me up a copy—also of *Britton*—a law-writer of less ancient date. I should like the translation because I can read it faster, and if that is not to be had then the original will do.

[Annexed to the foregoing:]

CARLSRUHE, 30th Sept. 1841.

Dear Ellacombe:

When you read the Paper on the *Arms of Our Saviour*, be so good as to send it to Sir H. Ellis for the Royal Society of Antiquaries. In one of my former letters I requested you to ask in my name for the usual number of copies of the Article on *Duels in Germany*. When it comes out, do not forget to mention my desire in the proper quarter.

My compliments to Sir H. Ellis when you see him, and believe me ever,

Sincerely yours,

R. L. PEARSALL.

'Dodridge on Nobility' is evidently Sir John Doddridge's 'Honor's Pedigree'; published at London in 1652.

'Sir Harris Nicholas's book on Knighthood,' which Pearsall censures so severely, is the "History of the Orders of Knighthood," published in 1841-2. 'The costumes', for which Mr. Ellacombe is asked to get subscribers, is Hefner-Alteneck's "Trachten des Christlichen Mittelalters" which appeared from 1840 to 1854. The 'Motet Society' was founded in 1841, chiefly owing to William Dyce, R. A. Its object was to print ancient church music adapted to English words and the musical editing was done by Dr. Rimbault. Three parts appeared, after which the publication stopped. The work is not of much value and its accuracy is quite unreliable. In the postscript, reference is made to the law-books of Glanvil and Britton. The first is the "Tractatus de Legibus" of Ranulphus de Glanvilla, the earliest edition of which is ascribed to 1555. Britton on the Laws of England appeared in 1540. The Paper 'On the Arms of Our Saviour' which Pearsall offered to the Society of Antiquaries, had a rather curious history. It was not accepted by the Society and seems to have been sent to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* where it remained until 1860, in the December number of which year it was printed as 'Coat Armour ascribed to Our Saviour', but without the author's name, which appears to have been lost or mislaid. The identification of the article with Pearsall's paper has only been made recently.

IX

CARLSRUHE, 14 Nov. 1841.

Dear Ellacombe:

My memory is so bad that I cannot remember whether I communicated to you in my last letter a scrap of information which I picked up the other day; therefore, I will run the risque of telling it to you twice again. But first I must call to your recollection an old square vane which formerly belonged to Barr's Court and afterwards stood on Minsbury Farm where it now is deposited. I am almost sure that you

have seen it, but if not, I may describe it by saying that it is of iron, almost two feet square, and made so as to represent, as on a banner, the crest of the Newton family, once very superbly gilt. Well! I was reading some weeks ago St. Pelaye's *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, and I met (at p. 308, pt. iv., vol. 1) with the following passage: "Les créneaux et les tours qui servaient à la défense des châteaux, en marquaient aussi la noblesse; mais les gentilshommes seuls avaient le privilège de *parer des girouettes le faite de leurs maisons*" (which means, I suppose, that a man who was noble without being a gentleman born was not allowed to stick up a weathercock on his house-top). "La forme de ces signaux *indiquait les divers grades de ceux à qui les maisons appartenaient*: figurés en manière de pennons, ils désignaient les Chevaliers; taillés en bannieres, ils désignaient les Bannerets." Now the ancient Banneret was a Seignior paramount who had manors and enough to enable him to bring into the field a certain number of men-at-arms. The number does not seem to be well agreed on, but some authors rate it at fifty. Whoever could ride with the proper number (whatever it might be) at his back, had a right to display a *square banner*; whereas, if he numbered less than that number he could only carry a pennon [sketch] on his lance. That the distinction existed in England is very clear from a story which Froissart tells of John of Chandos, who having, on the eve of a battle, received news that he had inherited a great estate, cut off the pointed ends of his pennon and made it into a (square) banner. Now I think that all this tends to prove that the Newtons were Bannerets. Certainly they were powerful enough, if all be true that is related of their possessions and house-keeping. So that perhaps you may like to note the above-quoted passage as germane to the fact of their having a banner-shaped weathercock on their mansion-house.

On the other side I have written a letter, such as you desire, about the paper for the Society of Antiquaries. As I have already mentioned to Sir H. Ellis my intention to send the paper, I will beg you to write him a few lines explanatory of its having remained so long in your hands, because I begged him to mention the subject of it to Mr. Hallam, in order that he might be induced to alter a passage in his work on the Middle Ages, which gives a very false idea of the ancient English gentry. Thank you for the Dennys pedigree. If you will turn to p. 611 of your Rudder's History of Gloucestershire you can carry it on a descent further. Rudder gives two monumental inscriptions by which it appears that John Dennis (aged 16 in 1623) married Maria, daughter and co-heir of Nathaniel Still of Hutton, eldest son of the Bishop and had by her four children, Henry, John, William and Margaret; and that William married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Cotton, Co. Huntingdon, Bart. Note also that Cicily Dennis married William Guise of Elmore, not William Georges of Elmore, as stated in the pedigree. (I know this by the Guise pedigree which Mr. Pulman sent me.) The William Dennis who married Miss Cotton had a son who died an infant and two daughters, and I think that one of these was the Mrs. Mary Butler who sold the house at Pucklechurch to Woolenough.

Thank you also for the notice of the Motet Society. I think that I ought to belong to it and will thank you to get my name put down. Perhaps you would have the kindness to write in my name to the Rev.

G. S. Woodgate and ask him whether the Committee wish to publish any particular works of continental composers, because I have access to the Imperial Library at Vienna and to the Library at Munic, as well as to those of Mr. de Kiesewetter and the Rev. Mr. Hauber (Chaplain to the King of Bavaria), and thus I have the means of getting copies of any of the MSS. there deposited at a much smaller expense than they could be had if the application came directly from England, and I should be very happy to give them the benefit of any credit which I may have in those quarters, provided they want anything which may be difficult to be had elsewhere. Be so good also as to mention to the Secretary that for the last two years I have busied myself with a collection of ancient Psalms and Chants, which I intend to publish as soon as I have traced of all of them to their source—and beg him on my part to request the Committee not to publish in the meantime anything of the same kind so as to forestall my book, because it will contain much that has cost me both labor and travel to collect. You may tell him that I am a composer better known on the Continent than in England, where I am nevertheless known to Mr. Edward Taylor and some others. Say also that I should like to address some observations on ancient music to the Committee and ask whether I can do so through him, the Secretary. Put down my name 'R. L. Pearsall of Willsbridge.' I keep up this designation to distinguish myself from a singer of my name who has been making a noise in the world. If you notice my Maltese addition, it must be thus: 'J. O. Eq.' Find out if you can whether the Secretary knows anything about music, so that you may be able to tell me a little about him. On looking once more at the advertisement I see that the subscription-list is to close on the first of this month, but perhaps as I am out of England the Committee will make an exception in my favor.

I am glad to hear that Henry occupies himself with drawing. Perhaps the Camera lucida is improved since my time, but it used to be a very fatiguing means of effecting its object; it strained the sight so. But yet I believe that it is good for getting in accurately the points of perspective. I should be very much obliged to him for anything that he may be able to dig up for me at Oxford. My own son is still in Hungary and expects every day his promotion to First Lieutenant. He is at present at a place called Matytarosgazagam. I can't find it on the map, so I suppose it must be some obscure village, of which there are plenty in that country. . . .

I am very much obliged to you for letting me have Dodridge. I have never heard of Brydal's book, but I have no doubt that it is in harmony with the others: I should like to have a look at it. I have just received some numbers of the book on costume. You will like them much. I shall contrive to send you some of them by the Yates', who will return to England in January next. I am glad the dear girls are getting about a little. It will be variety for them, and one always gets more or less rusty by staying long at home. They will see the world a little and will, I have no doubt, profit by what they see.

What a calamity at the tower! Bad as it was, it is well that it was no worse.

I expect to have another paper ready for the Antiquaries soon. I will send it to you direct, since there seems to be some advantage or

agreeable consequence resulting to the person who hands anything of the kind over to the Society.

How is Mrs. Ellacombe? you do not say anything about her in your last letter. I conclude therefore that all goes on well. Do not fail to give her my best regards and to remember me most kindly to all at Bitton. I am curious to know what sort of a reception "*Othelo*" has met with and whether the ladies think it a good story for a winter's evening. I hope the altar-cloth goes on prosperously and that I shall see it in its place. At any rate we shall leave behind us the marks of our existence in one place or another, which is a sort of consolation amongst the troubles which surround us.

Believe me, dear Ellacombe,

Ever yours affectionately,
R. L. P.

There is not much in the above letter which requires elucidation. 'Brydal', a book by whom Mr. Ellacombe seems to have mentioned, was John Brydal, who published several works in the 17th century. The 'calamity at the tower' was the great fire on October 31, 1841, when the armoury and many other buildings at the Tower of London were destroyed. 'Othelo' (as Pearsall spells it here) was evidently the 'very popular German story,' the translation of which is mentioned in Letter VII. I have not been able to identify the original.

X

CARLSRUHE, April 26, 1842.

My dear Ellacombe:

This morning I received Mr. Poole's letter with your initials on the back of it. All was right inside. Some days previously your letter of the 22nd of March arrived. So Fox has given notice to quit. I should like to know how much money he has laid out on the house! You remember no doubt his first proposal for me to lay out £10 on the chimney, he being about to expend *many pounds*, which ended in my laying out nearly a year's rent, having (as an inducement thereto) the probability of his remaining many years held out to me. "Cunning dogs, they Methodists," as an old Kingswood man once said to me, "cuss 'em, they be as deep as Pile-Mash Pit!" And now that I am talking of localities, let me tell you whilst I remember it, that I stumbled the other day on an old map of Gloucestershire by Bloome, A. D. 1717, where *Bridge Gate* near Warmley is called *Branch-Gate*, which seems to me to be likely to be the true name, for I could never make out any *bridge* in the vicinity. But to return to the house in Lodge Street. Things have turned out most unluckily there. Nash (the young one) has written to me that he has paid the rent into my banker's hands, but he tells me at the same time that he and his father became bankrupt lately and that their dividend will be so small that he does not think it will be worth while for me to send over a power of attorney to prove a debt of £50 which I lent them four years ago, and at the same time asks me to lend him £25 more out of the rent that is coming due. I am afraid that I shall be obliged

to comply, for the Nashes are distant relations of mine and there is a large helpless family without a stiver of property. It is a dreadful case. When I first remember the father he was getting a large income and living luxuriously to the last penny of it, and now in the winter of his days comes hardships and distress and the world's scorn that always waits on poverty. . . .

I am delighted to hear that Othello made so good an impression. You never mentioned it's fate before your last letter. I should be very glad if they would take it into Blackwood, for I have another and a better tale in store. It is taken from the history of Wurtemberg in the beginning of the last century, when the Duke of that country surprised everybody by choosing for his Minister a Jew named Suess, who exhibited his talents for government under every form of rascality. At length the people discovered that an agreement had been made with Austria to change the established form of religion from Protestant to Catholic. On this they rose in rebellion and hanged the Jew on an iron gallows, which yet remains standing, I believe, in honor of his memory. If you have an opportunity, stir up the bookseller's memory about Othello. If he won't take it perhaps some other will.

With regard to the Motet Society I should be glad to have the answer to your letter whenever it arrives, but I have not much hope that I may find favor in the eyes of the Revd. Secretary: I should get on better perhaps with Cherubini or Spohr. What I am rather anxious about is that the Society should not publish any Psalm Book so as to forestall mine. I have finished the Preface. Our parson here says it is interesting. I will send it to you by the first opportunity. I flatter myself that I have thrown a new light on the history and theory of chanting. *Nous verrons!* I should like to see Bridall's book on Knighthood. The subject is not at all understood. Sir H. Nicholas, who has written lately on it, has in many instances fallen into gross error; and indeed all authors of modern times have written with a spirit of subserviency to the Crown which has utterly distorted the truth. Since I have taken up the subject of titles of honor nothing has disgusted me so much as the baseness with which lawyers and authors of all kinds ever since the reign of Henry VII have endeavored to disfigure the truth for the purpose of exalting the sovereign's prerogative. I have been in correspondence lately with Mr. Pulman relative to the pedigree of an English gentleman settled at Baden, and have seen enough to assure me that there is a most ingenious system of extortion going on at the Heralds' College. I do not see why all their records ought not to be published. It would prevent many a fellow from having his vanity made the means of emptying his pocket. I am glad that you think me right about the *oak* leaves in the duke's crown. May not the two balls in the marquess's crown have been originally oak-apples? The count's crown was, I think, at first a hat, made so,¹ which, when put on with the brim turned up would appear like this;¹ pearls were afterwards put on the points and a band of gold put round the lower part to keep the brim standing up, and the inside was lined with ermine, which showed itself at the bottom of the band. I think I can prove this. A mitre was nothing but a hat with a brim cut thus:¹ which stood up so.¹ The ancient sovereigns of Bohemia are represented on their tombs at Prague with crowns which are evidently

hats with brims cut like this:¹ which, when turned up assume this form:¹ the four labels being fastened together on the top of their head with a great button. I hope one of these days to be able to send a paper to the Antiquaries on this subject. In the meantime I am very glad to hear that I have given Hallam a "dig in the snout," as one of our Kingswood people would say. He deserves it for his attempt to debase the Gentry, and I am afraid that he did this from a political motive. I don't care about my paper being read. It has excited attention: that's sufficient. I will write to Sir H. Ellis and tell him so.







Thank you for the tracing from Elgin Cathedral. It is evidently something which arises out of a desire to associate temporal honors with Our Saviour, more rude however and less systematic than the German design. There is, I am informed, in a church in the neighbourhood of Fribourg in the Breisgau, an *ex voto* painting which was presented in 1400 and in which, according to custom, the donor is represented kneeling with his escutcheon. I think it was given by one of the Dalberg family, who claim descent from the Virgin Mary; but the oddity of this picture is that the Virgin is there represented at the foot of the cross with a label coming out of her mouth pointing towards the kneeling figure, whereon is written: "*Comment se porte mon beau cousin?*" I wonder that historians have never sought after facts such as these to show the state in which the Catholic religion was at the time when Luther arrived, for they can neither be contradicted nor explained away and are evidence of it's corruption such as must carry conviction even to persons of the meanest capacity. . . .

Thank you for the Bitton pedigree. One can now trace the descent of Barr's Court properly down to Whittuck. So the house in which John Whittuck was to live was the original Bitton Manor-house. How did it become ecclesiastical property? By grant *pro salute animarum*? If [so] didn't it at one time belong to Lacock Abbey? I thought so! Query: Is Bitton and Beatune or Bethume the same name? There were some of the family of the Seigneurs of Bethune in France who came over with the Conqueror: one of them was Bishop of Hereford: his monument is in the Cathedral there. It was not only the case that the Normans took new names from their newly acquired estates, but sometimes they gave the old names to the estate they acquired, so that the name of Bitton may have been conferred on the manor in consequence of it's having been given to a Bethume by William I. . . .

We are here (that is to say all the ladies) most zealously occupied in preparing for the marriage of the Princess Alexandrine of Baden, which is to take place on the 3rd of May, with the Prince Ernest of Coburg—brother to our blessed bargain, Prince Albert. I am to be introduced to his princely and particularly blackguardly Papa next Monday. Great honor for the like of me! We are to have grand fêtes: 'twill cost me a matter of thirty pounds in ladies' dresses. Wish 'em all at I know where. . . .

I have just promised to join a party in an excursion to Maulbronn in Wurtemberg, the scene of Dr. Faustus's magical studies and death. They say that there is the remains of a very extensive ecclesiastical building—convent, church and so forth, and that it is rich in architectural

¹For illustrations see the facsimile on opposite page.—Ed.

of Clarke's book on knighthood. The subject is not at all newness. Mr. Nicholas who has written lately on this subject, has in reading mistaken for into gross error; and indeed all authors especially those of modern times have written with a spirit of subserviency to the Crown which has utterly obscured the truth. Since I have taken up the subject of titles of honor nothing has disgusted me so much as the baseness with which writers and authors of all kinds have done since the reign of Henry the 7th endeavor to disguise the truth for the purpose of exalting the sovereign's prerogative. I have been in correspondence lately with Mr. Palmer, relation to the pedigree of an English gentleman settled at Baden; and have seen enough to assure me that there is a most ingenious system of extortion going on at the Herald's College. I do not see why all their records ought not to be published. It would prevent many a fellow from having his vanity made the means of enriching his pockets. I am glad that you think me right about the Oak leaves in the Duke's crown - May not the two bells in the margrave's crown have been originally oak apples. - The count's crown was I think at first a hat made so  which when put on with the brim turned up would appear like this  which were afterwards put on the front, and a band of gold put round the lower part to keep the brim standing up, and the inside was lined with ermine which showed itself at the bottom of the band. I think I can prove this, a picture was nothing but a hat with a brim cut thus  which stood up to  The ancient coronets of Bohemia are represented on their tombs at Prague with crowns which are exactly like this with brims cut like this  which when turned up appear thus  the four labels being fastened together on the top of the head with a great button. I hope one of these days to be able to send a paper to your antiquarian or this subject. In the meantime I am very glad to hear that I have given Helen a dig in the snout as one of our kings and people would say. - As however, it for his attempt to debate the question, and I am afraid that he has shown a political motive. - I care about my paper being read. It has excited attention. Much sufficient. I will send it to Sir H. Ellis & tell him so. Thank you for the tracing from Ely Cathedral. It is certainly something which seems out of a divine to appreciate historical honors with our nation, have more however and less systematic than the German design. - There is I am informed in a church in the neighbourhood of Pilsen in the Moravia - an oval handling which

antiquity. If this be true I will send you a particular account of the same. Tell dear Jane that I am expecting to hear from her on the subject of her altar-cloth. In the meantime remember me most kindly to all my old friends at Bitton—Barkers, Mantels and all that remember me, and above all to your own circle. I live in the hope that you and Mrs. Ellacombe and all of you are quite well, which I presume to be the case since you say nothing to the contrary, and in the hope also of telling you personally once more at some future time how very affectionately and sincerely

I am, yours,
R. L. P.

The 'English Gentleman settled at Baden', to whose pedigree allusion is made, can be identified from the draft of another letter (not printed in these articles) as a Mr. Master. The marriage of Princess Alexandrine of Baden to Prince Ernest (afterward the Grand Duke Ernest II) of Saxe Coburg (1818–1893) took place on May 3, 1842.

In 1842 the Supplement to Schilling's "Encyclopädie der gesammten Musikalischen Wissenschaften" appeared at Stuttgart. It contains the account of Pearsall to which he referred in one of his earlier letters. The list of his compositions is interesting. From it we learn that 'In dulci Jubilo' had already been published by D'Almaine and Co. and that he had written a one-act opera 'Der Grenadier', which seems to have disappeared completely. A Symphony, many Overtures, Quintetts and Quartetts are said to be in MS.: several of these are preserved at Einsiedeln.

XI

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, 27 July, 1842.

My dear Ellacombe:

Many thanks for your last letter, which arrived the day before yesterday. . . .

Unhappy Othello! Where will he find a compassionate editor! Who governs the *Monthly Magazine*? I think I have occasionally read such things in that. Perhaps *there* he might be welcome. Odd enough! we all thought the story interesting here, and you appear to have entertained a similar opinion.

I don't care a fig about the Motet Society, therefore do not make any more representations to them. I am satisfied with the Editor's letter. Their conduct towards me is peculiarly English and peculiarly characteristic of all Corporations. The Editor seems to be a New College man: I should like to know him. If you are on sufficient terms of acquaintance, offer him my compliments and thanks for his letter and good opinion of me. I see by the papers that they are bringing before Parliament the subject of Singing Schools. But there is a much more important sort of school wanted in England, i.e. a school where one may

learn the elements of Counterpoint. This would be a Musical Grammar School. Had we this we should provide ourselves with *schoolmasters* who might teach the *plebs* how to sing. The schools which exist only teach recitation. They make actors but we want authors and we shall never have any of respectability until we have an Academy where one may learn *how to write* as well as how to spout.

I do not care about the paper on the arms of J [esus] C [hris]t being published. I had almost rather that it had remained in the hands of the Society of Antiquaries. If White of Bedford Row publishes it he must not publish the three cases which I sent to Sir H. Ellis by way of Appendix, for that would make mischief. If you write to Sir Henry thank him and say I do not feel hurt at the return of the MS.

I conclude from what you say that the paper on *Duels* has been *published!* You do not, however, say so distinctly enough for me to understand whether it is the MS. or the printed copies which you have received.

I have got a great curiosity for the Society of Antiquaries—a *Vertugadin*. You don't know probably what this is. In *old* England the people were too moral to know the use of it. You have heard, I dare say, that at the court of Henry III of France it was a favorite amusement of that monarch to invite his nobility to supper, then at a given signal all the lights were extinguished—and then of course the company played the devil's diversions. On these occasions so many women got violated that it became the fashion to go to Court with *Vertugadins*—*quasi Vertugadiens*, which is a sort of defensive armour—extremely light, and curious in its feature. Do you think that the Society of Antiquaries would give me a running commission to purchase for them to the amount of £5 or so? I ask because I have seen lately some curiosities which I might have had for a mere trifle. For instance: a fine specimen of a catapult ball—for 4 florins, about 7/; a "good fox blade," date 1414 (explaining better than all the commentators the words of Ancient Pistol: "Thou diest on the point of fox") for about 10/6, and so forth.

I was at Schlangenbad a few weeks ago where I saw on the wall of the Inn room a History of the Duchy of Nassau advertised by our friend Mr. Phelps. Strange enough this. I thought he was occupied with the history of Somerset. You say my cousin Henry said he thought it likely that I should come to England *owing to the death of someone*. Is then Mrs. Mary Wilkinson of St. Sidwells, Exeter, dead? Pray ask the question there, for if so, I must certainly come to England. . . .

I have finished the preface to my Psalm book and shall send it to you in October. It merely relates to Psalms and Hymns which form Parts I and II of the work: the introduction to Part III, which treats on Chanting, is not yet finished. . . . What English Bishop was buried at Constance at the time of the Grand Council there? There is a brass of an ecclesiastic (said to be a Bishop) near the altar, and what makes the thing remarkable is that the royal arms, as worn in the 15th century, are on it. I could not make them out when I was there last Autumn.

I am looking out for an opportunity of sending you a historical notice on Madrigals which I have published in a German periodical. Jane will translate it. I fear I shall not get a means of conveyance before October. . . .

And now that I have written almost to the edge of the paper I cannot occupy what remains better than by sending my affectionate regards to Mrs. Ellacombe and the dear girls, and (in the hope that you and they are well and happy) begging you to believe that I am

Ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

The Mr. Phelps mentioned in this letter was the Rev. William Phelps (1776-1856), Vicar of Meare and Bicknoller, Somerset. His "Guide Book to Nassau" was published in 1842. The English Bishop buried at Constance was Bishop Hallam. Pearsall communicated an account of his monumental brass to the Society of Antiquaries on June 1, 1843. The 'historical notice on Madrigals' is a paper "Über den Ursprung und die Geschichte des Englischen Madrigals," which appeared in Vol. II (1842) of F. S. Gassner's '*Zeitschrift für Deutschlands Musik-Vereine*,' with a supplement containing madrigals, glees and catches by Tye, Festa, Dowland, Gibbons, Purcell and J. Stafford Smith.

(To be continued)